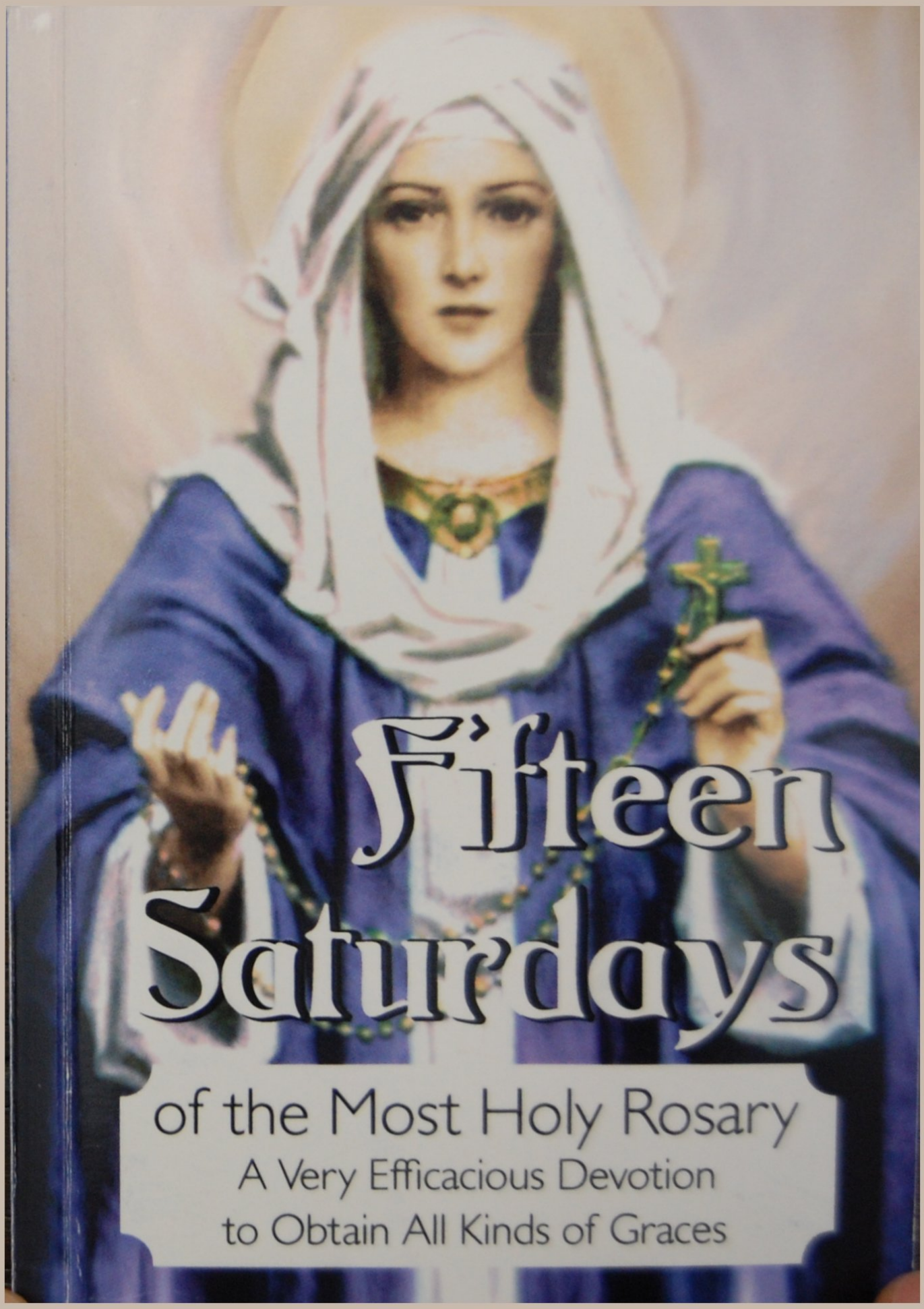

Fifteen
Saturdays
of the Most Holy Rosary
A Very Efficacious Devotion
to Obtain All Kinds of Graces

THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS

OF THE

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TO OBTAIN ALL KINDS OF GRACES

COMMANDER BARTOLO LONGO, LL. D.

THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS

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Translated from the eleventh
italian edition
BY LUIGI CATURELLI

THE BOOK OF THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS

The origin of this book.

On the eighth of May 1876 we laid the corner stone of the Sanctuary of Pompei.

Among the Neapolitan ladies who contributed by their offerings to the building of this Temple of the Rosary, there was the pious Marchioness Filiasi di Somma. An heiress to the virtues and devotion to the holy Rosary of the Princess del Colle, this exemplary gentlewoman began to diffuse in Naples a little French book of a few pages, which she caused to be translated into Italian, and that gave directions profitably to practice Fifteen uninterrupted Saturdays to the honor of the Blessed Virgin's Rosary. When she had made my acquaintance, she gave me her favourite little book, that I might get a new edition of it printed.

I remarked to the pious Marchioness Filiasi that, instead of publishing a little book pointing out the only rules to be followed for the devotion of the fifteen Saturdays, it would have been better to compile a book,

containing in due order all the prayers and practices convenient to execute such a profitable exercise well. In fact, the hidden virtue of this devotion of the fifteen Saturdays derives from this, that on each Saturday we orderly meditate a mystery, from which we draw a virtue to be put into execution in the actions of our lives.

Now, to do these meditations on the Joys and Sorrows of Mary, on the Passion of Jesus Christ and the triumphs of both, several books are necessary, nor can everyone have one suitable, and if he has it is troublesome to carry them to church.

In order, therefore, to furnish devout persons with a single and complete book to do the fifteen Saturdays of the most holy Rosary well, I endeavoured to gather all the meditations drawn from the Gospel referring to each mystery, which may serve as a preparation and thanksgiving for the Communion of each Saturday.

At last, after proposing a virtue to be imitated or a mortification to be practiced, an example is given of those Saints who were especially devout to the mystery honoured on that day.

And as it is of great profit, during the fifteen Saturdays, to continue the whole

week the meditation on the mystery in course each one endeavouring to put into execution the resolutions taken in tho Communion and the virtues suggested by the mystery being honored, I proposed several points of meditation which might as well be fulfilled in one day, and give an argument for the following days also.

The first ten editions of this book.

In 1877, when first our book was published in Naples, printed by Andrea and Salvatore Festa, it had nearly 300 pages, and it was printed at the expense of the lamented Marchioness Filiasi. The edition was exhausted in only six months, and to satisfy the continual demands, we hastened to publish at the same printing-office the *second edition:* but, at our own expense.

This devotion spreading into many parts of Italy, we thought it our duty to enlarge, though with much pain, the canvas of our work. In 1881 the *third edition* appeared in two volumes, containing three different, but analogous treatises. The first volume, containing the first treatise, was quite new. It was entitled: *The glory of the Rosary is revenged for the injuries of its enemies.*

Passing events were treated in it: *The Inquisition and the Dominicans, St. Dominic and the Albigenses, Torquemada and the Inquisition in Spain.* — The second treatise taught how to do the fifteen Saturdays well, and how great their efficacy is. — The third exposed the practical method of doing them.

Public favour not only continuing, but exceedingly increasing on account of the incessant graces granted by the Blessed Virgin under the quite new title of *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*, we were obliged, two years later, viz in 1883, to reprint the book considerably enlarged. And it was the *fourth edition*, still at our own expense.

In 1884 appeared, enlarged in two volumes, the *fifth edition*, which was the last Neapolitain edition printed by Andrea and Salvatore Festa.

Later in 1884, having been able, by divine help, to establish at Valle di Pompei, near Our Lady's Temple, a publishing printing-office, we executed here in 1885 the *sixth edition* of our work from the Neapolitain fifth, not enlarged, but very carefully corrected. And it was a neat and elegant edition of a thousand pages, which was welcomed by all with the greatest favor.

But after a mature examination, perceiving the work was too voluminous, and on the other hand the questions concerning the Tribunal of the holy office either were not read by pious persons given to simply ascetic readings, or they were ill read; we purposed to make a separate volume of them, fit for the learned and the young men accustomed to serious studies. And so issued in 1877 from elzevir types and on elegant paper the book entitled: *S. Dominic and the Inquisition at the Tribunal of Reason and History.* And this first sumptuons edition was sent to the first Vatican Exhibition.

However the work of the *Fifteen Saturdays,* more and more requested, issued from our printing-office at Valle di Pompei, that same year 1887, in two volumes; and it was the *seventh edition* of *fifteen thousand copies.*

In less than two years that copious edition was exhausted. Meanwhile we ascertained that many devout persons, leaving off what concerned the history of the Rosary, only look for the Meditations of the Mysteries and the preparations for the Communion of the Saturdays. Having had, therefore, to comply with the request of several persons, who asked us only for the *second volume* of the work, the one which contained the *prayers;*

we were obliged to publish another edition of the same; it was the *eighth*, of five thousand copies.

And the demands for only the second volume continuing, we at last resolved upon printing separately the readings on the History of the Rosary, and printing definitively the work of the Fifteen Saturdays in one volume.

In this way, they who were satisfied with only the prayers bought the *single* volume of the *Fifteen Saturdays*. Those who wished to be informed on the history and utility of the Rosary, or took delight in holy readings could get our other book entitled: *The Glories of the Rosary*.

We then undertook, on 15th May 1890, the reprint of the *Fifteen Saturdays* in one volume, all quite renewed, and it was the *ninth edition of nine thousand copies*. Observing how the devotion to *Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei* was taking root in the hearts of the Catholics in the whole world, we substituted for the Examples of Saints drawn from Ecclesiastical History the recent miracles of Our Lady of Pompei, drawn from the history of the Sanctuary, which is being successively published in the magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI.

A twelvemonth later, and exactly on the memorable day of the *Consecration of the Sanctuary of Pompei,* which took place on Ascension day, 7th May 1891, we began the more copious *tenth edition of twenty thousand copies;* and within the space of eighteen months this too was exhausted.

The present edition.

Two years and a half having elapsed since that day, we now set our hand to the *eleventh edition of seventeen thousand copies,* from very new types and on better paper. And we do so very gladly, both to spread more and more the devotion towards that mystical

> . . . Rose in which the Word Divine
> Became incarnate,

and to be able, by the proceeds of this work, to defray the expenses necessary to the completion of this Sanctuary, which the great Pontiff Leo XIII declared famous, and which is now placed under his immediate dependence, as well as to the support and education *of one hundred and twenty forsaken orphan girls* gathered in the streets of our Italy and placed under the mantle of this

pitiful Queen; and finally to bring up the *sons of Prisoners* sheltered in the new *Bartolo Longo Educational Asylum* at Valle di Pompei.

For these reasons we request the persons devout to the Blessed Virgin Mary to further the circulation of this book; so much the more that it is a great signal of grace to welcome with affection this book, aiding to acquire the Virgin's protection, as attested by the readers of the magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI.

O Queen of heavenly roses and never fading flowers, oh accept this mystical praise crown that we lay down at thy feet here below. Vouchsafe that all those who will practice the holy exercise proposed to Thy honor in the present work, may be made worthy of thy special protection. So be it!

Valle di Pompei, 1st January 1894.

BARTOLO LONGO

PART THE FIRST

DIRECTIONS TO DO THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS WELL

TO OBTAIN ANY KIND OF GRACE

CHAPTER I.

Glorious origin of the devotion of the fifteen Saturdays.

Since the first centuries of the Church, Saturday was always the day appointed by the faithful to honor in a particular way the Blessed Virgin, either by special prayers, or by mortification and acts of virtue. Almost all Saints left an example of the same in their life and writings.

Saturday is the day preceding *the Lord's day*. Through a long habit in the Church it is the day consecrated to Holy Mary by the faithful, because Mary's love in the sinner's soul foregoes God's love. From Mary we go to Jesus; as from the feast of the Immaculate Conception we go to the holy Nativity of Jesus Christ, from Ebron visit to the Sacrifice of Calvary.

Saturday is the rest day; and Mary is the

rest and peace of the sinner wishing to return to God. From the rest of such a heavenly *Saturday* the sinner's soul passes to the unspeakable joys of the unspeakable *Sunday,* which is quietness in God by means of the grace recovered.

And this is also in accordance with the Holy Bible. We read in Ezechiel's prophecy: *The Gate of the Temple toward the east shall be opened on the Sabbath days... And the people shall adore at the door of that* **Gate** *on the Sabbaths* (Chap. XLVI, 3).

Everyone knows, that the mysterious *Gate* of Jerusalem Temple figured Mary. In fact, the universal Church, in the Litanies of Loreto invokes the Blessed Virgin under the title of *Gate* of Heaven: *Ianua Cœli.* In the Office of the same she repeats four times the same invocation, by saluting her now happy *Gate* of Heaven, *felix Cœli Porta:* now sole *Gate* of Heaven: **quae pervia** *Cœli Porta manes;* and now, in another hymn, she salutes her so: Hail, o *Gate,* whence the world's true Light was born: *Salve, Porta, ex qua mundo lux est orta.* And elsewhere: Thou art the *Gate* of most refulgent light of the highest King: *Tu Regis alti Janua, et aula lucis fulgida.*

Hence to have recourse on *Saturdays* to

Mary, who is the *Gate* of the celestial Jerusalem, is biblical and in accordance with the true Church.

But how agreeable is to the Blessed Virgin the homage we pay her by the exercise of the *fifteen Saturdays* of her Rosary; it appears from their glorious history; and, as it will please God, it will be still more evident from the experience that each devout person will make by the help of this little work.

The seventeenth century was unlucky in the civil and moral history of Europe. The Lutherans with other sectarians inundated like a fatal alluvion our Italy, overthrowing it by hatred and intestine wars. The Calvinists and Huguenots, having taken up arms, troubled France, bringing everywhere desolation and extermination, and they threatened to snatch this great nation from the heart of the Church.

Louis XIII, king of France, pursues the rebellious Huguenots, who shut themselves up in the largest fortress of La Rochelle, a place difficult to be taken. That wise king, deservedly called the Just, puts his confidence for the success of the undertaking only in the Virgin of Victories. There was then at Paris a single altar under this title, erected by Charles VI in 1832, after his triumph at

Rosebec battle, gained by the power of the holy Rosary. The pious Louis went there on foot with his Court, before besieging the formidable asylum of heresy. He then writes from the camp to the Queen his Mother, Mary dei Medici, that the Rosary should be publicly recited, as it was the custom in Italy. On 20th May 1627 at St. Honoré Dominican Church the Archbishop of Paris struck up with a loud voice the Rosary, in the presence of the Queen Mother, of the Queen Regent Anne of Austria, of the Duke of Orleans, of the most Eminent Cardinals De la Rochefaucauld and de Berulle, and many other prelates and an immense crowd of people. And that was practiced every Saturday with much devotion for the triumph of the Catholic arms against armed heresy. And the king ordered that the Dominican Fathers, who had followed him to assist the sick and administer Sacraments, should preach the Rosary on the camp. More than fifteen thousand chaplets were distributed among the soldiers, and at appointed hours of day and night the whole camp resounded with Mary's praises.

They stormed the fortress: Rosary triumphed wholly over the enemies of the Blessed Virgin. The Calvinists were defeated; France,

for the second time, by the power of the Rosary, escaped from heresy. The grateful King ordered, that the Dominican Fathers should be the first to enter that town singing the litanies of the Blessed Virgin, and preceded by a standard, on which was written: *Gaude, Maria Virgo, cunctas haereses sola interemisti in universo mundo: Rejoice, o Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the world* [1]).

To perpetuate the remembrance of these wonderful events, Louis XIII caused a church to be built to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of *Our Lady of Victories*, a church that has now become the most famous of all in Paris.

That triumph was considered as a miracle of the Rosary by the Parisian University, which formulated an official declaration of the fact.

For this reason the *Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Mary*, which was then erected there, may be called a true daughter of the most holy Rosary.

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1) *Scanzio*, La divozione al SS. Rosario, etc. Torino 1794, tratta dal P. Mespolier, *Exercices Spirituels, etc.*, Paris 1703 — *Morassi*, Il Rosario di Maria, p. 113 — *Chery*, Storia generale del Rosario, pag. 87 — *Pradel*, Manuel du très Saint Rosaire, Paris 1866.

And the son of that King, Louis XIV, mindful of such triumphs, instituted the Confraternity of the Rosary in the Parish of Versailles, he was the first associate of it, and he presented it with a rich standard, which is now miraculously preserved.

O wonderful decrees of Providence! At that time, in the same France, in that same country of Languedoc, which four centuries ago had been invaded by the Albigenses, in the same town of Toulouse, formerly the center of armed heresy, and a theatre of St. Dominic's fervent apostleship, where the heavenly Queen in the excess of her clemency instituted Rosary[1]); here our blessed Mother vouchsafed to give another signal of her love and a new token of salvation not only to France but to the whole world: she inspired those Dominican Fathers with the most efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*. Like a beneficent flow of long desired waters, it was spread at once into every country, irrigating with celestial graces the hearts of the faithful, which the cold band of heresy had made dry and barren. And the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays, immediately appro-

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1) See *Le Glorie del Rosario* by Avv. Comm. Bartolo Longo. — *Valle di Pompei*, 1894.

ved by the Church, was enriched with a plenary indulgence by Alexander VIII.

Since that day all convents of Preaching Friars practiced such a devotion, and every person who fulfilled it was enriched by the Blessed Virgin with abundant fruits of graces and mercy. By its power the blind saw, the lame walked, the sick were cured; and all these miracles were canonically approved and published. The first we were acquainted with happened at Toulouse, and it bears the date of 1641. Books were written in France, and of the one entitled: *Voto dei Quindici Sabati (Vote of the Fifteen Saturdays)* ten editions wese printed with lawful authority.

In Italy, to make amends for the damages brought by the Lutherans, the Blessed Virgin had already inspired Father Petronio Martini, of Preachers Convent at Bologna, with the fine devotion of *perpetual Rosary* consisting of fifteen decades, instituted for the conversion of sinners, for the help of agonizing christians and for the suffrage of the souls departed [1]).

But the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays

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1) Each member chooses an hour a year to recite the whole Rosary, and thus Mary is honored by her children at every hour. One million of members in

became universal in Italy, when it was established as a preparation to the solemnity of the most holy Rosary, by dedicating the Fifteen Saturdays preceding the feast. And to-day, after so many graces and miracles that the merciful Queen grants to the world from her Throne at Pompei, this devotion is practiced not only in the summer months, from June to September, preparatory to the October feast, but also in the winter months, from January to April, preparatory to the feast of 8th May, which is now brought into use in different towns and nations, in order particularly to honor *the Virgin of the Rosary at Pompei.*

Hence there is at present no town, nor small borough in Italy and abroad, where the miraculous Image of the *Virgin of Pompei* is not exhibited to public veneration. Before

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Italy, including the same Pontiff Urban VIII, as well as Princes and Cardinals, made earth an echo of Paradise. Pius VII enriched it with a plenary indulgence. At the Sanctuary of Valle di Pompei this pious Association of *perpetual Rosary* is in its full vigour, receiving subscribers from every part of the world. A little book adapted for this devotion is entitled: *L'Ora di Guardia alla Regina delle Vittorie, ossia l'Ora del Rosario perpetuo*, in which the method is explained, and suitable prayers are given.

the same people, clergy and religious communities practice the holy and healthy exercise of the *Fifteen Saturdays*.

Such a fact induced the new Pontiff of the Rosary, the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII, to grant that the *Fifteen Saturdays* may be celebrated at any altar, church, or oratory, in town and in the country, in any part of the world, so that it is no longer a privilege of the Dominicau Order or of the only Rosary Congregation.

Besides, by his Decree of 21st June 1890, the same great Pontiff granted particular indulgences to whomsoever visits the *Image of the Virgin of Pompei* exhibited at any church or public chapel in the world.

And in our magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI [1]) we name over each time the Italian and foreign towns where the most efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*

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1) This magazine relates the wonders wrought by the Queen of the Rosary in her favourite Valle di Pompei, and the revival of the ancient Town. In only eleven years since its foundation, it has been diffused not only in the whole Europe, but also in Asia, Africa, America and Oceania, it has many thousands of readers. It has no price of subscription either for Italy or for Abroad, and it is forwarded to those who, by their offerings, contribute to the building of the San-

is brought into use, together with the devotion to the Virgin of Pompei. To Malta, Macedonia, Serbia, France, England, Switzerland, Belgium, Turkey, Hungary, Dalmatia, Tyrol, to the whole Austro-Hungarian Empire, to Germany, Greece, the East, Indies, China, North-America, South-America, and even to Africa we have sent Images of the Virgin of Pompei and Books of the Fifteen Saturdays; and we receive from everywhere attestations of graces obtained by this selected devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* of the most holy Rosary.

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ctuary, to the support of the *girl Orphanotrophy of the Virgin of Pompei* and of the *new Work for the Sons of Prisoners*. To diffuse the Rosary devotion and to revive our neighbour's faith, especially the sufferers and afflicted, the magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI is sent gratuitously to Prisons, Hospitals, Orphanotrophies, poor Colleges, and where greater is the necessity of faith and Mary's love. Applications to be made exclusively *to Avv. Comm. Bartolo Longo, Valle di Pompei.*

CHAPTER II.

In what consists the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays.

The devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays consists in making a vow, viz a simple promise to God, to go to Communion for a space of Fifteen uninterrupted Saturdays, to the memory of the fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, in order to honor the Blessed Virgin and obtain by her intercession some particular grace.

And as the perfect devotion to Mary is the imitation of her virtues, obtainable by the meditation of her life; it is necessary to meditate on each Saturday a Mystery in order, and draw from it the fruit contained in it, endeavouring to conform one's actions to it, and sanctify the whole day.

We have said a *vow* or a *promise;* but should anyone be frightened by this word *vow,* he could, to avoid any fault in case of nonfulfilment, make a steadfast resolution to practise such a pious exercise, which is likewise of a singular efficacy, as will be said afterwards.

To prevent any scruple whatever, the vow

will be made in such a way, that the Confessor may have the power of commuting it, of denying or grantig Communion according to his prudence: for, should the penitent live in deadly sin every Saturday, he would certainly not be allowed to receive the Sacrament so often, as if he were hindered by some occupation or accident.

Priests may commemorate the Mystery at Mass, unless they wish to say the Mass proper of thal Mystery; because a particular Mass was already established for each Mystery. So each one of the Joyful Mysteries has a proper Mass; for the Sorrowful Mysteries the Mass *De Cruce* or *De Poenis Christi* may be said; and the Glorious Mysteries have their own too, except the last, for which the Mass of Assumption may be celebrated, which includes both the fourth and the fifth Mystery, viz the Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin [1].

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1) Through a very singular privilege granted by Leo XIII, the *Mass of the feast of the most holy Rosary* may be said every day in the Sanctuary of Pompei, and not only at the altar of the Virgin, but also at each one of the seven altars of the Sanctuary, which are already consecrated, and all declared privileged. Decrees of 13th November 1889 and 3rd June 1893.

CHAPTER III.

In what epoch of the year the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays is practiced.

This devotion may be always fulfilled, at any time whenever one wants a particular grace, and it may be successively repeated: for this kind of prayer is principally intended to honor the Blessed Virgin by remembering the Fifteen Mysteries of her Rosary, as She herself taught St. Dominic. Hence they may be begun before or after the first Sunday in October, on which falls the solemnity, and also at any epoch of the year, either through devotion, or in fulfilment of a vow, or to implore graces, or to give thanks. But the most seasonable are those that precede the feast of the moth oly Rosary, falling on the first Sunday of October, and those preceding the great feast of *the Virgin of Pompei* falling on the eighth of May, as they are more agreeable to the Blessed Virgin and more available to receive new graces on the day of her solemnity.

Those, whose condition or business does not allow them to consecrate the Saturdays, may exchange them for fifteen Sundays-They who go to Communion every day, whether

Priests or laymen, may practice the devotion during fifteen successive days, before or after the feast, or at any other time, for any of the abovesaid reasons.

The feast of the most holy Rosary is always celebrated on the first Sunday of October. In consequence these exercises must begin towards the end of June, and celebrate the memory of the fifteenth Mystery on Saturday, vigil of the feast. Here is an immovable paradigm:

When the *Feast* of Rosary falls on 1st October, the first *Saturday* will begin on 24th June.

Feast 2nd October, *Saturday* 25th June.
Feast 3rd October, *Saturday* 26th June.
Feast 4th October, *Saturday* 27th June.
Feast 5th October, *Saturday* 28th June.
Feast 6th October, *Saturday* 29th June.
Feast 7th October, *Saturday* 30th June.

The Fifteen Saturdays in Winter, preceding the feast of the eighth of May, begin the last Saturday of January. The following may be kept in mind:

When the 8th May falls on Thursday, the first Saturday will begin on 25th January.

If 8th May falls on Wednesday, 1st Saturday 26th January.

If 8th May falls on Tuesday, 1st Saturday 27th January and so forth.

CHAPTER IV.

The fifteen Saturdays of the most holy Rosary are a kind of prayer most seasonable nowadays.

Let us consider a little the character and wants of our epoch, and let us see the fittest remedies. After a mature consideration, our century will appear very analogous to the thirteenth century. It was asserted by the Sovereign Master of the Church militant, in his famous Encyclic on Rosary of 1st September 1883, *Supremi Apostolatus officio*, where he says: «The want of divine help is not less to-day than it was when St. Dominic, to heal the wounds of society, brought Rosary into use. Enlightened by a heavenly light, he perceived that there was not a more efficacious remedy to the evils of his time than to lead men again to Christ, who is *Way, Truth and Life*, by means of frequent considerations of the Mysteries of Redemption; and to interpose as a Mediatrix with God that Virgin who has the power *to destroy all heresies*. Hence he composed

the formula of the holy Rosary in such a manner as to meditate, in order, the Mysteries of our Redemption, and interlace this meditation with a mystical crown composed of the Angelical Salutation and the Lord's prayer. We, therefore, *seeking the same remedy for a similar evil*, do not doubt that this same prayer the holy Patriarch introduced with so much profit for the Catholic world, will be likewise very efficacious to lighten the calamities of our times ».

The Pontiffs, his predecessors were of the same opinion.

The Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX, in his Brief of 3rd December 1869, wrote: « As St. Dominic employed the prayer of the Rosary like an invincible sword to overcome the pernicions heresy of the Albigenses... so the Faithful furnished with this kind of armour, viz the daily recitation of the Blessed Virgin's Rosary, will more easily obtain that so many monsters of errors that now rage everywhere may be uprooted and extirpated by the powerful help of God's Immaculate Mother and of the (Ecumenical Vatican Council we have convoked [1]) ».

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1) By the same Bull, the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception grants a Plenary Indulgence and remis-

The Pontiff Paul III wrote to the Master General of the Fathers Preachers: « It was by the means of the Rosary that St. Dominic appeased the wrath of God on France and Italy ». And Urban IV attested that *by means of the Rosary; blessings shower every day on the Christian people.* And in 1812 the Cortes in Spain solemnly declared, that *Dominic of Gusman opposed to Heretics no other weapons than prayer, patience and instruction.*

Both Leo XIII and all other Pontiffs mean the Rosary as it was given to St. Dominic, viz of fifteen decades with the meditation of the Mysteries. It is true that the Church, a bountiful mother, has divided it into three days ol the week for those who cannot recite it wholly, but she always imposes the meditation of the Mysteries. And the Sacred Congregation of Indulgencies, by a Decree of 6th August 1726, approved on 13th of the same month and year by Benedict XIII, declared *the meditation of the Mysteries to be necessary in the recitation of the Rosary*

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sion of all sins, once a week, to all the faithful who, as long as the Œcumenical Vatican Council lasts, will recite every day at least five decades of the Rosary with Mysteries, etc., praying as usual, confessing and receiving Holy Communion.

in order to gain Indulgencies, except for idiots and the rough.

Here difficulties arise. Till yesterday the Rosary had been banished by most families. The few who had remained faithful to this practice recited it on the tip of the lips without any meditation. Nay some kept the last place for it in the evening hours, and sometimes after supper, between weariness and sleep: whereas this devotion, the noblest and sweetest of all, is excellent inasmuch as it is *the union of active and contemplative life:* viz to recite with the mouth, in a devout posture of the body the finest prayers of the Church, and inwardly meditate Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary in the actions of their mortal life, viz their love for us, their sorrows and their triumphs.

The venerable Niccolò Torno, a Canon of the Naples Cathedral, in his precious book entitled *Il Segreto di ogni grazia (The secret of every grace),* wrote: *And if after so many prayers and Communions and Rosaries we do not obtain graces from God, it is because we do not meditate the holy Mysteries.*

The Sovereign Pontiffs, among others Sixtus V and St. Pius V, freely asserted that the triumphing graces obtained by means of the Rosary, such as to change men into

quite different men from what they were, were ascribed by them in their Bulls to the *meditation and consideration of the Mysteries*, and not to the only utterance of words. *On the propagation of this devotion* (said St. Pius V) *the Christians, kindled by the meditation of the Mysteries, inflamed by those prayers, began to be changed into other men all of a sudden; the darkness of heresies was scattered, and the light of catholic faith spread.*

Hence another holy Neapolitan Priest wrote: «If I do not see in my penitent souls a true improvement in life, I will freely say that they do not meditate the Mysteries».

In St. Dominic's time, when a Christian was vicious, they said: *Either this man does not recite the Rosary, or he recites it without contemplating its Mysteries.* So sure people were of Mary's promises to St. Dominic!

And the Devil thwarts no other devotion so much, as the meditated Rosary.

Everyone may easily understand how great the opportunity of the *Fifteen Saturdays* is to obtain the triumph of religion, the conversion of sinners, the peace of families, if he considers that by this exercise we do nothing but promise to God to recite on each

Saturday the whole Rosary and receive Holy Communion, and remember fifteen times the highest Mysteries of our Redemption (which are the object of the principal feast of the Churh), in this time when Mary's worship is laughed at, the Lord's festival days abolished; and Sundays publicly profaned. No, we cannot be mistaken when the infallible authority of the Church is our guide, and she, sentenced by the mouth of Gregory XIII: *By the Rosary God's wrath is calmed, and Mary's intercession is implored.* And Leo X said: *The Rosary was instituted as a seasonable remedy to the evils threatening the world.* At last the great Leo XIII concludes with a lively wish, which, in the mouth of the Pope, is a commandment: *I wish the whole Christian people to resume the old habit of daily reciting the Blessed Virgin's Rosary.*

But the opportunity of such a practice will be more and more evident, if we consider the advantages that the souls of the devout will derive from it.

CHAPTER V.

Advantages to the souls from the Fifteen Saturdays.

1st The Spirit of the Rosary, as Bellet proves, is the same as the spirit of Christianity, viz the perfect worship, inward and outward, the true prayer of the spirit followed by works Blessed is the soul that makes it daily food! Through the exercise of the Fifteen Saturdays the soul becomes so fond of the Rosary and acquires such a facility to the fifteen decades, that she succeeds in reciting the whole of it every day without many difficulties, or repugnance. In fact we read in the history of the Rosary, that many persons, having experienced the most useful effects of the Fifteen Saturdays, have no longer neglected to recite the whole of it every day, and have not failed receiving quite particular graces every day till death.

2nd One of the reasons why among so many devout souls very few are truly perfect, is that they meditate any other subiect but our Lord's passion; whereas we know that

the Saints had no other model to imitate but the Crucifix.

It is a doctrine of St. Thomas that the Mysteries of the Life, Passion and Death etc. of Jesus Christ, and all things belonging to his humanity lead us, so to say by the hand, to the acquisition of the noblest and surest perfection and to the perfect exercise of virtues. Our Redeemer said, that He is the Gate, **the Truth and the Way**, and they who walk this way find plenty of heavenly lights and favours.

Now, by meditating a Mystery on each one of the Fifteen Saturdays or Sundays, viz a principal point of Jesus'and Mary's life, we succeed at last in stamping in our mind the vhole life of both, viz all the Gospel in abridgment. And by often remembering during the day all that they did and suffered for us, we acquire the holy habit of meditating the Passion of Jesus Christ and the compassion of the Blessed Virgin, and our love for them is more and more inflamed.

Behold how the Rosary gradually leads the soul to God's love, the last term of every perfection. And the consequence is that the truly devout of the Rosary is the true lover of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and of their most holy

Names. Full one hundred and fifty times he blesses Mary amongst women, and full one hundred ad fifty times he blesses the name of Jesus, and makes amends for men's blasphemies against God's Holy Name.

3rd The pious practice of Reparative Communion, which is nowadays received by many, is certainly very praiseworthy; but by the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays we add the Rosary to Holy Communion. So, over and above repairing the outrages made to God, each devout, by meditating a fact of Jesus'and Mary's life is exhorted to conform himself to it, by practicing the virtues he meditates; and by mortifying his own passions, he improves himself. And this is the most complete reparation agreeable to God, Who desires our perfection.

As two friends, often haunting each other, usually agree in their customs; so familiarly conversing with Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin, whose Mysteries we meditate in the Rosary, and forming together the same life by Holy Communion, we can become, in proportion with our littleness, similar to them, and learn from these highest models a humble, poor, hidden, patient and perfect life.

By introducing therefore the practice of

the Fifteen Saturdays, we shall obtain all the prodigious effects of the Marian Psalter, as the Blessed Alano says: « The reformation of customs in families and people, the penitence and contrition for their sins, the disappointment and contempt of the world, the reverence and veneration to the Church, the easiest and highest perfection ». In one word, according to the Pontiffs Clement VIII and Sixtus V, the Rosary is nothing but *the health of Christians, the advantage of the Catholic Church.*

CHAPTER VI.

The practice of the Fifteen Saturdays is the most excellent and efficacious of all.

If anyone peradventure showed a place where a treasure was hidden, all, men and women, would strive to take it and enrich themselves with it. Another far greater treasure if indefectible wealth and heavenly merits is hidden are the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary. Everyone can well value the excellence of this heavenly treasure from the preciousness of the whole Rosary, the prayer dearest to Mary,

the most favoured by the Saints, the most decorated by kings, the most privileged by the Pontiffs, the most frequented by people, illustrated by God with the most stupendous miracles, and strengthened by the greatest promises the Blessed Virgin ever made. Add to this the merits and immense graces the soul gains by considering the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

It is true that such meditations themselves are very profitable to purge and enlighten the souls and unite them to God; but who can deny that this consideration, joined to the recitation of the Rosary, is a kind of prayer as much more perfect and noble, as sweeter, easier, more profitable to the souls? Because our Redeemer, though merciful, is still our judge and perceives our demerits; and sometimes, in his highest judgment, he does not hear us when invoking his Name, but he does, according to St. Anselm, when invoking Mary's Name. In order to give glory to his Mother, He made her arbitratrix of graces. Lansperg, de Blois and other authors affirm, as revealed by some holy men, that each time the Rosary was recited with the consideration of the Mysteries, the Blessed Virgin implored a particular grace in this life for him who recited it, because she ac-

companied her prayers with those of her devout [1]).

But the excellent practice of the Fifteen Saturdays does not only contain what there is holiest and most efficacious in the Rosary, viz the remembrance of the actions and sorrows of Jesus, but, which is more, the frequentation of the Sacraments, especially Holy Communion received in memory of what our Saviour did for us, the perseverance in prayer and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Moreover, it unites to all these things a particular application, in order to please God in our works and to sanctify ourselves during fifteen weeks. Behold the most powerful efficacy of this devotion!

Our Saviour, seeing himself commemorated, pitied, thanked by us in the consideration of his Mysteries, just on the day we unite ourselves to Him by Holy Communion, and we make a vow to return fifteen times to Him, He sees himself, as it were, almost obliged to request his Eternal Father, and show him His Wounds, his Blood, his merits, which all then become our own by means of Communion.

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1) See *Niccolò Torno's* quoted work, and the Venerable Sarnelli *Glorie e grandezze della Divina Madre.*

On the other side, the Blessed Virgin, seeing the homage we pay to her Son and to herself, our perseverance in fulfilling it fifteen times, our efforts to acquire virtues, and our acts of mortification, shows Jesus in our behalf the milk she gave him, the assistance she made him, the dangers from which she saved him, the sorrows she suffered for him. And if such prayers are not efficacious, which will ever be? Here the soul may freely say to God: — Ô Lord, what prayers shalt Thou hear, if Thou dost not hear these? Or with St. Augustine: « I do not offer thee the cilices, mortifications and fasts of other Saints, but thy Life, thy Passion, thy Resurrection. I offer thee what thou hast dearest, after thee, thy most holy Mother ».

But how welcome to the Immaculate Virgin our returning *fifteen times* to her Altar of the Rosary, we have a recent proof in her apparition at Lourdes, in which the Virgin requested Bernadette to go again to the grotto during *fifteen days*. And Mary bountifully showed herself *fifteen times*, no doubt in order to honor and remind the faithful of the *fifteen Mysteries* of the Rosary she was adorned with, and wich she showed to recite with the simple girl.

Neither would the Queen of Heaven, who is the Seat of Wisdom, have notified that number to Bernadette without great mysteries.

The whole Rosary comprises so many mysteries, as no other name of a created thing. *It is one and three,* as Father Quarti remarks; it reminds us of the Unity and Trinity of God; it reminds us of the triple virginity of Mary, before her child-birth, in her child-birth and after her child-birth.

The number of fifty *Avemarias* of the third part of the Rosary is referred to the year *Jubilee*, meaning remission of sins, because by the Rosary, as by a triple *Jubilee*, we are delivered from sins, from their penalty and from misfortunes that are their consequence.

The five *Paternosters*, according to St. Charles Borromeo, signify the five Wounds; the *ten Avemarias*, the ten commandments.

All the hundred and fifty *Avemarias* composing the Rosary, represent the hundred and fifty leaves forming the Jericho Rose, and so the Church calls Mary *Mystical Rose*. They figure also the hundred and fifty Psalms of David, and for this reason the Rosary is called too *Marian Psalter*. And they also remind us of the hundred and fifty days, after which the waters of the Deluge began

to abate, because even by means of the Rosary the scourges of God cease, we are delivered from the waters of tribulation and the iris of peace appears.

But the number *fifteen* is still more mysterious. *Fifteen* were the steps of Jerusalem. temple, a symbol (according to Da Ponte) of the degrees of virtue by which we go up to God. And the Rosary is just a fifteen-stepped staircase descended from Heaven by the Blessed Virgin, in order to increase in her devotees the heavenly Charity, whose characteristic notes are *fifteen,* enumerated by St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians.

The venerable Bede says, that the steps of the stairs seen by Jacob were fifteen, just as are fifteen the Gradual Psalms. Now, remarks Cartagena, the Rosary is the *Mystical Staircase of Jacob,* by which the true lovers of Mary ascend to the presence of God. St. Bernardin of Siena says, *those steps signify the Mysteries of the reconciliation of creatures with their Creator.* In fact St. Dominic is likened to another Jacob and Israel for his preaching and contemplation; and on his death he appeared to the Blessed Guala being led to Paradise by Jesus and Mary through a stair, as we read in the Office of the Saint.

Finally, if the Blessed Virgin herself assured the Blessed Alano, that, *Mass, excepted, the Rosary is the most agreeable prayer to Her*, how much will she like better the Rosary that is said *together with Mass*, as the case is in our exercise? Nay, when Mass itself is said to honor a Mystery of the Rosary? To the pious practice of the Fifteen Saturdays we can very suitably apply the Gospel parable of the woman, who, when she had found a pearl of great price, sold all that she had to buy the field where it was hidden.

Let us therefore neglect the other devotions, if we cannot fulfil them all, and let us embrace this strong, heavenly Chain, that leads us right to Heaven, makes us acquire perfection, and undoubtedly moves Mary's Heart to obtain for us the just grace we ask for.

But a difficulty arises here. Why, says someone, after so many Rosaries and perhaps so many Saturdays, I see no grace or at least the one I vish for?

A holy Doctor answers: *Aut male, aut mala petis*. That is, either *you say the Rosary ill*, because you do not consider the Mysteries, or because you ask for something which, if obtained, *would be harmful* to your soul. Hence St. Augustine argues that

God denies sometimes graces to someone through his mercy, when there is a danger for the soul, and he angry grants them to others so satisfy His justice. *Concedit iratus quod negat misericors.*

And even if you prayed well, have you observed the conditions required by Mary to obtain what she promises? Have you subscribed to the Confraternity of the Rosary, going to Communion on the first Sunday of the month to Her honor, and visiting her chapel? Have you entered your name in the new Sanctuary built at Pompei to the honor of the Queen of Victories, where the Blessed Virgin has placed the throne of her mercies to spread them in behalf of the sinners, afflicted and pining, who contribute from all parts of the world to build Her a throne to? If you have fulfilled all this, may you find a consolation in the sorrows of life, and a relief in temptations from the words of the faith given to the Blessed Alano by the same Queen of the Rosary, through which you may be sure, that if you succeed in keeping these Fifteen Saturdays devoutly, *you have a great sign to be predestinated.*

CHAPTER VII.

The truth of the abovesaid reasoning is proved by the graces and miracles obtained by the vow of the Fifteen Saturdays.

In the life of the Venerable Father D. Francis Olimpio, a Theatin, written by Father Silos, and printed at Messina in 1664, we read that the city of Capua being in great consternation on account of the strives that daily happened between the people and a certain petulant soldiery, so that the citizens irritated were about to take up arms with great disorders, they wrote to the servant of God their fellow-citizen, beseeching him to obtain from God by his fervent prayers some remedy for the present and threatening calamities. He answered them that they should take courage, have *fifteen* Masses said at the altar of the Rosary during *fifteen* uninterrupted days in honor of the *fifteen Mysteries*, and recite the Chaplet; then wait confidently for the calm and peace of the people. The Masses were begun without delay, and, when it was the fourteenth, seeing no safety, they were almost driven to

despair. But as soon as the number of the fifteen Sacrifices was complete, behold an unnexpected despatch from the court of Naples, which recalls the Walloon soldiers; after whose departure the calamities and fears of the Capuans were dispersed. The common joy was great, and especially that of the Magistrate, and the success so assuredly foretold by Father Olimpio was ascribed to the fifteen Masses he had commanded. A public act was written, which in everlasting memory was laid up in the archives of the city of Capua.

His Grace Peter-George Odescalco, Bishop of Vigevano, in order to sanctify the last days of Carnival and abolish its sluttish name, ordered that since Septuagesima Sunday they should begin the devotion of the *fifteen Mysteries* of the most holy Rosary, celebrating one a day at the altar of Our Lady, solemnily adorned, and having daily an Image of the Mystery honored, with fifteen candles, saying the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and in the evening delivering a sermon on the current Mystery and reciting the Rosary. So in fifteen evenings the fifteen Mysteries were filled up, and on Quinquagesima Sunday the faithful went to Confession and Communion. He then wrote a book entitled: *Istituto di*

divozione per onorare la Vergine, with fifteen Sermons.

He relates that, as soon as the bell rang in the evening to celebrate the Mystery of the day, the people were seen running, wishing to honor the Virgin Mary: the workmen who were in the field quitted their work, and the hirelings agreed with their masters to quit their work in time to go to church. And this good bishop certifies that both in town and throughout the diocese, the spiritual profit, the conversion of souls, the joy and devotion for the singular graces and change of manners, made this holy exercise exceedingly commendable; hence he exhorts all bishops to introduce it into their dioceses.

Later it was practiced in the Benevent Archidiocese through the great zeal of Archbishop Orsini and of Father John Michael Cavalieri from Bergamo, of his same Order of Preaching Friars, and the same salutary fruits were obtained, as is reported in the Appendix of **Tesoro del SS. Rosario.**

But to come nearer our time, it is sufficient to give a glance at the magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI, and we shall be persuaded what a plentiful harvest of grace and mercy this holy practice of the Fifteen Saturdays produces, and that especially nowa-

days the Blessed Virgin wishes it to be enlarged and diffused, in order that all may obtain mercy from God. We give therefore the devout the following hints drawn from the abovesaid magazine.

Siena. — Mr. Francesco Desideri, in April 1884, obtained a very singular grace by the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays. He was delivered from serious cares, that caused the deterioration of his health. The difficulties opposed were numerous and almost insurmountable, but all was conquered by the mercy of the Virgin of Pompei, who likewise granted graces to other Associates of Siena, who had asked for them by the efficacious practice of the Fifteen Saturdays. Francesco Desideri changed into a very pretty chapel the room where a miracle had been wrought for him, and dedicated it to the *Virgin of Pompei.*

Another grace was attested in August 1886 by the Parish Priest Giovanni Sardelli of Siena. Here are his words:

« One of my penitents, the very pious Mrs. N., a wife and mother of a family, was very sorry to see her modest estate diminishing through necessary divisions. The pretensions of one of the parties were such as to expose the common estate to danger, but, what matters more, the pious woman feared much dissensions, agitations loss of peace and friendship for the ne-

cessary arrangement. Deprived of every earthly hope, she was exhorted by me to implore the *Virgin of Pompei's* intercession by the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*. She began to recite the prescribed prayers, and she heard Mass and received Holy Communion on each Saturday. On the last Saturday, the Blessed Virgin fully consoled the afflicted woman. The interests of the family were perfectly settled, friendship was confirmed, and joy and peace reigned in her family ».

Nocera Superiore. — In the church of the Dominican Tertiaries' Conservatory, at the village of Pareti, a fraction of the Commune of Nocera Superiore (wrote the zealous Reverend Matthew Milano) the *Fifteen Saturdays* have been practiced preparatory to the Feast of the Rosary, with so much fervor and spiritual profit of all the persons who practiced them, as to merit several graces from the Blessed Virgin of Pompei.

Vasto. — Sister Maria Angelica Tommasi of St. Clara community wrote: The Fifteen Saturdays have been practiced in the St. Peter Parish Church with great concourse of people, and two graces have been obtained from this devotion, viz: deliverance from hail and cholera.

Presicce (province of Lecce). — The Reverend Andrew Sponsiello wrote, that the whole country has improved in consequence of the more and more increased devotion to the most holy Rosary, by the devout practice of the Fifteen Saturdays. « Several sinners, says he,

by the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays, were perfectly converted to God; from their mouth not only blasphemies are no longer heard, but scurrilities and imprecations neither; in their families concord is seen that was formerly wanting; they tolerate with a holy compliance the tribulations of life.... In short, this country has much improved both morally and materially by means of the Marian Rosary ».

Rimini. — Sister Maria Teresa di Gesù Crocifisso, of the new St. Onofrio Retirement, wrote to us on 1st April 1885, that the institution of such a Retirement is to be ascribed to a singular favour of the *Blessed Virgin of Pompei*, because in our time only a miracle of Our Lady could make it possible. « We never neglect, added Sister Maria Teresa, doing the *Fifteen Saturdays* or the *Fifteen Sundays;* whe finish them on 1st Sunday in October, and we begin them agaim on the following Sunday. We will not omit to honor the *Virgin of Pompei* by the advantageous practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, to obtain much good for our girls ».

In short, by means of such a well practiced exercise, happy marriages are contracted, quarrels and law-suits miraculously gained, women made fecund, extraordinary religious vocations obtained, and singular heavenly favours got.

The Nuns of the Visitation of Our Lady in France, Arona, Venice, Milan, Constantinople, Fiume in Hungary, Zanzberg (Upper Bavary), Buenos-Ayres, Central Bengal, practice this

devotion much, and always with great profit. The Benedictine Nuns of Nonnberg in Salsbourg have translated this our little work into German, and they fulfil the practice with much spiritual advantage.

The example of Constance Gonzaga, a very pious lady, is to be imitated: not satisfied with reciting the Rosary every day with her servant-girls, whenever she wished for some favour from the Blessed Virgin, she had *Fifteen Masses* said at Her altar, and gave alms to *fifteen* poor women, in order that they should recite as many Rosaries: hence she soon saw her own requests graciously heard. And her example is now followed by a great many royal Princesses in Europe, who put all their confidence in the Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary to obtain particular graces from God.

Finally there are at our Naples several illustrious families, who, in any danger, diseases, child-births, or in affairs of great importance, or in undertaking travels, do nothing before having fulfilled the most efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*. And with the greatest consolation of our soul we have received from 1878 till to-day letters from various towns of Lombardy, Piedmont and the south-provinces, as well as from Dalmatia, Tyrol, Belgium, Malta, English Dominions, Asia, Africa, America, announcing us various graces obtained by the practice of this unspeakable Marian exercise.

CHAPTER VIII.

The devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays in foreign countries.

The Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, from her Temple of Pompei, has wished to awaken faith in the world, and with faith, the fervor and daily recitation of her Mystical Chaplet. And the first salutary effect, that the worship of the *Virgin of the most holy Rosary of Pompei* generally produces in families and towns, is to bring into use the pious and advantageous practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays* in honor of the most holy Rosary.

And this beneficent effect has been verified not only in Italy, but also in all foreign nations, where the light of the new mercies penetrated, which God grants to the world from the favourite Sanctuary of the Queen of Mercy, from the consecrated Sanctuary of Pompei.

Hence the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII, admiring the extraordinary ways of Providence, who wished in this time of scepticism and materialism to awaken in the souls of peoples the faith of the supernatural, making use of the Sanctuary that is being built at Pompei, has by his authoritative

voice sanctioned this quite miraculous fact. He consecrated these words in his Rescript of 21st June 1890:

« *At last this same Image in so many churches of Rome, Italy and abroad, receives everywhere a particular veneration by triduan and novenary supplications, illuminations and feasts, and especially by the practice, now so much diffused, of the* **Fifteen Saturdays** *preceding the feast of the Holy Rosary* ».

Whereupon let us give a rapid glance to the wonderful propagation the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* has had in the world within the space of a few years; those who wish for more extensive news, may read the magazine: IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI.

Switzerland. — The Venerable Canon Gallus Hug, in a letter of his, full of holy unction, from Saint Gall, relates us how our devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* was introduced into his town. His words are very tender: « The devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays is, at Saint Gall also, an inexhausted source of graces. Therefore I have got a fine image of Our dear Lady of Pompei painted, that I may be consoled ».

Dalmatia. — Doctor John Vuletin on 6th May 1889, wrote to us from *Bossoglina near Trau*:

I beg to inform you, that I have to-day sent you by post a gold jewel, from Mrs. Catherine Vuletin of Castelnuovo near Traù. Since *sixteen years*, she had ulcerated sore legs, and she could not take a step without being tightened with close bands.

Only after having performed a course of *Fifteen Saturdays* in honor of the dearest *Virgin of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei*, she saw her ulcers closed and her legs free to walk. As a grateful attestation of the grace obtained from the Virgin of Pompei, she deprives herself of the abovesaid ornamental object, usual in these countries, and offers it to her magnanimous deliverer.

Zara (Dalmatia). — The Reverend Peter Spanich, very zealous for the Work of Pompei, wrote to us on 10th October 1889: — The devotion to the most munificent *Queen of Valle di Pompei* becomes greater and greater in this town, which, I think, was the first in Dalmatia to practice the *Fifteen Saturdays* publicly at St. Francis Church. The frequence of devout men and women was edifying. The Blessed Virgin accepted the homage, and a pious lady, on 8th September, when the Image was exposed, was suddenly delivered from a troublesome cutaneous disease. A pious gentleman, who had cooperated that the picture of the Virgin of Pompei should be exposed at church, in the same morning, when the Holy Mass of the Fifteen Saturdays began, died a just man.

Praznice (Dalmatia). — The Reverend John Vuskovich informs us: — Let us give thanks to the Blessed Virgin. In this Parish too, *Our Lady of Pompei* is known, and a particular devotion is felt towards the Holy Rosary; nay, to my greatest consolation, many persons are now going to Confession and Communion, and practice the devotion of the *Fifteen Sundays*. Our beloved Archbishop, Monseigneur Czarev had the happy idea to order that during fifteen uninterrupted Sundays the Blessed Sacrament should be exposed, and the whole Chaplet of the fifteen Mysteries recited before it; which is exactly fulfilled with great frequence of people.

Comisa (Dalmatia). — The Reverend George Braicin, one of the Pope's chamberlains, wrote to us: — A great number of the devout practice the *Fifteen Saturdays* here: others practice the *Fifteen Sundays:* in one word, the devotion to the *Holy Rosary of Pompei* is lively.

Lesina (Dalmatia). — The holy Archbishop Czarev informed us, that on 9th November 1889, in all the Parish Churches of his new Diocese the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* commenced before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

Spalato (Dalmatia). — A zealous lady, Mrs. Catherine Bulat of the late Anthony, wrote to us: — The pious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, preparatory to the feast of the powerful Queen of the Holy Rosary, has been fulfilled this year in the Church of the Dominican Fathers. The devotion to the *Blessed*

Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei is so much spread here, that everyone speaks abont Her, her graces and her miracles.

Lussingrande (Illyric Littoral, Austria). — The Reverend Francis Craglietto, a parish Coadjutor, wrote: — Here also the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays* has been fulfilled this year by a small number of devouts. As a close of this fine devotion, I remit you by post-bill six lire, in order that a Mass may be said in that miraculous Sanctuary according to the intention of the offerers.

Sebenico (Dalmatia). — Great heavenly favours have been experienced from the introduction of the worship of the *Virgin of Pompei* and the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays,* through the zeal of the Reverend Canon Anthony Martinovich, at St. Anthony the Abbot Church.

Neresi. — Mrs. Maria Avanzanio of George writes to us to thank Our Lady, for a very great and special grace, that she wished for since many years, and that she has wonderfully obtained by means of the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays of the most holy Rosary.*

Curzola. — Father Dalmatio Franetovich, a Dominican, related uso on 8th June 1889: — Numberless are the graces obtained by the devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary under the title of *Virgin of Pompei,* whether reciting the devout Novenary, or practicing the *Fifteen Saturdays.* I have myself experienced their efficacy several times.

Malta. — The zealot Mrs. Angelica Sapiano Zammit wrote to us from *Birchircara*, on 6th November 1888: — I acquaint you that the *Fifteen Saturdays of the most holy Rosary* were closed here with a very interesting grace, viz the conversion of an *obstinate Protestant woman*, on her death bed, according to the report sent you by the Reverend Andrew Debono.

Malta Cospicua. — Marchioness Apap Testaferrata, of the Princes of St. Margaret, wrote to us near the beginning of 1889: — How can I enumerate all the graces that the Virgin of Pompei has granted me? Write in your annals, have it preached, swear it if you please: *Those who do the Fifteen Saturdays obtain graces! Those who do the three Novenas obtain graces! Those who faithfully pray the Virgin of Pompei are graciously heard!* This good Mother not only gives us what we ask for, but even more than we ask for. Last year the *Fifteen Saturdays* were practiced here to obtain four striking graces, and they were all obtained. I will relate you only the last. Prayers were made for the conversion of a Protestant: well, a few months afterwards he abjured Protestantism, and he was baptized and confirmed by our Apostolic Administrator, the Archbishop Mons. Buchagiar. I should never finish, if I wished to enumerate the *Virgin of Pompei's miracles*. But to whom relate them? Perhaps to you or to your readers, who know more than I about them?

Austrian Tyrol. — Mrs. Anne Zuttioni di Medea attests from *Serravalle:* that since many years she had lost an eye, and was then threatened with losing the other. She had recourse to the medical art, which tormented her in a thousand manners with irons and ointments. Shut in a chamber, in complete darkness, she felt every day her sight become weaker and weaker, so that she could scarcely distinguish objects. When she was certain that she was going to become quite blind, she had recourse to the *Virgin of Pompei.* She prayed with faith, recited some novenas, and at last she undertook the devotion of the ***Fifteen Saturdays.*** This was indeed troublesome to her, being obliged to expose herself to the vivid light of the sun: but full of faith she continued her devotion. And her faith was not without a reward: because she was better and better every day, and when the ***Fifteenth Saturday*** arrived, she was quite healed.

Here is what the most worthy Parish Priest Anthony Casagrande wrote to us from *Trient:* — The Mother of a family, having implored with great faith, by means of the ***Fifteen Saturdays,*** peace to her house, and having been graciously heard by the merciful Queen of the most holy Rosary of Pompei, performed her promise to publish through me such a notable grace, and sent an offer.

Lussingrande. — Mrs. Cattina Scarpa wrote to us on 30th June 1888: — I have comforting

news to give you: that we also have commenced here the *Fifteen Saturdays of the most holy Rosary*, several persons joining together.

Turkey. — The Venerable Catholic Archbishop Father Fulgentius Czarev of the Friars Minor wrote to us from **Uskub** on 18th June 1888: — In January 1887, arrived in this Mission the *first news* of the Sanctuary of Pompei, and of the great wonders that the Queen of the most holy Rosary, our most amiable Mother, was working in behalf of those who invoked her. And I have published it among these faithful, who, having had recourse, in their necessities, to the *Queen of the most holy Rosary at Valle di Pompei*, obtained several graces. These encouraged us to apply to the powerful Patronage of our most holy Mother by the devout practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, kept at the same time *in all the Parish Churches of this* Archdiocese, and this dear devotion was crowned with obtaining the wished for favors.

Scutari in Albany (European Turkey). — The Reverend Father Thomas a Rapino, a Friar Minor, related us on 4th December 1889: — Here at Scutari too, we have this year celebrated, as well as we could, for the first time, the *Fifteen Saturdays* by reading the *Novena to the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei, translated into Albanian*, and then blessing the people with the Blessed Sacrament. On all Saturdays the crowd was great, and many went to Confession and Communion. At noon, on the feast of the

Rosary, we read the *Petition to the Virgin of Pompei.* And this wonderful Virgin deigned to crown these devotions with the miracle wrought in this country, of which I send you a report.

Germany. — The Reverend Joseph Wachbar wrote to us from *Burbach* (Inferior Alsace), on 1st June 1888: — I have the honor to acquaint you that we shall begin the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* on 30th June, in the Chapel of our Cathedral, and on 1st July in our Parish Church on te Mountain.

Asia. — Central Bengal. It is not only the European continent, that boasts to sing in its churches the praise and prayer to the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei* by the devout exercise of the *Fifteen Saturdays.* But the love to so great a Queen has pushed her faithful children to praise, worship and invoke her at sea also. Hear the following letter written with love, faith and simplicity on 17th December 1888, from Kishnagur in Central Bengal, by an apostolical soul, by an Italian Sister, just flown to Heaven (Sister Josephine Brambilla of the Sisters of Charity of Lovere), who introduced into China the devotion to the *Virgin of Pompei.*

« After a voyage of twenty-one days, we have safely arrived at Kishnagur in Central Bengal. We were twelve at sea: two for China, and the others for Central Bengal. In those days we had the good thought to do during fifteen uninterrupted days the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary,* which were interrupted only two days

on account of seasickness. The other days we could hear Mass and go to Communion. During the voyage I promised a small offer to the Blessed Virgin of Pompei, if she delivered us from all dangers at sea and on land as we hat to go almost three days by railway from Bombay to Kishnagur. Our dear Mother led us here safely, and I beg to offer you a very small oblation».

In **America**, in Brasil, the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays was introduced, and *San José de Boa Morte*, in 1889, by the Reverend Father Vincent de Alessandro Vigario; who wrote to us on 10th October 1889: — Among this people, almost savage, I have diffused the devotion to the Rosary in this principal Church; and I have introduced the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary*, as they are praticed at the Sanctuary of Pompeii.

In **Quito** (Republic of the Equator) in the Church of the Friars Preachers, with a great crowd of faithful, the Fifteen Saturdays preceding the feast of the Virgin of Pompeii have been practiced, according to the very fine report of Father Alphonso Ieryes, a Dominican.

In **Tarata** (Bolivia, South America) in the church of St. Joseph College, with a great crowd and enthusiasm, the Fifteen Saturdays have been introduced, care of the very zealous Father Fr. Ugolino Russo Apostolic Missionary.

In **Colonia Pilar** (Argentine Republic) the Fifteen Saturdays were brought into use by the zeal of Mrs. Pauline Pians.

And without giving other examples, we may conclude that, by means of the devotion to the holy Rosary, the holy exercise of the Fifteen Saturdays is now practiced in almost every country of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sanctuary of Pompeii The greatest miracle of the Rosary in modern times.

If we had no other argument to prove how the Blessed Virgin has at heart the Fifteen Saturdays of her Rosary, and how she crowns them with a very singular efficacy; this only would suffice, to see the hand of the Almighty itself cooperate to glorify *the Rosary* at our time by means of quite new and stupendous miracles. At other times God sent his Servants to the world to excite the love of Christians towards the *favourite Marian prayer*. At our time He makes no Saints appear; it is the *Queen of Saints* herself, who deigns by quite extraordinary signs to excite the hearts of the faithful to the love of her Mystical Roses.

In the environs of the destroyed Pompeii there is a country called *Valle di Pompei*, where in the circuit of a few miles are scat-

tered in so many hovels, rustic habitations and farms, beyond three thousand souls.

Till a few years ago this Vale was unknown and, as it were, unexplored. Here, by the side of the Amphitheatre, between the Station of Pompei and that of Scafati, rises almost by enchantment a majestic Sanctuary, dedicated to the Mother of God under the title of the most holy Rosary, round which a new people of faithful assemble together.

And as this new Temple is a living miracle of Mary's mercy at the present time, and its fame is now diffused not only throughout Italy, but in almost all civil nations; it is suitable to retrace its first origin, in order to observe the extraordinary intervention of God in this highly religious and at the same time social Work.

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This Vale was during many years a den of thieves and feared robbers. After 1860, Pilone, a famous chief-robber, wandered about here with his suite of brigands. The chief having been killed, a number of highwaymen remained, who frightened passengers, and no rich gentleman was to be seen in these countries.

Just to this Vale we went to rusticate in October 1887; and speaking with this people, we were greatly astonished at seeing that most of them not only did not know the Rosary, but what is more, were ignorant of the fundamental principles of our Religion. For so many souls, there was only a little and very poor church, under the title of *Parish of St. Saviour at Valle.* It was in such a bad state of maintenance, that the vault splitted and threatened to ruin: and nothwithstanding the prolongation made by the Bishop and Curate eighteen years ago, it was still so small as to contain scarcely a hundred persons. In fact, in October 1880, it fell to ruin and it was demolished by order of the political authority of Torre Annunziata.

Therefore many of those countrymen could not hear Mass on Sunday, and most of them, being unable to go to church, nor hear God's word, were so ignorant as to awaken compassion and pity into the truly christian hearts. Some could not make the sign of the cross, others had never gone to confession, and others lived as the sauvage [1]).

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[1]) See *History of the Sanctuary of the Rosary of Pompei* — Valle di Pompei, Bartolo Longo's Typographical School, Publisher 1890.

The lamented Monseigneur Joseph Formisano, Bishop of Nola, to whose Diocese Pompei then belonged, feeling an extraordinary pity in his heart, had tried since many years to build a new church: but he alone was unable to succeed, as he was overcharged with the care of beyond 700 churches, among which 85 parishes, most of them very poor, and some were being built. He was expecting Heaven to smile upon his long prayers, when the benign Mother of men vouchsafed at last to crown the good Pastor's vows.

It was decreed in God's everlasting counsels that in broad and open nineteenth century a miracle of resurrection and life should appear on the land studded with ruins and death: and on the spot where *Physical Venus* was formerly adored, the *Immaculate Virgin* should be venerated, invoked and loved, she who binds men to heavenly love by a chain formed with celestial roses.

And the omnipotence of God, as he is wont to act with men, employed the vilest and most unfitted means to make great things appear to his glory.

As I belong, through divine clemency, to the third Order of St. Dominic, I knew, by means of readings and precepts, that the only way to save sinners is *the Marian Ro-*

sary. I followed therefore this maxim: — in order to succeed in saving my soul, it would be an excellent way *to propagate among the poor and ignorant peasants of Pompei Mary's Rosary*.

I immediately went to work, and it was October 1873; but the ground was unproductive, it was first necessary to teach peasants. But where? there was no school, no church, no room to assemble them.

The following year 1874 I returned to Valle di Pompei together with Countess Fusco, and we went to her country-house, in order to make those poor people fond of the Rosary. We distributed chaplets and medals among them, and they accepted them with eagerness and desired them as a precious present.

And for the first time in that land, we solemnized in October the *Blessed Virgin of the Rosary* by celebrating a High Mass, by exposing to public veneration a little lithographed Image, which I had at my bed-head, surrounded by the Fifteen Mysteries.

And the first fruits of the grace and complacency of Mary were not late in appearing.

But our intention was to make the devotion to the Rosary steadfast here, which had began under so good auspices; and after long

discussions and many advices asked of wise and prudent men, the Lord made us understand that no other expedient was suitable than to call a Mission of apostolical men and erect a Confraternity, which should provide for the spiritual wants of that rising people.

But how could we succeed in all this?

Several means were tried, but all in vain. The time had not yet come, when the Mother of God was to display to the present indifferent Christians the splendour of her power and the efficacity of her Mystical Roses Chaplet, and the design of mercy that will be developed in the world from the land of devastation and death.

We returned the third year to Pompei, and went about into the hovels and huts to gather the peasants, in order to solemnize the Queen of the Rosary in October, and encourage them to establish the Confraternity of Mary.

And, as it was God's will, when our hopes were given up, through an unexpected adventure we obtained, on 2nd November 1875, three holy Priests to undertake the Missions. They were: Canon Santarpia of Lettere, now deceased, Canon Joseph Rossi of Castellammare di Stabia, and the Reverend Michael

Gentile, an Apostolical Missionary of Gragnano.

The effect showed the power of the Rosary and the agreement of the heavenly Queen. All were reconciled to God, quarrels were settled, they made peace, and almost all asked to be associated to the Confraternity of Mary.

I represented to the good Bishop of Nola my earnest desire to erect, at my own expense an *Altar* to the Virgin of the Rosary, to whom I was very devout.

But that wise Prelate, who was interested in his old design to build a new church, exposed it to me, to Countess De Fusco and to the people; and he exhorted us very warmly to undertake the building not of a chapel, but of a church to the *Blessed Virgin of the Rosary.*

And so comforted and pushed by the advice and authority of the Anointed of the Lord, in January 1876 the Countess and I set to the work, to which troly *both heaven and earth have had a and.* And we began by asking of our friends, acquaintances and poor peasants of Pompei, the contribution of *a halfpenny a month.*

CHAPTER X.

The miraculous Image.

In the meantime, not to interrupt the pious custom recently introduced of reciting in the evening the Rosary in common at the Parish Church, and to annex the Indulgences, we thought that a picture whatever in oil colors was necessary, representing the Virgin of the Rosary.

For that reason we went to Naples; and seeking here and there in vain, at last our lamented confessor, Master Albert Radente, a Dominican Father, wished to make us a present of an old ruined and miserable picture, of the Virgin with St. Dominic and St. Catherine, which he had bought many years ago, for Lire 3,40, Anticaglia street in Naples, and which lay neglected behind the door of a cell of a penitent of his in the Conservatory of the Rosary, Medina Gate.

We then took that worn out thing, to carry it to Pompei: but we could not carry it by the train in our company. There was no other vehicle, than a chariot carrying dung from the stables of Naples to the country of Pompei.

Having called the carter, who was setting out loaded with his treasure, we wrapped up the old picture in a sheet, and delivered it to him. The latter, having no other way to carry it, placed it on the top of his dung.

When the old picture arrived in this triumphal way, we perceived that the figure was truly very ugly. We sent for a painter, who was then working at Pompei, Mr. Galella; he repaired somewhat the picture, and we placed it on an altar of the old shaking parish-church.

From that day begins the history of the miracles wrought by God to quicken faith in Christians, and excite their zeal for the building of the new Temple of the Rosary at Pompei.

After having obtained the Bishop's authorization, and a diploma dated 13th December 1875, from Father Joseph M. Sanvito, Vicar-general of the Friars Preachers, on a Sunday, 13th February 1876, being the feast of the great daughter of the Third Order St. Catherine of Ricci, the *Confraternity of the most holy Rosary* was solemnly established *by voice of people* at Valle di Pompei, enriched with all the privileges and indulgences of the Dominican Order. By that erection diploma, signed by the Bishop of

Nola, the Reverend Priest D. Januarius Federico was appointed a Rector of the spiritual Confraternity of the most holy Rosary of Pompei.

On the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, 30th April of the same year 1876, Countess De Fusco and I bought the ground for the new church, with the intervention of the Bishop of Nola, Monseigneur Ioseph Formisano; and four miraculous recoveries already attested in Naples and elsewhere the particular protection of Mary on her new Temple, and on those who contribute to build it.

CHAPTER XI.

The building of the Temple.

On 8th May of that same memorable year 1876, we solemnly laid the *Corner Stone*, with the intervention of the holy Bishop of Nola and his Canons, and a generous party of three hundred Neapolitan gentlemen and ladies, some of whom declared to have obtained heavenly graces. On 29th October the foundations were over.

Only two years elapsed from that day: and on 13th October 1878 the edifice had risen as by enchantment as far as the upper cornice.

A work that would have required the fatigues and expenses of at least eight years, was to be seen fine and prosperous! Within the walls discovered, on the rugged floor, a numerous people mixed with noblemen and plebeians recited *Mary's Chaplet*, before the old Image, now become miraculous. And a band of the choicest Neapolitan aristocracy went humble and devout to that poor Altar to receive Holy Communion in the open air; while on that humble soil covering the bones of ancient heathens the holy Host of peace and love was for the third time offered to the Almighty.

Sir Anthony Cua, a learned Professor of the University, was the first Architect who offered his gratuitous services; he made the drawing of the Temple, and directed the construction.

The rustic building being ended in 1883, another Neapolitan Architect, Sir John Rispoli, was invited by us to decorate the church with the greatest magnificence of modern Christian art.

The Temple rose fine, large, for two thousand persons; it has seven altars, all consecrated, with cupola, with a large vestry and with adjoining dwelling for the works of beneficence and piety that are to be

seen already founded and in their full vigour.

The Cupola and the Absis and the principal Nave and the Transept with the two large Chapels and the singers' gallery with the monumental orchestral Organ are quite complete; and the elegant gildings, and the various and fine frescos, and the magnificent finely worked marbles, make this Sanctuary one of the finest and richest and most devout in Italy. The front and the steeple only are to be made.

But what excites the astonishment of all who enter the church is to see already erected a marble and bronze monument, an altar-screen, on which lies triumphing that old Image that cost three lire and that arrived here on a chariot of dung!

For that monumental altar not less than the sum of *two hundred thousand* lire was spent. Such a proposal was first made by us in our magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI in December 1885; and in two years the signatures with the spontaneous offers of the faithful from all parts of the world, exceeded the number of *one hundred and sixty thousand*. It is a monument of *Christian* art, in opposition to the old *heathen* art lying face to face: a monument of catholic

faith, which will attest to next century the faith and piety of the nineteenth century.

The very fine marbles are of the Hing Pyrenees, of Lourdes Mountains, of the place where thirty years ago the Virgin appeared with the Rosary in her hands! They are worked in the great marble quarry of Bagnères de Bigorre.

The names of the *one hundred and sixty thousand* faithful persons of every nation, who contributed to the erection of the Monumental Altar to the Queen of Victories at Valle di Pompei, are shut up in a large silver heart, laid down at the feet of that venerated and miraculous Image.

Five tall bronze Angels, and two very fine marble statues, representing the mental prayer and the vocal prayer of the Rosary, embellish the majestic Altar.

The high altar, dedicated to the *Queen of the most holy Rosary*, rich in marble, bronze and mosaic, was solemnly consecrated on 7th May 1887 by His Eminence the Cardinal Raphael Monaco La Valletta, Grand Penitentiary. On the folloving day, 8th May, the old Image of the Rosary, become miraculous, came out in procession from the small Chapel by the side of the Sanctuary, where it had remained several years during its buil-

ding; and in the middle of the square of New Pompei, that we had opened on purpose, in a temporary little Chapel, it was solemnly *crowned* by the same Cardinal Monaco with a Crown formed of 700 diamonds, attesting as many graces obtained by the faithful through the intercession of so heavenly a Queen. On that crown shine also four emeralds given by two Jews.

On 8th May 1890 the whole church was covered with a marble floor; the altar dedicated to the *glorious Patriarch St. Joseph* was consecrated by His Eminence the Cardinal William Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, and the splendid orchestral-liturgical-symphonic Organ was inaugurated, which is a wonder of the Italian mechanic musical art.

On 6th May 1891 the miraculous Effigy received a second diamond Crown, formed of *twelve stars* that gird Her head, documents of as many graces granted to the children of the Rosary of Pompei from 1887 till now.

On the following day, 7th May 1891, the Temple of Pompei was solemnly consecrated by the same Cardinal Monaco La Valletta; and at the same time two new altars were dedicated, one to *St. Michael the Archangel* by Monseigneur Renzullo, Bishop of Nola,

the other to the *Sacred Heart* and Blessed Margaret by the same Cardinal, consecrator and protector of the Sanctuary.

Next year, 7th May 1892, the same Cardinal Protector consecrated two new altars, one dedicated to *St. Francis of Assisium*, the other to the Institutor of the Rosary, *the Patriarch St. Dominic*.

At last, in May 1893, the last altar of the Sanctuary, dedicated to *St. Vincent Ferrer* and to the *Souls in Purgatory*, was consecrated by the same Cardinal Monaco La Valletta.

The frescos were made by the famous Neapolitan artist, the lamented Sir Paliotti. The skilful artist Commander Frederick Maldarelli made a present of a splendid picture, representing St. Catherine of Siena receiving the Stigmata from the Crucifix, and of another magnificent picture representing the Queen of Victories revivifying New Pompei.

Several silver chalices and lamps and pixes, as well as flowers and altar ornaments, were also sent as votive offerings in trust to Commander Bartolo Longo, attesting graces granted by the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*. Since 1887 Mr. Matteo Schilizzi had made a present of a fine picture painted by Commander Saverio Alta

mura of Naples, representing Jesus' silence before Caiphas; and the young artist of Milan, Mr. Enrico Vegetti, gave a picture painted by him: *Ecce Homo*. Professor Ponziano Loverini of Bergamo painted in 1890 the large picture of the *Death of St. Joseph*, and in 1891 a larger one of *St. Michael the Archangel*, which is a masterpiece of modern classical art.

In 1892 he finished two new pictures, *St. Francis* in Alvernia grotto, and *St. Dominic* in St. Sisto Vecchio convent in Rome, resuscitating the young Napoleone Orsini, the nephew of Cardinal Stefano di Fossanova, in the presence of this and of another Cardinal, Ugolino Conte di Segni, who was then Pope Gregory IX, he who canonized St. Dominic.

In 1893 the same artist of Bergamo painted the large picture of *St. Vincent Ferrer and the Souls in Purgatory*.

The spiritual Confraternity of the most holy Rosary has already been established, composed of all the faithful of every part of the world, who have paid an oblation for the building of Mary's church. And in less than seventeen years beyond two millions both men and whomen and children, living and dead, of every town, of every nation,

where reckoned in the number of associates.

Neither does the Temple rise solitary in the middle of a Vale, as a sign of ascetic piety only; but it is crowned with all the works of civil progress, according to the exigencies of modern civil society. In the *West* of the Sanctuary we have built a girl Orphanotrophy for abandoned girls of any town whatever, and we have entilled it to the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.*

This new beneficent vork, initiated on the feast of 8th May 1887, gathers to-day after seven years under the mantle of the Virgin of Pompei *one hundred and twenty* very poor girls taken from the streets of every part of Italy.

We have thus formed round the Throne of the Queen of Victories *eight chaplets* of a truly living Rosary, composed of fifteen orphan girls, of innocent abandoned souls, who from morning to evening sing hymns to their Mother and Deliverer by the sweet salutation of Gabriel the Archangel, and interweave to Her crowns of mystical roses.

The mistresses, governesses and maidservants of the humanitarian institution are called *Daughters of the Rosary of Pompeii;* and they are laical women, who gratuitously

devote their life to the care and education of forsaken innocence.

Over and above the girl Orphanotrophy, we have opened printing and book-binding schools for boys and girls, workrooms, two infant-schools for boys and girls of Pompei, daily and evening schools for the people, a post-office, a telegraph-office, a railway station, called *Valle di Pompei*, a workmen's house according to the modern prescriptions of hygiene and economy.

But the Virgin Mary does not only inspire such works as refer to worship, fine arts, charitable institutions and beneficence; but she is also a light and inspiration to *science* and *progress*. Since 15th May 1890 we inaugurated a meteoric-vulcanic Observatory under the direction of the illustrious Italian astronomer Father Denza; on 7th May 1891 we inaugurated the *Electrical Light*, illuminating the schools, the orphanotrophy, the workshops, the Sanctuary, the square and streets of the new city; and on 29th May 1892 we saluted the first hour of a *quite new* institution, of highly social interest, the Work delivering the most abandoned class of infancy, to educate to *Religion* and to *Civilization the poor Sons of Prisoners*.

For so many graces granted by the Virgin

of the Rosary under the title of *Pompei*, as well as for the concurrence of innumerable pilgrimages that go from all parts of the world to this Temple, which was born a giant and became a *worldly Sanctuary* before it was finished; the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII, by a diplomatic act of the Holy See, by an Apostolical Brief of 28th March 1890, *Quotquot Religionis sanctitate*, declared this Sanctuary *famous* and among *the noblest* of the Christian world; he *praises* and *approves* what has been done by two *laical persons* during 14 years; and recognizes as *founders* of the Temple Advocate Bartolo Longo and his wife Countess Marianna De Fusco, he takes away from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Nola the Sanctuary, and places it under his own immediate protection, appointing a *Cardinal Protector* in the person of His Eminence Cardinal Raphaël Monaco La Valletta, Dean of the Sacred College, Grand Penitentiary, with extraordinary jurisdictional faculties.

Behold what height whas to reach after 14 years that Sanctuary, whose origins were so humble and obscure!

Oh, how agreeable then the oblation offered for this church must be to Mary's Heart! It is the first time from the founda-

tion of the world, that a catholic Temple rises at Pompei, and this Temple is dedicated to the Mother of God! And the *Queen of Victories* wished to entitle this Temple to Her *Rosary*, undoubtedly to teach us, that she wishes to save souls to-day by that same Rosary she entrusted St. Dominic with, and that She herself showed reciting it with Bernadette at Lourdes grotto. And to prove how much She approves of this new church, She grants graces every day to those who contribute to it by even the smallest offers.

These miracles and all the documents relating to them are read, as already stated, in the *History* of the incipient Sanctuary of Pompei and in the Magazine deriving its name from the Rosary and from the again rising Town. Let us quote a single fact for all. In the space of seventeen years, from 8th May 1876 to 8th May 1893, *two millions and a half live!* has been spent for this Work, gathered by means of private alms, and for the most par of the contribution of a *halfpenny a month*, and of oblations for graces obtained, and often from anonymous and far off persons.

As a historical record, let us transmit to posterity the first graces that were granted

by Mary's mercy to exhort the faithful to build her a Temple at Pompei.

CHAPTER XII.

The first graces of the Virgin of Pompei.

Everyone knows since several years the miraculous recovery of Mrs. Concetta Miccio born Vastarella, who still lives at Naples in good health, and attests to all who see her one of Mary's living miracles.

At Arona in Piedmont, Sister Maria Giuseppa di Gesù Donegana, of the Salesian Monastery, shouts « *miracle* ». On the 10th of August 1880 she was dying of a very voluminous uterine fibroma; and on the ninth day of the Novena to the *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei,* she was living and healthy. And she is still living to-day, and works among her sisters, and propagates, like a very fervent zealot, the glories and the Work of this miraculous Mother. This was the first grace granted by the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei in Piedmont.

In Naples Mrs. Anna Scognamiglio, wife of Sir Carlo Narici, living N. 379, Toledo street, certifies that she is living by the grace of Our Lady of Pompei.

In Rome the young Maria Galizzi is still living. She was reduced to such a condition, as to be obliged always to keep her bed in St. Michele a Ripa Hospital. She invoked the *Virgin of Pompei*, and after having recited the 15 decades of her Chaplet, she jumps out of her bed healthy and strong, and runs down stairs to shout the miracle, which was approved after a search by His Eminence Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi.

In Florence Mrs. Augusta Magnani and Doctor Francois and many others sing hymns of thanksgiving to the Lord for the innumerable graces granted to their town by the merciful *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*.

At Modena the fame of the Virgin of Pompei's miracles is spread after the remarkable grace obtained by Countess Bentivoglio.

At Cagliari the Virgin of Pompei's worship is enlarged, after an extraordinary grace obtained by a girl, Maria Trudu.

In Naples two Members of Parliament, Count Marco Rocco, Deputy of Casoria, and Commander Michael Capozzi, Deputy of Avellino, showing a heroic openness, publish and sign two notable graces obtained from the miraculous Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.

Another grace is publicly certified by Sir

Gennaro Compagna, Deputy of Corigliano Calabro.

But not only laical and private persons attest to the world the miracles of the Virgin of Pompei; Pastors of the Church too, by their authoritative word, confirm the truth of facts.

The Bishop of Acerra, Monseigneur Giacinto Magliulo, preaches a grace obtained by him from the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.*

The Bishop of Noto (Sicily) Monseigneur Giovanni Blandini publishes his attestation of a grace obtained from the *Virgin of the most holy Rosary of Pompei.*

The Bishop of Gravina, Monseigneur Salvatore, comes to Valle di Pompei, and kneels grateful for his life recovered by Our Lady's intercession.

But, if we wished to remember all the graces that the Queen of the Rosary has diffused in the world from this Her new Sanctuary, we should fill large volumes with as many pages as are contained in the collection of our Magazine entitled Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei, which announces them in a chronological order.

* * *

We cannot, however, pass over in silence a very particular circumstance, viz. remark that, since the first hour of the building of this Sanctuary, so agreeable to Mary's Heart, signs appeared from Heaven to show the divine complacency and give an extraordinary approbation of it.

The Blessed Virgin deigned several times to appear under the new title so dear to Her of *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei.*

The first apparition dates from the first year of the origins of this Sanctuary, viz. from 1876; and it was to Mrs. Giovannina Muti born Sabbato, in Naples (N°75 St. Teresa street), given over by physicians for caries of the back-bone and hydropsy of the breast. To-day, after *seventeen years*, she still lives with her husband and children.

The second apparition was at Oria to Miss Mariannina Martini: who testifies every day in the towns of the province of Lecce the miraculous devotion of the Sanctuary of Pompei.

The third in Naples (N° 10 Settembrini street) to the pious daughter of Commander Agrelli, Fortunatina, who still publishes in

the South provinces the incessant mercies of *Our Lady of Pompei.*

The fourth in Rome to Mrs. Irene Cava Benelli, N° 12 Manin street.

The fifth in Naples to the orphan Mariannina Gamera, of St. Joseph and Theresa Asylum; and others which are read in the abovesaid Magazine.

In 1888, the Blessed Virgin of Pompei spoke openly to the dying Antonietta Balestrieri, at Lacedonia, and showed the Work of Pompei is all Her work. And that apparition, followed by the instantaneous recovery of the wounded and dying girl, produced the conversion of many relations, and friends of hers, as well as of many inhabitants of that city and of a great many others where the news of the miracle arrived.

However the merciful Queen placed her mercy throne at Pompei, and reveals every day the design God established on this Sanctuary, viz. *to make all things new*, by means of Mary — ***Ego nova facio omnia;*** — and awake again the faith of primitive Christians in the bosom of civil society that was withered by scepticism.

In December 1889 she made a merciful act exceeding every human thought and hope. She deigned appear at Lecce to an apostate

priest, who had for thirty years put by his cassock and lived a sinful life. She appears to him and heals him both in body and soul. And that Priest was one of the most proved and grateful witnesses of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei [1].

All these extraordinary events announce us that the Lord has great designs on this new Temple and on this land, formerly sacred tho the idols of paganism. We do not know which they are. But what is evident even to the most vulgar eyes is, that this Temple rises like a new intrenchment of an incipient faithful people, like a new proof to the unbelievers of our age, that *towns fall, kingdoms die,* but the *Rosary of Mary* hoists its standard on old and on new generations, on old and on new civilization, on present peoples and on those to come!

CHAPTER XIII.

Our Lady of Pompei abroad.

The name of the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei had not yet reached the nations of

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1) The narrative of this famous miracle may be read in the Magazine « *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei* », January 1890.

Europe, France, Austria, Spain
nay it had not yet reached the provinces
Italy, Sicily, Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany
neither the neighbouring Rome; when it w
preached and excited the first enthusias
and the first oblations in the far off Am
ricas.

The first who introduced the devotion
Our Queen of Pompei into the New Worl
was an Italian, a Missionary, a Francisc
Friar, the humble and modest Father S
vatore da Napoli, a Capuchin, of the il
strious family Bressi, then preconized
Pope Leo XIII, Archbishop of Otranto, a
dead in 1890.

Since 1876, having returned to Baya
Brazil, and then a Prefect of Missions
Rio Janeiro and Uraguay Republic, he
vently announced to those people the
miracles that the Virgin of Pompei
wrought in Naples on the occasion o
Temple that was being built in the lan
Pompei. And those good Americans, old
new Christians, were kindled with a
zeal, and gave their offers to the wo
Missionary.

And to-day, it appears a dream!
carry on a very active correspondence
almost all the reigns and republics of

New World: and there is no chief town there but sees the *Virgin of Pompei* exposed in chapels and oratories, and where the prayer, blessed by Mary, approved by the Church, enriched with divine treasures, the *Norena to Our Lady of Pompei* is heard resounding!

A divine breath of faith seems to flap from North to South America, wherever the blessed name of the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei* is spread. Thousands of Images of Our sweet Lady, medals, novenas, hand-books for the Associates, and numbers of the magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI, and books of *the Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary* are already circulating among the families of San Paulo, Rio de Janeyro, Colorado, Chicago, Buenos-Ayres and Caracas Brooklyn, Estacion Salado, Franceville, Ladrob, Montevideo, La Plata, Philadelphia and Pentagola Fla; Bolivia and St. Carlos Terra Plena and Thibodeaux; Traver in California and Woodstock, even of Oceania, in Sydney!

How many times did we not receive from there oblations of the poorest and most miserable persons, accompanied by such words of a simple and sincere faith as to move the reader's heart?

In **North-America.** — *From Patterson*, (New York). Domenico Scarano was on 12th July 1887 working at a railway in Patterson, with many other Italian citizens. While working, a few drops of water fell: in short he hears an uproar. It was a train which, hurled at full speed, devoured the workmen. Poor Scarano, who was very devout of the Virgin of Pompei, and a fervent propagator of her worship in those inhospitable lands, and always invoked her, found himself on the ground, without knowing the how, with a corpse on himself. The Blessed Virgin of Pompei had saved his life.

From Patterson Villa (North-America). — Mr. John Borcia, a zealot in those countries, by a letter written to us on 1st July 1888, sent an offer to the Virgin of Pompei, for a *grace obtained* by a Anthony Chisesi, recovered almost instantaneously from a mortal disease, after reciting the prayer so agreeable to so powerful a Queen.

From San Josephate, Illinos Chicago (North-America). — We received from the Parish-Priest Candido Koztowski of San Josephate, on 30th April 1886, the remarkable offer of two hundred Italian lire, to be spent in the building of the Temple of Our Lady, for ***an extraordinary grace obtained***.

In **Messico** (North-America). — The Apostolic Missionary Raphael Piperni, of the Congregation founded by Father Belloni in Bethlehem, having had by chance our little *History of the*

Sanctuary of Pompei, publishes an abridgement of it in Spanish, translates into Spanish our Novena also, and begins to propagate them, recommending in the Mexico Missions the devotion to this privileged Sanctuary. On 18th June 1890, the zealous Missionary personally came to Valle di Pompei in holy pilgrimage to kneel at the feet of this venerated Image, and presented the fruit of his apostleship and of the sale in Mexico of the little books of the *History and Novena* in Spanish, in the abundant offer of a thousand lire! Oh how much must Mary welcome the oblation that American Christians send to their brethren European Christians, to erect a Throne to their common Mother in the land of Pompei.

The Reverend Piperni was accompanied by two Mexicans, both good Catholics, Ignazio Morán and his son Cristobal, who were very astonished ad the sight of this rich and monumental Sanctuary placed opposite the heathen antiquities of Pompei, and risen so rapidly and in quite miraculous ways.

In South-America. — But our touched heart transports us from the mouth of the Hudson to the slopes of the Andes, there on the western coasts of South-America. On the right bank of the Mapucho, in the middle of a fertile and charming plain, lies the fine town of *Santiago*, with her 150 squares, which is the capital of all Chili.

Thence we received the first Spanish tran-

slation of the *Petition* to Our Lady of Pompei, sent us by a fervent Dominican Father, the Reverend Luigi Gavillan Sulazar, with a letter ending thus. — *If I cannot come and kneel at your feet in the desired Valle of Pompei, vouchsafe at least, o Mary, that I may come and contemplate you in the blessed Vale of Paradise!*

From **Quito** (Capital of the Equator Republic) a Missionary wrote to us: « The splendid undertaking of the conquest of a world, by means of the Holy Gospel, must be the work of the *Glorious Virgin of Pompei*, of the great Queen of the Rosary, of Her who is the powerful Mother of mercy. For this purpose we have translated into Spanish the fine *Novena*, which has already obtained so many graces from the Virgin of Pompei; and for this purpose too we send for that Temple a hundred lire, a small sum indeed, but a token of greater and nobler efforts also. May the Blessed Virgin graciously hear our prayers. Children of the Ancient and of the New World, we shall lend one another's hand, we shall join together, we shall bind our hearts in one love for Mary. And thus, dear Director, your sublime wish shall be satisfied to unite *the whole world* at the feet of Her, who is a Queen in Heaven and on earth ».

From **Buenos-Ayres** (Argentine Republic). — Mrs. Raffaella De Rosis wrote to us on 5th August 1885: « We sailed for South-America, and in the beginning of our voyage a violent tempest rose. I, who before setting out had

been at Pompei to visit Our Lady, and knew her powerful patronage, began to pray her with all my heart that she might save us, and a great many who were on board the steamer prayed with me. We were twelve long hours at sea, without being able either to advance or to go back, and we were suspended between life and death two days and a half. I will not speak of the hollow noise of the waves, nor of the uproar of the undulations breaking against the ship; nor will I tell the rebounds that disturbed our bowels, or the cries and pains of the sufferers. I will only tell you that I never lost courage: and, always trusting in the *Virgin of Pompei*, I at last saw the longed for day of calm after the storm ».

From *Barracas al Sud*, Buenos Ayres (Argentine Republic) another Missionary, Don Gerardo Molfese, wrote to us on 15th July 1888: — On my arrival here, I hastened to distribute among the faithful medals and images of Our Lady of Pompei, exhorting them to have recourse to the dear Virgin in every need, invoking her under the title of *Rosary of Pompei* and often reciting the holy Rosary. Oh, Mary's power! I have been glad to receive *many thanksgivings* from these good people, for having pointed out to them a very efficacious way of obtaining divine favours, which have abundantly descended from Heaven through the *Virgin of Pompei's* intercession! Several sick persons recovered, a few impenitent dying asked for Sacraments,

many have found consolation in their afflictions by means of the *blessed Medal*. Oh! how glad I am to see the venerated Image of *Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei* at the bed-head of many families, and hear her blessed name on the mouth of these dear children frequenting the lessons of Catechism, to whom I often give a medal of the same Virgin, as a prize!

In Europe. — *England.* — A woman was the cause of the lethal schism still reigning in England; and a woman was appointed by Heaven to introduce into this protestant nation the most lively love and most tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of Jesus under her new title of *Virgin of Pompei!*

It was the noble and rich Lady, converted to Catholicism, Lady Herbert, the mother of the well known Lord Pembroke. And it was in 1878.

Before the news of a Catholic Temple at Pompei reached the ears of our Italian brethren, it was reported by the mouths of the children of Albion; because in 1878 that lady, with a faithfully English mind, published the joyful news on the diffused paper *Tablet*.

It is a fact. The *first* oblation we received for the Sanctuary of Pompei from foreign regions of Europe was that of protestant England.

Lady Herbert was the first to spread about the country of Henry VIII and Elizabeth the Images of the Virgin of Pompei, and the *History of the living miracles of Her*, whom the Protestants deny, and whom we Catholics ve-

nerate and love as God's Mother and our Mother.

Hence a short time afterwards we received from Dublin (Ireland) the first five lire in gold from Miss Kate Dunneky; and five other lire in gold from London from Fr. Amadio Cecherini O. S. M. St. Mary's Priory; and twenty-two lire more from Commandant William Winchester; and ten shillings from P. Moss Sarck Boad Chorley Lancashire; and ten shillings more from an English lady by means of the same Lady Herbert.

O glorious *Land of Saints!* When will that daycome when thy old bells, dumb since three centuries at *Mary's Salutation*, will announce by their sounding undulations the *first* vespers of thy glorious return to Catholic Faith, which is the faith thy glorious forfathers?

The city of Lords has to-day a Zealot of the Virgin of Pompei in the person of Mrs. Denny di Luggo (7-8, Idol Lane E. C. London).

At Kensington there is the principal Zealot of the Sanctuary of Pompei in England, the pious and learned English Miss Alberta Bracciotti; she who, for fervent love to our Queen, translated into English the *Novena to the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*.

She has exposed the Image of the Virgin of Pompei in a *New Asylum*, founded for the Catholic children of a certain class of people, who, if they were not taken by Catholics, would run the risk of being brought up Protestants.

Let us hope that under the protection of Our Lady of the Rosary these poor little creatures will grow up to give good examples later, and thus make amends for the sins of their parents.

It is the *first Asylum* of the kind, for Catholics, while there are so many for Protestants, who are much richer than the Catholics.

Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei is known and read in the convents, where some nuns know a little Italian. But to-day the miraculous Image of the Virgin of Pompei, accompanied by a number not small, (considering that the country is protestant) of medals and chaplets, of *Novenas* in English, and of pamphlets of our Magazine, is introduced into several families of London, Maidstone (Kent), Ramsgate, Melrose, Gloucestershire, Downside Bate, Tunbridge Wells, St. Helier Jersey, Wolton Liverpool, Mounto Plaesanto, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dublin and Glasgow.

Will this be the little seed that will produce there abundant fruit in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ?

— Oh, we hope so!

From *London* to *Malta*. — The first echoes of Valle di Pompei were soon repercussed into the old ramparts of that island, which is to-day the most important English station in the Mediterranean. And those fervent islanders seem now to live only for *Our Lady of Pompei!*

How many letters have we receveid from that Island made Christian by the Apostle of

the Gentiles! How many lively tokens of gratitude to the sweet Lady of Pompei! How many heavenly graces have been granted to those islanders during the last years of the building of the Temple at Pompei?

Therefore the name of VALLE DI POMPEI already sounds venerated, a messenger of unexpected spiritual joy, both on the coasts that the *Knights of Malta* made famous, and on the banks of the Thames.

Our great Lady has already alighted on almost all the shores of the United Kingdom.

From *London to Malta*, said we in the Magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI; and then from *Malta to London*. Now from *London to the whole World*. This is Mary's great task!

Since the first day when the Magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI appeared, the two names of *Malta* and *Pompei* looked like those of two sisters of the same offspring, like twins of the same Mother, animated by the same faith, pushed by the same impulse of love.

Marchiones Apap of Testaferrata, Mr. Joseph Emmanuel Inglott and Mr. Carmelo Bugeja Carbun della Cospicua; Joseph Sapriano and his wife Angelica, Birchircara; Angelina of the Counts Sant, and Angius' family, of la Valletta; Don Francis Buccagiar, in Rabato Gozo; the Reverend Andrew De Bono, in Birchircara; the Reverend Parish-Priest of la Valletta, Fr. Pius d'Amato, a preaching Father; Mr. Paul Felice, in Casal Zebbug; the Sisters Xery de Caro,

Antonia Vassallo and Dolores Bonavia of la Valletta; D. Fortunato De Bono, in Malta Naxaro and many others, were the first and warmest apostles of the Virgin of Pompei in that Island of Christian Victories; and all attested to the world their gratitude for wery remarkable graces they obtained from the miraculous *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*. Therefore the echo of the miracles and thanksgivings is repercussed in every part of the famous Island, from Malta Valletta to Malta Marina, from Malta Glima to Malta Birchircara, from Rabato Gozo to Malta Cospicua and Misida St. Vallone; from Malta Naxaro to Casal Zebbug, from Floriana to Senglea and Sliema, from Notabile to Malta Vittoriosa.

From *Malta-Valletta* the Zealot Mrs. Antonia Vassallo wrote to us on 6th October 1889:

« To-day a Mass has been said in honor of *Our Lady of Pompei*, at half past eleven whit the Petition and benediction; and it was very edifying. The devotion of the **Fifteen Saturdays** is being more and more diffused. On the day of Saturday, books of the *Fifteen Saturdays* are often seen in hand at church, they are really a treasure ».

In the **Austro-Hungarian Empire.** — In no other foreign nation was the devotion to the Virgin of Pompei so widely and rapidly diffused, as in the German nation. The hidden reasons of this fact are not to be searched for by us. The fact is this: that the greatest number of

foreign *letters*, and in consequence of oblations to the Sanctuary, and the greatest number of graces that the Queen of the Rosary grants from this Vale to far off countries, come from and happen in Austria-Hungary and in some parts of Germany. And the first newspaper, after that of Malta, which divulged the miracles of the Virgin of Pompei, was a German paper: *Andreas Hofer* at Innsbruck, that for the first published the apparition of the Virgin of Pompei at Lacedonia.

The devotion to Our Lady of Pompei penetrated into Vienna (the capital), Frohuburg, Ischl, Meidling, Neustadt, Neubau, Nonnberg, Radstadt, Salzburg, Raden.

In **Gallicia.** — In Andrycau, Biala, Cracovia, Krzeszowice, Krakau, Lemberg, Sokal.

In **Styria.** — In Gleichenberh, Gratz, Marburg, Pleuna.

In **Upper Styria.** — In Pleuna near Sachsenfeld, Mrs. Ersilia de Bech born Hagenaver was an eye-witness of the following fact:

Mrs. Emilia de Bech was attacked by an incurable disease (aneurism of the aorta). On the night of 12th October 1887 all her pains increased exceedingly, and she seemed to be about to breathe her last. The pant was very intense, the cough painful, and to add to her misfortune appeared spittings of blood, a mark of hœmorrhage caused by compression of the bronchial and pulmonary vessels. In short: she was at the point of death. This so painful, and

excruciating condition continued till noon next day; when she was visited by Mrs. Ersilia de Bech. At the sight of such a torture, inspired by a heavenly advice, she took an *Image of the Virgin of Pompei*, and placed it on the panting breast of the poor dying lady. Oh unheard of miracle! At that touch the breast was suddenly calmed: the pant ceased, as well as the cough and the spitting of blood, and calm was followed by welfare.

Whereupon the sick lady, feeling herself recovered, quitted her bed to the great astonishment of all those who knew the disease and the state to which she vas reduced!

In **Bohemia.** — The worship of Our Lady of Pompei and the love to our Sanctuary are being diffused. After Malta, Bohemia has been the first to see the *Novena to the Virgin of Pompei* translated into her language.

Here is the report sent us from Praga on 27th February 1890, by Grafia Zdenko Thun:

«Our heart trembles with joy to see the devotion to the Blessed *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei* flourishing here also. A thousand copies *in the Bohemian language* of the splendid *Novena* which I *caused to be translated*, are almost all distributed: everyone wishes to have it. I must get others printed. The Redemptorist Fathers spoke in several Missions of the great miracles that happened at Pompei, of the power of the Divine Mother, and distributed the translated Novenas, because all wished to have them, and then many associated themselves».

The Image of the Virgin of Pompei is to-day venerated in the capital of Bohemia, Praga, in Franzensbad, in Wyschehrand.

In **Istria.** – From *Capodistria* Marchioness Gravisi Barbabianca on 22nd June 1889 sent us offers from two persons for graces obtained at the invocation of *Our Lady of Pompei.*

In Istria the Virgin of Pompei is venerated at Coroiba, Fasana, Madrano and Pergine also.

In **Salisburg.** — The Virgin of Pompei bestowed her graces to the noble Sir Oswald de Negri.

In **Austrian Tyrol** the devotion to the Virgin of Pompei has spread into almost all towns, in consequence of the *many graces* obtained through it, at *Castelnuovo* near Trient by the Reverend Louis Eccheli; at *Pilcante* by Mr. Anthony Casotto; at *Malè* by Mrs. Albina di Rabbi; at *Trient* by Mrs. Anne Probst, and another by Countess Martini Thun; at *Denno* by Mrs. Catherine Sonn and by a Parish-Priest; at *Lisignago* by Mr. Modest Ferretti; at *Strigno* by Mrs. Rachel de Luca; at *Brixen* by Mrs. Victoria Pupetschech; at *Vo Sinistro* by Mrs. Constance Bertoni; at *Aldeno* by Mrs. Anne Battisti; at *Branzollo* by the young John Barcati, and in other towns.

From **Tuenno** (Austrian Tyrol). — The Zealot Mrs. Ernestine Maistrelli wrote to us:

I am very glad to acquaint you, that in my country too the devotion to the *Virgin of the*

Rosary of Pompei is being more and more extended. Many devout persons, not satisfied with having sent their names to Pompei with their poor offer in behalf of that Sanctuary, have bought the Image of the wonderful Queen, and have exposed it at church to public veneration. And it is fine to see her devout children kneeling at the feet of the great Queen and almost daily lighting candles, offered as a token of their lively faith and steadfast hope.

From Cles (Austrian Tyrol). — We give a report of Mr. Abelard Lorenzoni, dated 12th December 1889.

« Before May 1888, here and in most countries of Trient, we had heard of the incipient Sanctuary of Pompei, but it was vague and obscure news. In April of the same year about 400 inhabitants of Trient went in pilgrimage to Rome, and many of them continued, like as many explorers, as far as Valle di Pompei. They came, saw and were conquered. Persuaded that Mary looks down on her new Sanctuary, they returned to their country fervent apostles of the new grandeurs of New Pompei. A zealous co-operator of ours, the Reverend Don Louis Borghesi, one of the privileged company, as soon as he came back, began to relate the wonderful things he had seen to everyone. From that moment, all strove together to give their names for the association of Pompei: all desired the Image of the *Virgin of Pompei*, and the reading of your dear Magazine became more

frequent and wished for. Out of four thousand inhabitants, about two thousand sent their names and offer. In most houses the wonderful Effigy is to be seen exposed at a reserved place.

« The practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, of the book of which many copies were distributed, took root here also. At all feasts of Mary a great many persons receive Holy Communion. And this homage, so agreeable to the Virgin, was still more solemn at the feast of Her Holy Rosary, which turned out fine and moving. And Mary bestowed profusely her graces to her devout children. Three persons, graciously heard by the Heavenly Queen, gave a public expression of their thankfulness, by buying three large oleographs of Our Lady of Pompei to be exposed to public veneration. One is on the altar of a pretty chapel opened to the people, St. Mary of Angels, another at the small church of St. Thomas, and the last was given to the Daughters of Mary, that they might place it at their public chapel of St. Roch. And it may be seen already exposed. As yon see, then, dear Advocate, the devotion to the *Virgin of Pompei* has taken root here ».

In *Dalmatia* the Virgin of Pompei granted her heavenly graces in *Curzola* to the Dominican Father Dalmatius Fratenovich; in *Ragusa* to Mrs. Frances Busolic; in *Zara* to Mr. John Gelcich, and to Mr. John Boniface Ferranti; in *Spalato* to Mr. Joseph Maroli; in *Ragusa* to Mrs. Caroline Bradaspp; in *S. Giorgio* di *Lesina*

to Mr. John Franicevich; in *Trau* to Mrs. Antonia Schello: in *Cattaro* to Mr. James Tolvi, Attorney for the Crown. In *Sebenico*, at St. Anthony Church, an altar has been erected to the *Queen of Valle di Pompei.*

From *Cattaro* (Dalmatia). — The Reverend Father Fr. Vitantonio da Carife M. R. wrote to us on 16th October 1889: — If on 8th May Cattaro, Pezzagno and Lastua Inferiore distinguished themselves in honoring our Mother and *Queen of the most holy Rosary of Pompei,* by general Communions, by the recital of the Chaplet and of the *powerful and efficacious Petition at noon*, this town of *Cattaro* distinguished itself much more on the solemn day of Holy Rosary, 6th October. Although the Catholics are few, it has been pompously solemnized at two churches, the Collegiate, and that of the reformed Franciscan Friars dedicated to the Holy Ghost and to the Most-Pure-Heart of Mary. Having exposed on the altar of the Virgin the picture representing the *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*, now overloaded with gold ex-votos, the devout, at noon, crowded round Mary, and recited with filial tenderness and enthusiasm and faith the *powerful Petition*, all hoping from Mary graces and forgiveness.

In *the Illyric Littoral* the Virgin of Pompei has a particular worship at Ajello, Aquileja, Belvedere, Trieste, Brazzano, Barbana, Cervignano, Chiarbola Superiore, Crauglio, Cherso, Cormons, Campolongo, Caisole, Dignano, Gori-

zia, Grado, Isola, Lussimpiccolo, Lussingrande, Mariano, Muggia, Malinska, Pirano, Ponte, Pola, Ronchi, Rovigno, S. Vito, Terso, Veglia, Viscona and Villa Vicentina.

From *Veglia* (Illyric Littoral, Austria) the Reverend Abbess Mary Magdalen Theresa Fonda writes to us from the Monastery of the Benedictine Nuns: « *The Petition to the Blessed Virgin of Valle di Pompei* at the feast of the most Holy Rosary could not take place as on 8th May. The devout could not obtain a priest as then, because they were all occupied at the Cathedral, where they had a great solemnity with pontifical service. So the devout applied to us, who have, since May 1887, *always recited it in common*, joining to the happy ones of Pompei. They requested us to allow them to assemble at our church; and at noon I recited the *Petition*. There were persons of different classes and ages, but all fervently devout to Mary, and implored and hoped for graces ».

In **Bucovina** too the Sanctuary of Pompei is known, by some families at Ruda. — In **Carniola** at Bischoflak and Rakek. — In **Carinzia**, at Penk. — In **Moravia**, at Perov.

In the **German Empire** the worship of the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei begins to obtain splendid triumphs of faith. It is now diffused into **Prussia**, Bonn, Coblenz, Colon (Rhein), Dettingen, Carlsruhe, Mulhaux, Loznu, Falkenhain.

In **Alsace**. — At Burbach, Rettel les Sierk, Sierk, Sigolsheim, Strassburg.

In **Holland.** — At Haye, Rotterdam, Veghel.

In **Bavaria.** — At Benerberg, Bad-Hissingen, Erlangen, Munich, Woerishofen, Zangberg, Rosenheim, Waldsassen.

In **Norway.** — At Christiania.

In **Saxony.** — At Dresden and Strehlen-Dresden.

In **Hungary.** — At Fiume.

In **Bulgary.** — At Oresce and Bellini.

In **Russia.** — The devotion to Our dear Lady is still, in those frosty countries, little more than a hope; yet twelve letters, impressed with noble kindness, come to tell us that even in those far off countries a ray of this calm light arrives. Mrs. Mary of Counts Iskritz-Nardi writes twice asking for prayers for the success of an affair of hers, for her health, and for the conversion of a sinner. May Our Lady bless, at least with hope, these prayers, flowers of far off lands!

In **Russia** the ray of the new Sun of Pompei has penetrated into Czenstochowa, Garzden, Gitomier, Odessa, Petersburg and Slawuta Wolhynie.

In **Greece.** — We receive from Greece and its islands letters from Father Francis Anthony of Gubbis, a Capuchin, from another Lazarist Father, and those so affectionate and devout from Father Hyacinth Maria Negri, showing us by their lists af offerers and their demands of subscription to our Magazine, by their encouraging words for our work and ardent zeal for the worship of Our Lady of the Rosary.

how this devotion is welcomed in that strong and polite land. In Greece the Blessed Virgin of Pompei is venerated at Corinth, Corfu, Patras, Santorini and Piraeus.

In **France.** — The happy land, whence the great Queen of Victories, sitting on a throne of grace, sends to far off peoples her cry of love by the voice of her miracles, is undoubtedly to-day this Vale of Pompei. But France, that was the first to see the Queen of Heaven descending into a grotto near Toulouse and revealing to earth the divine Rosary by means of St. Dominic the Patriarch; and at our time saw her in another grotto on the Pyrenees, at Lourdes, running through the beads of the Chaplet she had in her hands, before a girl, Bernadette; that generous nation of St. Louis, that in its monumental Temple of *Our Lady of Victories* sums up the glories of Mary's Rosary, and remembers the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays;* yes, that France did certainly not deserve to be forgotten by Our Lady of Pompei. The warlike people, who glories in the title of Mary, *Regnum Galliae*, *Regnum Mariae*, welcomes now in the midst of its catholic families the new devotion to the *Queen of Pompei* with singular love. Over and above the Ursulines of Blois, and Mesdemoiselles Kappeler, who were the privileged souls of France, who sent to the incipient Sanctuary of Pompei the contribution of their charity and faith, there are to-day very noble souls, and zealous Priests,

and Parish-Priests, and gentle ladies, who are become fervent apostles in the towns of Aimargues, Avignon, Boisson, L'Isle Adam, Lyon, Nantes, Paris, Marseille, Saint Pierre de Mearots, Thonon, and in a great many others.

And we who, with the Chief of Christianity, believe that the Rosary will save peoples, take as a very glad *wish of a clearer day* this fact, that in 1892 and 1893 more than 500 letters arrived to us from the principal towns of that heroic nation, with demands of images, of novenas translated into French, of medals, of subscriptions to our Magazine. And, what is more comforting, some of them announced graces received *through the intercession of the Virgin of Pompei*, as may be read in the last numbers of IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI of the VIII and X years.

In **Switzerland.** — The Virgin of Pompei is venerated with the fruit of many graces at Avegno, Altdorf, Bellinzona, Bosco, Bioggio, Estavayer, Gravesano, Intragna, Lugano, Locarno, Lucerna, Maggia, Mendrisio, Melide, Osogna, Soleure, Stallo, Saint Moritz, Saint Gallen, Sonvico, Vernate, Cerentino and Sessa. The narrow limits of an abridgement deprive us of the satisfaction of notifying the fine graces that the Queen of Pompei has begun to grant those lands where Protestantism reigns.

In **Belgium.** — Belgium has been the centre chosen by Mary, whence the first miracles of the Virgin of Pompei, translated into French, have been diffused into Europe.

There, at Vehpion near Namur, lives that zealous and learned Curate, Abbé Materne, who has been the true and first apostle of the Sanctuary of Pompei in North-Europe.

With a feeling of ascetic poetry, he was the first to ask for and transplant into Belgium a *green rosary of the Virgin of Pompei's garden.* This inspired us to plant by the side of this Sanctuary of the Rosary *the green garden of roses of the Virgin of Pompei.* in order to furnish during the whole year fresh roses to garland Mary's throne. All Italian and some foreign towns answered our invitation, and sent us young plants of roses, with indication of the name and town of the sender. Thus these roses, gathered every year in May, and blessed at the feet of Mary's throne on Whit Sunday, are sent to sick persons. And it has often happened that at the touch of *Pompei blessed rose,* a symbol of the Mystical Rose, who is Mary, many sick persons have got well again, as may be read in the History of the Sanctuary.

The graces granted by our Queen to Belgium are inserted in the Magazine IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI. We only remember here, that the Virgin of Pompei is worshipped at Bruges, Bruxelles, Deurne, Gand, Louvain, Wehpion and Namur.

In **European Turkey.** — The greatest wonder is, that in the midst of Turks the Virgin of Pompei is venerated so much, as to make the very catholic countries blush. The *Fifteen Sa-*

turdays of the Rosary with the devotion to the Virgin of Pompei were introduced into Constantinople, Ipek, Makrikeni, Prizrend, Salonique, Scutari in Albany, Uskup, Vulona and Zeitinlik.

From **Scutari in Albany** (European Turkey). — The Reverend Father Thomas a Rapino M. O. wrote to us on 17th January 1890: — The devotion to the Virgin of Pompei has awaked here, and I endeavour to spread it more and more. Therefore, as soon as I received the book of the ***Fifteen Saturdays***, I translated into *Albanian language* the beautiful meditations you have writthen on the Mysteries of the Rosary. On the last Saturday of this month I will begin at this small church the pious practice as a preparation for the feast of 8th May, and I hope that the Blessed ***Virgin of Pompei*** will bless my efforts.

In **Portugal.** — Our Lady of Pompei is venerated at Lisbon, Oporto and Porto.

In **Spain.** — At Costantina de la Sierra.

In **Asia.** — All Europe was not sufficient for the huge vastity of this supernatural life that is abundantly poured out from this Vale, to be spread about the world.

Like the voice of the apostles preaching the gospel of peace, the fame of the new devotion, of the miracles and of the sublime apostleship of God's Mother at the close of XIX century, flew from the West to the Eastern regions, decayed from their old greatness. And in those

famous countries, formerly the asylum and custody of a vaunted civilization, a great hope awoke in Her, who by divine disposition had her cradle there, and finished her glorious course in those lands.

Asia began in 1889 to give a rapid impulse to the new devotion imported there by our Italian Missionaries; and countries and towns quite unknown to us claimed the powerful help of the *Virgin of Pompei*, and invoked her protection, translating into their language our prayers of the *Novena* and of the *Petition*. And the Bishop of Deccan in the East Indies wrote to us, for the first, about a grace obtained by one of those indigenous girls, as already published in English by an English newspaper. And in many places they practice the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary* also before the Effigy of the *Virgin of Pompei*.

Here are the towns of Asia, that had with us a correspondence of affection, prayers and charity from 1889 to 1893:

Bethlehem, Ferozepore, Hyderabad Deccan, Kochchikadei, Jerusalem, Iaela, Kishnagur, Katana, Trimulghery, Sichim Sonadah, Diarbkir and Calcutta.

In Africa. — The scorched land of Cham, Africa too, under the weight of the secular malediction pressing on the barren sands of its numerous and frightful deserts, felt the power of the new devotion, fixed ecstatically the ray of the new star, and by solemn attestations now

proclaims to the world the Virgin of Pompei's bounties and mercies.

Africa felt a new fire in its bowes it wos the weapon of the *Rosary of Pompei* penetrating its heart.

Our *Novena* translated into *Arabian*. the sermons of our European Missionaries publishing the miracles of our thaumaturgical Queen, shook those poor wretches, who ardently wish for a chaplet, a medal, a keepsake of the *fine Neapolitan Virgin*. And (through divine bounty) we have diffused in those cities the germ of Mary's powerful devotion.

At Tunis Italian schools 300 boys and girls wear on their breast the *Medal of the Virgin of Pompei*.

Our Images and our prints circulate in Assab hospital and in the town of Alexandria. Since 1889 we have received from Africa a good many letters, attesting the rapid diffusion of Our Lady's worship in that land of the son of malediction, which letters afforded us a great consolation. They came from Alexandria, Akhmin, Assiout, Alger, Bone, Benghazi, Cairo, Port Tawfick, Port Said, Tunis, Tripoli, Susa and Gabes.

From *Port Tawfick* (Aegypt). — Mrs. Vincenza Croce by her letter of 5th August 1888 expressed her endless gratitude to the *Virgin of Pompei* for a grace granted to a sick brother of hers, and sent her offering.

From every part of the world, then, a ca-

ticle, a hymn, a cry of prayer risos to-day. It is the *voice of nations. it is the universal plebiscite;* recognizing in the Sanctuary of Pompei the place privileged by God at our time, the place of the Lord's wonders, on which a design of Providence is settled, that will have its development in the whole world.

CHAPTER XIV.

A New Decree of His Holiness Leo XIII, and new facilitations for the exercise of the Saturdays.

In eighty thousand volumes of the *Fifteen Saturdays,* which I published in the space of eleven years (from 1877 to 1888), I always said that, to gain the Indulgences granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs to this golden devotion, it was necessary, over and above all Confession and Communion, *to visit the chapel of the Rosary in a Dominican Church, or in the chapel of the Rosary where the Confraternity is erected.*

And I drew this news from the works of famous Italian and French Dominicans, among whom the celebrated *Manual of the Rosary* by Father Pradel, and *The Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays,* a little book printed at Toulouse, and then translated at Na-

ples by Princess del Colle; as well as fro other various books on the Rosary.

Now His Holiness Leo XIII with a vie of soliciting more and more all people t the devotion of the Most Holy Rosary, an obtaining the promised spiritual advantage has made easy to every class of persons c any place whatever in the world the exer cise of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, by dispen sing the faithful from visiting Dominica churches or chapels of the Rosary, and li miting the pious practice to Confession an Communion only, and to the recital of th Rosary (even of five decades) with the me ditation of the Mysteries. And that by a universal Decree, *Urbis et Orbis*, of 21s September 1889: *Pluribus abhinc annis* which we transcribe for common news and consolation.

His Holiness Leo XIII's Decree *Urbis et Orbis*, on the practice of Indulgences of the Fifteen Saturdays.

Virginis sub memorato titulo, vel etiam quolibet infra annum tempore.

Haec autem pia praxis, sacris iam Indulgentiis a Summis Pontificibus *pro suprad*ictis *tantummodo ditata*, in eo sita est, ut nempe singulis praefatis sabbatis Sodales accedant ad sacramenta Confessionis et SS.mae Eucharistiae, simulque aliquem devotionis actum eliciant in honorem quindecim Mysteriorum, quae recensentur in Marialibus precibus Sanctissimi Rosarii.

Modo vero quum apud Christifideles usus exhibendi huiusmodi obsequium B. Mariae Virgini frequentissimus invaluerit, preces delatae sunt Sanctissimo Domino Nostro Leoni Papae XIII, ut etiam Christifidelibus devote peragentibus hoc pium exercitium, coelestes Indulgentiarum thesauros benigne reserare dignaretur.

Porro Sanctitas Sua, cui summopere cordi est, ut erga B.mam Virginem sub titulo SS.mi Rosarii cultus foveatur et pietas, relatas preces in audientia habita die 21 septembris 1889 ab infrascripto Secretario Sacrae Congregationis Indulgentiis sacrisque Reliquiis praepositae peramanter excepit. Et *alia quatenus* [illegible] *cumque abrogata Indulgentia, quae forte pro universis Christifidelibus*, eidem pio exercitio quomodolibet fuerit adnexa,

omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus, qui in singulis haud interruptis quindecim sabbatis, vel immediate praecedentibus idem festum Beatae Mariae Virginis sub titulo SS.mi Rosarii, vel etiam *quolibet infra annum tempore* vere poenitentes, confessi ac sacra Communione refecti, tertiam saltem SS.mi Rosarii partem devote recitaverint, vel aliter eiusdem Sanctissimi Rosarii mysteria devote recoluerint, *Plenariam Indulgentiam*, defunctis quoque applicabilem, *semel tantum* in uno ex supradictis sabbatis uniuscuiusque arbitrio eligendo, benigne concessit. In reliquis vero quatuordecim sabbatis *Indulgentiam septem annorum*, totidemque quadragenarum, animabus in Purgatorio detentis applicabilem, clementer elargitus est.

Praesenti in *perpetuum* valituro absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

Datum Romae ex Secretaria eiusdem S. Congr. die 21 Septembris 1889.

Pro E.mo ac R.mo D.no

L. S. C. Card. Cristofori, *Praef.*

A. Card. Serafini, *Episc. Sab.*

† A. Epis. Oensis, *Secretarius.*

(Translation of the Decree).

« Since several years the *Members of Congregations of the Most Holy Rosary* were wont to venerate the Blessed Virgin Mary by the particular devout homage of the *Fifteen* uninterrupted *Saturdays*, either preceding immediately the feast of the same Blessed Virgin Mary under the abovesaid title, or at any other epoch of the year.

« This devout practice, enriched by Sovereign Pontiffs with sacred Indulgences *in behalf of the abovesaid Members only*, consists in this, that on each one of the Saturdays the Members should go to Confession and Communion, and at the same time practice some act of devotion in honor of the fifteen Mysteries, that are commemorated in the Marian prayers of the Most Holy Rosary.

« Now, as this homage to the Blessed Virgin has come into general use, a petition has been made to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, that he might kindly deign to open the heavenly treasures of Indulgences to the faithful also, who devoutly practice this pious exercise.

« His Holiness, who has at heart that the worship and devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Most Holy Rosary may be propagated, willingly granted the petition humbly presented in the audience of 21st September 1889 by the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred

Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics. And *having abrogated any other Indulgence* that *perchance may* have been *anyhow* attached to the same pious exercise for all faithful Christians, benignantly granted the *Plenary Indulgence*, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, only once on one of the abovesaid Saturdays, to be chosen at pleasure of each, *to all faithful Christians*, of either sex, who on each one of the fifteen uninterrupted Saturdays, either *immediately preceding* the same feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of the Most Holy Rosary, or at any other epoch of the year, being truly penitent, having confessed their sins, and received Holy Communion recite the third part at least of the Most Holy Rosary, or otherwise devoutly meditate the Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary. On the other fourteen Saturdays he benignantly granted the Indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines, *applicable to the souls in Purgatory*.

« The present Decree to be valid for ever, without any forwarding of Brief.

« Notwithstanding anything contrary.

Rome, from the Secretary's office of the same Sacred Congregation, this day 21st September 1889.

For the Em. and Rev. Lord

The place of the seal. « CHARLES CARD.
CRISTOFORI, *Prefect.*
LOUIS CARD. SERAFINI, *Bishop of Sabina.*
ALEXANDER BISHOP OF TRIPOLI, *Secret.* ».

From this Decree it is clearly seen, that the Fifteen Saturdays ot the Rosary may be celebrated either at church, or at home, or in town, or in the country, or at the Virgin's altar, or at one dedicated to other Saints, or publicly at church, or privately in chapels, either by several persons together, or alone. And they may be celebrated *at any time whatever of the year*, not only as a preparation to the feast of the Rosary, falling on the first Sunday of October, but also at any other time, nay each time we want a great grace from the Blessed Virgin.

It is important not to omit on each one of those Saturdays: 1st the recitation of the Rosary (at least of five decades); 2nd the exercise of mental prayer on the Mysteries, as is explained in this volume; 3rd Holy Confession and Communion; 4th the Saturdays must be uninterrupted.

A *plenary Indulgence*, over and above partial Indulgences, is granted to those who receive Holy Communion, recite the Rosary and meditate the Mysteries.

It is evident that the intention of the new Pontiff of the Rosary has been to take away restrictions and privileges, in order that this profitable devotion may be of *every time and every place*. And the Dominican Bulletin

« *The Rosary, Dominican Memoirs* », d rected by the learned and pious Fathe Thomas Granello O. P., number XIII, Jul 1889, page 416, wrote *about the Indulgenc for the pious exercise of the Fifteen Satu days of the Rosary:* « His Holiness Leo XII at the request of Monseigneur Sallua, Arcl bishop of Calcedonia, has deigned to grar to all the faithful, who will practice th whole devout exercise of the Fifteen Sa turdays in honor of the Blessed Virgin of th Rosary a *Plenary Indulgence;* and on eac Saturday the Indulgence of 300 days. Bot are applicable to the souls in Purgatory. *Le the devout remark that no distinction i made either as to the place* where to prac tice the pious exercise, *or the time*. There fore that homage may be paid to Our Lady everywhere, and fifteen Saturdays may be chosen at pleasure ».

CHAPTER XV.

Principal exercises to draw from this devotion the advantages it abounds in.

From what has been said hitherto it may be clearly inferred, in order that Christians may more easily be heard by Mary in their requests, that it is necessary before all to

regain grace and peace with Jesus by means of Confession. And it is necessary to confess with the greatest humility and a desire to correct one's self of one's sins, vices and faults; and above all to avoid deadly sin, particularly watching on every action, and a very retired life, shunning all occasions of falling.

Virtuous and pious persons must endeavour to be exact in the least things for Jesus and Mary's sake.

Hence, to obtain graces as a certainly, we recommend the recital of the whole Rosary (though divided into parts), for the Blessed Virgin promised St. Dominic, Alain de l'Isle the Venerable, and other Saints (as Surio, Blosio, Sarnelli the Venerable etc., refer) *a particular grace each time* She is honored with the Rosary of 15 decades. Were it possible to do so every day, as the first Members would do, it would be better, because we should thus have a particular grace from Mary every day. In fact Tauler says, that to have all the qualities of a true devout of the Blessed Virgin, it is necessary to dedicate to prayer at least *one hour* a day. And he who recites the whole Rosary, at one time or in several times, dedicates one hour well.

Therefore it will be well to ask the Blesse Virgin, by the Fifteen Saturdays, *for th grace of reciting the whole Rosary ever day*, of meditating the holy Mysteries, an of practicing with final perseverance virtu during the remainder of your life, accordin to Jesus and Mary's pattern.

It is also commendable, during the day to do some charitable work, as to give a alms in proportion to one's means, to visi the sick, to clothe a poor man, to have a Mas said, or distribute some chaplets, or teacl others to recite the Rosary, or teach cate chism to children, servants, peasants etc.; t say some good words to a wanderer for hi conversion; to promote the association fo the building of the Sanctuary of Pompei which the Blessed Virgin showed by mi racles to be so acceptable to give others tc read the miracles and graces granted by the Virgin of the Rosary for the sake of her Temple of Pompei; which graces are faithfully inserted in the Magazine « IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI » [1].

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1) To animate the faithful confidently to apply to Mary and obtain from her comfort in the anxieties of life, this Magazine is *gratuitously* sent to all Hospitals, Prisons, Orphanotrophes, poor Monasteries etc. on application to the Direction of Sanctuary and annexed Works of Beneficence at *Valle di Pompei*.

And those who can, will add Communion to a penance they will impose on themselves, as a mortification of the eyes, an ecclesiastical fast, an hour of prayer, an hour of silence, an hour of reading some book about the Rosary, etc.

But it will be exceedingly agreeable to the Blessed Virgin to induce other persons to practice this devotion, making them remark the great advantages arising from it. On this purpose it will be useful to read another little work of ours entitled: « *Le Glorie del Rosario* » (« The Glories of the Rosary »), remembering the glories and efficacy of the Rosary, and the spiritual and temporal advantages, of which the Rosary is a plentiful source. It is to be remembered here that propagators of so useful a devotion will partake of the graces promised by Mary to the Order of Preaching Fathers, because they will do nothing but preach Mary, and have her known, loved and honored by others.

But above all each Mystery will be honored by the *practice of a virtue* to imitate Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin on the day of Communion, and from one Saturday to the other. Those who communicate once a week during *fifteen weeks*, can in the space of seven days think of the Mystery they have

celebrated and make fifteen octaves: viz. appl the prayers, penances, alms, they will mak during the week, in honor of the Myster they celebrate; repeat every day the jacula tory prayer, exercise themselves in th virtue that has been meditated on the pre ceding Saturday; and so they will solemniz the principal Mysteries of our holy Religion in *fifteen weeks*, or in *fifteen days*: wha the Church does in the space of a year.

Finally the same Sovereign Pontiff Le(XIII, with the holy wish to see venerate(in the whole world the Image of the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*, who bestows a huge number of graces to whoever honors it, and attracts innumerable pilgrims to the favourite Sanctuary of Pompei, as well as with a view to enrich with *precious* spiritual treasures the numberless multitude of the devout of that wonderful Image scattered throughout the world; granted, by his Re-script of 21st June 1890, particular *partial and plenary Indulgences*, to all those who *visit the Image* of the *Virgin of Pompei*, exposed in any church or public chapel in the world. It is therefore greatly useful and commendable, whether to gain a greater number of Indulgences, or to obtain more surely the graces wished for, that the de-

votion of the *Fifteen Saturdays* be practiced in a church, or public chapel, were the *Effigy of the Virgin of Pompei*, already declared *miraculous* by the infallible voice of the Chief of the whole Church, is exposed.

The Indulgences that all the faithful gain by *devoutly visiting the Image of the Virgin of Pompei*, are: a partial Indulgence of three hundred days, and two *plenary Indulgences*, one on the feast, *first Sunday of October*, and the other on 8th May, a real feast of the *Virgin of Pompei*.

Here is the text of the *Rescript*.

RESCRIPT

OF THE HOLY FATHER LEO XIII

DATED 21st JUNE 1890

by which He grants plenary Indulgences to all those who visit the Image of the Virgin of Pompei exposed in a church or public chapel in the world on 8th May and first Sunday of October.

« Cardinal Raphael Monaco La Valletta, Dean of the Sacred College, as a Protector of the Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei, sets forth that, the Sacred Congregation of Rites having, on 24th February 1890, resolved *Negative in omnibus* the five doubts proposed by the Father Purveyor General of the Dominican Order as to the wor-

ship of the aforesaid Holy Image, this answer, as to the fifth doubt on Indulgences, gave occasion to uncertain [1]).

« Notwithstanding that Your Holiness, by a later Brief of 28th March 1890, deigned to show how particularly you meant *to protect that Sanctuary and the worship of the same Virgin of the Most Holy Rosary that is venerated in it;* yet this signal Pontifical document was not sufficient to take away misunderstandings on the indulgences that some one thought to derive from the negative reply to that fifth doubt, so that news was spread to have been declared that *the venerated Effigy had no indulgence.*

« A good many letters addressed to the Founders of the Sanctuary prove that this misunderstanding is being diffused among the people, and that the devout, hearing it pronounced as a supreme judgment of that Sacred Congregation, are sorry for it and ask for explanations. In short some persons have thought that the visit to that Image had been deprived of any indulgence whatever. On the contrary, this was so far from the mind of the same Sacred Congregation, that in the recent circular of 30th May 1890, addressed to Cardinals and Bishops, were not only remembered the Indulgences al-

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[1]) The five doubts proposed by the Reverend Father P. Cicognani, Purveyor General of the Dominican Order, are read in the Magazine « IL ROSARIO E LA NUOVA POMPEI », number of June 1890.

ready granted to that Sacred Image, but also added: *without excluding new indulgences that the Holy See will perhaps grant.*

« And a new Indulgence we just desire to implore from the goodness of Your Holiness, *to the devout of the Image of the Rosary called of Pompei,* whether to take away the said misunderstandings, or to augment the spiritual treasures to the great multitude of the faithful, who have Her so much veneration for her.

« It is true that this Sacred Image, inasmuch as it represents God's Mother under the title of the Most Holy Rosary, is not different from other Images that are recognized under the same title; nevertheless *God made use of this, venerated in the Sanctuary of Pompei, to grant the innumerable graces which shook the world, and to lead again hundreds of thousands of the faithful to the very salutary practice of the daily recitation of the Holy Rosary,* according to the ardent wish of Your Holiness.

« To this Image many pilgrims uninterruptedly run every day throughout the year; over and above many thousands of persons who, regardless of expense and inconvenience, go to venerate it, and most of them receive Holy Communion, on the two solemnities proper of the Sanctuary, viz. on 8th May and the first Sunday of October, both by day and by the foregoing night, when the church is open to public prayer.

« Finally a particular veneration is paid to

this same Image, in so many churches of Rome, Italy and abroad, by triduums, novenas, illuminations and feasts, and particularly by the practice, now so much diffused, of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, preceding the feast of the Holy Rosary.

« Wit a view, therefore, to favour the greatest spiritual advantage of *the devout of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*, the Cardinal Protector of the Sanctuary begs of Your Holiness the grace of granting the *Indulgence of three hundred days*, to be gained once a day, by all the faithful who with penitent and devout heart *will visit* this *Sacred Image of the Rosary of Pompei, exposed in any church or public chapel whatever*; and the Plenary Indulgence to those who, having confessed and communicated will visit it, likewise in any church or public chapel whatever, on the feast of the Holy Rosary, and on 8th May, praying for some time according to the intention of Your Holiness ».

« *SS. D. N. Leo Papa XIII, in audientia habita die 21 Junii 1890 ab infrascripto Secretario Sacrae Congr. Indulgentiis et SS. Reliquiis praepositae, benigne annuit pro gratia in omnibus iuxta preces. Praesenti in perpetuum valituro absque ulla Brevis expeditione, contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus. Datum Romae ex Se-*

cretaria eiusdem Sacrae Congr., die 21 Junii 1890 ».

CAROLUS CARD. CRISTOFORI
Sacr. Congr. Ind. et SS. Reliq. Praef.

† A. ARCHIEP. NICOPOLITANUS
Secretarius

The fifteen Sundays of the most Holy Rosary in the Sanctuary of Pompei.

From the day when the Sovereign Pastor of the faithful recalled the Sanctuary of Pompei under his immediate jurisdiction and government, facts happened proving the comforting truth: that the Holy Father has established himself *the Chief of the Sanctuary* not only *ad honorem*, but he exercises this great protection and jurisdictional dominion by frequent acts: which on one hand turn out to the dignity, illustration and defense of the Sanctuary, on the other hand clear up His feelings, love, zeal, lively interest and apostolic solicitude for the new *health asylum* established here by the Queen of the Rosary, for the salvation of the world.

One month later, viz. from 21st June to

21st July 1890, the august heart of the great Pontiff of the Rosary wished to show the devout of this glorious Queen new marks of that affectionate and constant solicitude wich binds him to this Sanctuary, adding, by a new pontifical document, a *most singular privilege* and a new lustre.

This privilege consists in this: the pious exercise of the *Fifteen Saturdays* may be practiced during *Fifteen* uninterrupted *Sundays*, and the same Indulgences are gained which were granted for the Saturdays.

We transcribe here the petition made by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector, and the text of the

Rescript of 21st July 1890

by which all the faithful practicing Fifteen Sundays in honor of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary gain the same Indulgences granted for the Fifteen Saturdays.

« *Cardinal Raphael Monaco La Valletta, the Protector of the famous Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei, prostrating himself at the throne of Your Holiness, sets forth that, by the Decree* Urbis et Orbis *of 21st September 1889, Your Holiness granted to all the*

faithful practicing the devout exercise of the *Fifteen Saturdays* of the Rosary the *Indulgence* of seven years *and* seven quarantines *on each Saturday, at the option of the faithful, and the* Plenary Indulgence, *applicable to the souls in Purgatory, on one of the Saturdays at the option of each.*

« *Now, in the aforesaid Sanctuary, since several years, such a pious exercise is practiced not only on the* Saturdays, *but it is also repeated on the subsequent* Sundays, *to the convenience and advantage of those faithful persons who, being hindered from practicing the pious exercise on working-days, can more easily fulfil on holidays all that is prescribed to pay such homage to the Virgin of the Rosary. However, as the Indulgences were attached to the* Saturdays *by Your Holiness, it would ensue that the faithful who practice in the Sanctuary of Pompei the pious exercise on Sundays, would be deprived of the treasure of Sacred Indulgences. For this reason, the Cardinal Protector requests Your Holiness that the may deign to grant that* all the faithful, *who, being legitimately hindered on Saturdays, fulfil the practices prescribed to honor the Blessed Virgin during fifteen Saturdays by going instead on the subsequent*

Sundays *to the* Sanctuary of Pompei, *fail fully to fulfil them, may nevertheless ga the same Indulgences granted to the pio exercise, as if it were practiced by the on the Saturdays* ».

SS. D. N. Leo P. XIII, in audientia h bila die 19 Julii 1890 ab infrascripto S cretario S. Congr. Indulgentiis Sacrisqu Reliquiis praepositae, benigne annuit pr gratia iuxta preces, ceteris servatis de iur servandis. Praesenti in perpetuum valitur absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Datum Ro mae ex Secretaria eiusdem Sanctae Congr die 21 Julii 1890.

I. Card. D'Annibale
† Alex. Archiep. Nicopolitanus, *Secret*

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fifteen Sundays of the most Holy Rosary in all the churches of the world, where the Virgin of Pompei is venerated.

Two thirds of the Christian family could practice the devout exercise of the Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary only on *Sundays*, because on the days of Saturday they are all

occupied with works, business, agriculture, or commerce etc. But on Sundays they did not gain the Indulgences attached to *the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays:* it was a privilege that the Holy Father Leo XIII had granted *only to the Sanctuary of Pompei.*

Therefore since the year 1890 we received from America petitions addressed to the Holy Father Leo XIII, that he might extend such a concession as far as there, and in June we presented and recommended those devout and reasonable petitions to His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, the Protector of this Sanctuary.

Then from the Austro-Hungarian Empire and almost from every region of Europe and especially of Italy, letters of regret were addressed to us, because into parish-churches, chiefly in the country, it was not possible to introduce that efficacious and healthful devotion, because on Saturdays, as well as on all other working-days, most people are occupied with business, work or commerce.

And behold the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, who from Pompei provides for so many necessities and spreads her graces in the world, moved the soul of the Holy Father, of her beloved Pontiff of the Rosary, to extend to the whole world the privilege he

had formerly granted to our Sanctuary Pompei only, viz. to permit that, *instead the Fifteen Saturdays, Fifteen Sund may be consecrated in honor of the Bles Virgin of the Rosary*, gaining the Inc gences already attached, provided the pi practice be fulfilled in a church or pul oratory, *where the Image of Our Lady Pompei is venerated.* Thus by reason of Holy Father, who turned all his rare pi to the glorification of Our Lady, this V of miracles and graces is become *a ven to the prayer of the world*, and has acq red the same universality of the Vatic to which it is bound by an amiable ch of dependence and protection.

And while the faithful of the whole tholic world, reverently raising their loc to the Effigy of Our Lady, wish for the speakable joy of contemplating it here ne behold a new source of graces open to t Christian world, and to the Church sufferi viz. to souls in Purgatory, a new source suffrages and alleviations.

Rescript of 11th December 1891

by which the privilege, granted to the Sanctuary of Pompei, of celebrating the Fifteen Sundays instead of the Fifteen Saturdays of the Most Holy Rosary, is extended to all the churches and oratories of the world, in which the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei is venerated:

Most Holy Father,

Cardinal Raphael Monaco La Vallella, Dean of the Sacred College and Protector of the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei, declares that the Plenary and Partial Indulgences attached to the practice of the Fifteen Saturdays the Rosary, were by Your Holiness extended to those also who, being legitimately hindered on the days of Saturday, practiced the same devotion on the days of Sunday in the same Sanctuary.

This privilege, however, being limited to the only church of Valle di Pompei, it happens that all the other faithful persons, who cannot go to that Sanctuary, and who likewise are legitimately hindered by their occupations on Saturdays practice the salutary devotion on Sundays, do not gain the Indulgences.

With a view therefore not to deprive the faithful of so much spiritual advantage, and to second the numerous requests received on that purpose, the Cardinal Protector begs of Your Holiness that the aforesaid privilege of the church of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei *may be benignantly extended to all the churches or public oratories,* in which the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei is venerated; *so that the faithful practicing in these the devotion of the* Fifteen Saturdays *on Sundays, when they are legitimately hindered on the preceding Saturdays, may equally gain all the* Plenary *and* Partial Indulgences *granted to the same recitation on the days of Saturdays.*

Ex audientia SS.mi die 11 decembris 1891, SS.mus benigne annuit pro gratia iuxta preces.

RAPHAEL CARD. MONACO

RECAPITULATION

In few words and more clearly, in order that all, even idiots, may put it in execution and derive an abundant profit from it, the whole most efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays* consists in paying homage to

Our dear Lady during *Fifteen uninterrupted Saturdays*, as follows: — Receive Holy Communion on each Saturday, in honor of a Mystery; meditate the Mystery commemorated, then draw from it the virtue to be put in execution by means of a practice, viz a mortification; hear Mass, or have it said in honor of that Mystery; recite the Rosary, and then sanctify the day by reading during a quarter of an hour the graces granted by the Virgin of Pompei, as related in this book, or in the Magazine *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei;* endeavour that the concentration of one's mind be not lost during the whole day, keeping the remembrance of the Mystery honored; at last, visit the miraculous Image of the *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei,* exposed in any church or public chapel, in order to obtain the particular Indulgences granted by the Holy Father Leo XIII, and singular heavenly favors.

As already stated, according to the last concession of the Holy Father Leo XIII these Fifteen Saturdays may he practiced *at any time of the year.* In fact, at the Rosary church of Valle di Pompei not only the Fifteen Saturdays preceding the October feast are celebrated, but also those pre-

ceding the feast of 8th May, the devout exercise beginning on the last Saturday of January. And the sovereign Protector of the Sanctuary of Pompei, by the aforesaid Rescript, granted likewise a very particular *Plenary Indulgence* to those who, having confessed and communicated, *visit on 8th May the Image of the Virgin of Pompei exposed in any church of the world.*

It is well to do these fifteen Saturdays once in the course of one's life, in order to ask for the grace of living well and dying well, or to help some particular soul detained in Purgatory.

And since there are two classes of pious souls, one of those who in fulfilling an exercise of piety wish to be brief, of few affections, without caring for the importance, origin and ultimate design of such an exercise; and the other of those who wish to lift up their spirit to the knowledge of its value, utility and efficacy, and of its origin; we have endeavoured to satisfy one and the other. The former will do the Fifteen Saturdays well by choosing *one point* of meditation out of the three which are developed for each Saturday; then the *practice*, and then reading the *example*. And for their convenience, we have placed at

the end of the book the prayers preparatory to sacramental confession and those to hear Mass well, in union with the Blessed Virgin.

The other class, whether of priests or laymen, will find, we hope, how completely to satisfy their wishes to deepen more and more their love for the heavenly Queen and the *chaplet of her mystical roses*. Over and above a complete meditation on each Mystery, of which they can avail themselves in the space of the week, they will find in the other book « *Le Glorie del Rosario* » (The glories of the Rosary) numerous examples of Saints who were most devout of the Rosary, to be imitated in order to advance in the path of perfection; over and above sufficient spiritual readings, that they may be more and more excited to like the prayer most agreeable to God's Mother.

From the practice of this devotion so dear to the Queen of Heaven, girls and young men will derive a very great advantage for the choice of their state. And last of all if any one weres as about to undergo a lawsuit, undertake some cause or other, a no less important affair, he would have no better advice and help than this very efficacious exercise.

And so, having made clear the end and method of so sweet a devotion, for the advantage of the devout of Mary, we have nothing left but recommend ourselves to their prayers, which will be a great reward to this poor work of ours.

These notions being premised, necessary to enlighten the faithful, in order to second the holy intentions of the Holy Father, who wishes to see all peoples *honoring and invoking the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei,* that he himself declared *miraculous* and enriched with Indulgences; since the ninth edition of this book we thought it would be more agreeable to the Blessed Virgin that we should prefer to the examples of Saints, who were devout to the Rosary, the much more efficacious and comforting tale of the *most recent* graces granted in our time by the wonderful *Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei* to the devout of her Rosary, and of the most efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays.*

CHAPTER XVII.

Other Indulgences gainable by those who practice the Fifteen Saturdays or the Fifteen Sundays in the Sanctuary of Pompei.

Over and above the aforesaid Indulgences, granted to all the devout who go to practice the *Fifteen Saturdays*, or the *Fifteen Sundays*, in the Sanctuary of Pompei, gain another immense treasure of merits and Indulgences, all proper to this singular and privileged Sanctuary.

1. Whoever goes to visit the Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin to Valle di Pompei *on any day whatever of the year*, having confessed and communicated, praying as usual, gains a *Plenary Indulgence* once a year, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and on each day *300 days of Indulgence*. (Brief of Pope Leo XIII of 29th March 1887 and Rescript of 21st June 1890).

2. Whoever, after confessing and communicating, visits the Sanctuary of the Virgin at Valle di Pompei on the feast *8th May*, or on one of the subsequent eight days, as well as whoever visits the Sanctuary on the solemnity of the Rosary, *first Sunday in October*, or on one of the subsequent eight days, gains the *Plenary Indulgence*, after fulfilling the usual conditions. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 13th April 1888).

3. Whoever on 2nd August visits the church of the Blessed Virgin at Valle di Pompei, gains *for each visit the Plenary Indulgence Toties Quoties* of the *Portiuncula*, a privilege of the Franciscan Order. (Brief of Pope Leo XIII, 8th July 1889).

4. Whoever recites the *Novena of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei*, composed of 5 prayers, versicles, responses, according to the formula proposed by Advocate Bartolo Longo to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, gains the *Indulgence of 300 days* on each day of the Novena, and the *Plenary Indulgence*, if, having confessed and communicated on one day at his option during the Novena or after having finished it, he prays as usual. (Rescript of 29th November 1887). So whoever offers *three Novenas* to the Virgin of Pompei, may gain in three Communions *three Plenary Indulgences*.

5. Whoever recites the *Novena of Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin of the most Holy Rosary of Pompei for the graces obtained*, written by Advocate Bartolo Longo, gains the *Indulgence of 300 days* on each day of the Novena; and the *Plenary Indulgence*, it, having confessed and communicated on one day at his option during the Novena or after having finished it, he prays according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff *before the Image of Our Lady of Pompei*. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII,

29th April 1892, at the request of His Eminence Card. Monaco La Valletta, the Protector of the Sanctuary).

And whoever offers three *Novenas of Thanksgiving* may gain three times the *Plenary Indulgence.*

6. Whoever recites the prayer called *Petition to the powerful Queen of the most Holy Rosary* on 8th May, or on 1st Sunday in October, gains the Indulgence of *7 years and 7 quarantines,* applicable to the souls in Purgatory. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 18th June 1887).

7. Whoever visits the *Image of the Virgin of Pompei* exposed in any church or public chapel in the world, gains *the Indulgence of 300 days* once a day, and the *Plenary Indulgence* on the feast of the Rosary *(first Sunday in October)* and on *8th May,* an especial feast of the Sanctuary of Pompei. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 21st June 1890).

8. In the Sanctuary of Pompei, those may gain the same *Indulgences* granted to the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary,* who practice the same devotion on *Fifteen Sundays,* and at any time of the year. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 11st December 1891).

9. Other *Plenary Indulgences* are gained if the Saturdays fall on the day of some feast of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Mysteries of the

Rosary as 2nd February, 25th March, 2nd July, 15th August, 8th September.

10. By reciting the Rosary in common at church, as is the custom at the Sanctuary of Pompei, an Indulgence of *10 years and 10 quarantines* is gained also. (Indulgences granted by Pius IX; *Ut magis*).

11. The High Altar of the Sanctuary of Pompei, dedicated to the Virgin of the Rosary, is *Privileged*. Consequently any Priest, whether secular or regular, who says Mass for a soul departed, obtains for it the *Plenary Indulgence* that delivers it from Purgatory. (Brief of Pope Leo XIII, 29th March 1887). Thus every Saturday, every Sunday, at each Mass, a soul is sent from Purgatory to Heaven.

12. The two altars of the Transept in the Sanctuary of Pompei were also *Privileged*, one dedicated to the *Passage of St. Joseph* and the other to *St. Michael the Archangel*. And through a more than singular privilege, only of Pope Leo XIII, *all the altars of the Sanctuary*, viz that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the other of St. Francis of Assisium, that of St. Dominic and the last of St. Vincent Ferrer and of the souls in Purgatory, are *privileged* also. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 3rd June 1893). And all seven Altars are *consecrated*.

13. The priests of all rites, who go in pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Pompei, may say

every day the Mass proper of the Feast of the Holy Rosary, according to season, so as to repeat the Feast of the most Holy Rosary every day. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 13th November 1889). And they may perform it not only at the High Altar, but at any other Altar of the Sanctuary. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 3rd June 1893).

Moreover by a last privilege, granted by His Holiness Leo XIII, they may say every day the *Gloria in excelsis Deo* at the votive Mass. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 3rd June 1893).

14. The new Pontiff of the Rosary, the great Pontiff Leo XIII, wishing to make the Sanctuary of Pompei *eminent*, as a *worldly Sanctuary*, by his Rescript of 3rd June 1893, conferred on it a very new and quite singular privilege, declaring that all the faithful in the world, of any diocese whatever, confessing and communicating at the Sanctuary of Pompei, satisfy the obligation of the *Paschal Precept*. Thus the Sanctuary of Pompei is become the *Parish of the world*. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 3rd June 1893).

15. At the Sanctuary of Pompei Masses may be said till two in the afternoon. (Rescript of Pope Leo XIII, 24th March 1889).

CHAPTER XVIII.

Other Plenary and Partial Indulgences to be gained in the Sanctuary of Pompei by all the Associates of the Rosary.

The spiritual Confraternity of the most Holy Rosary being canonically founded in the Sanctuary of Pompei, by a diploma of the Master General of the Dominican Fathers of 12th December 1875, it ensues that all Associates gain all the innumerable *Indulgences* granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs to all the Confraternities of the Rosary spread throughout the world.

Therefore in the church of the Rosary at Pompei, over and above the proper *Indulgences* granted to the Sanctuary, the Associates of the Rosary may gain the following *Indulgences:*

1. *Plenary Indulgence* on the day of the association to the Confraternity, if, having confessed and communicated, they will pray according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. (St. Pius V, 17th September 1569. — Clement VIII, 13th January 1592).

2. *Plenary Indulgence* on the first Sunday of the month, visiting the High Altar dedicated to the Rosary. (Gregory XIII, 24th October 1577. — Paul V, 15th April 1608).

3. *Plenary Indulgence* on each principal Feast

of the Blessed Virgin. (Gregory XIII, 12th March 1577).

4. On the day of the Rosary (First Sunday in October) *Plenary Indulgence Toties Quoties*, visiting the Church. (St. Pius V, 1571. — Clement VIII, 13th and 18th January 1592).

5. *Plenary Indulgence* on the festivals of the Mysteries of the Rosary: Christmas, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday, etc. (Gregory XIII, 5th May 1581).

6. *Plenary Indulgence* on Corpus-Christi. (Innocent IX).

7. *Plenary Indulgence* on the feasts of the Saints of the Dominican Order: St. Raymund, 23rd January — St. Catharine of Ricci, 13th February — St. Thomas, 7th March — St. Vincent Ferrer, 5th April — St. Agnes of Montepulciano, 20th April — St. Peter, Martyr, 29th April — St. Catharine of Siena, 30th April — St. Pius V, 5th May — St. Antoninus, 10th May — St. John, Martyr, 21st July — St. Dominic, 4th August — St. Hyacinth, 17th August — St. Rose, 30th August — St. Ludowick Bertrand, 10th October — All Saints of the Order, 9th November.

8. *Plenary Indulgence*, on 3rd Sunday in April and on the feast of the Saint titular of the church.

9. *Plenary Indulgence* in *the article of death*, invoking, at least, with the heart, the name of Jesus.

Moreover the brethren and sisters of the Rosary, partake, both in life and in death, of the good done by the whole Dominican Order, through concession of the Masters Generals of the same Order.

The *Indulgences* of the Rosary are all applicable to the souls in Purgatory. (Innocent XI, 31st July 1769).

The Sovereign Pontiffs granted the Associates to the holy Rosary many other *Plenary and Partial Indulgences*, confirmed by Pope Pius IX, on 18th September 1862, which we omit here for brevity's sake.

CHAPTER XIX.

Principal Indulgences to reciters of the Rosary in the Sanctuary of Pompei.

1. *Fifty years*, for a *third part*, once a day. (Summary of the Indulgences of the most Holy Rosary, confirmed by the Brief *Nuper* of Innocent XI, Rome 31st July 1679, Chapter III, Number 7).

2. *Ten years and ten quarantines* to those who recite, at least with a contrite heart, together

with others, a *third part of the Rosary*, once a day. (Pius IX, 12th May 1851).

3. All the *Indulgences* attached to St. Brigid's chaplet, viz, a hundred days for each *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. (Benedict XIII, 13th April 1726).

4. For the name of *Jesus* added to the words *Blessed is the fruit of thy womb*, each time five years and as many quarantines, viz *two thousand and twenty-five days for each Hail Mary* (Pius IX, Rescript of 18th September 1862, and Leo XIII, Rescript of 20th March 1886).

5. Those who recite *the whole Rosary* every week (even at several times) gain each time *ten years and as many quarantines* (Leo X), moreover *seven years and seven quarantines*. (St. Pius V).

6. Those who recite *the whole Rosary* every day gain all the *Indulgences* granted to those who recite the *Chaplet of the Blessed Virgin* in Spain (Summary, Chapter III, n. 6), besides *seven years and seven quarantines* (Chapter III, n. 10).

7. *Ten years and ten quarantines*, if, repented and confessed, they recite the *Rosary* three times a week. (Chapter III, n. 6).

8. *Plenary Indulgence* on the last Sunday of the month, for those who are in the habit of

reciting together with others, at least three times a week, a third part of the Rosary. (Pius IX, Decree 12th May 1851).

9. Over and above these *Indulgences*, a *hundred years* are granted every day to those who wear the Chaplet blessed by Dominican Fathers or by Priests having the faculty. (Summary of the Sacred Congregation, 18th September 1892).

10. For mental prayer, like that made on Saturday, 60 days each quarter of an hour; and *seven years* and *seven quarantines* each half hour. (Pius VII, *Ad augendam*).

11. For each pious or charitable work, as it is advised on the Saturdays, *60 days*.

12. When we make another recite the Rosary *150 days*. When we visit a sick brother, *3 years and 3 quarantines*. (Innocent XI, *Nuper*).

PART THE SECOND

A PRACTICAL METHOD

TO DO THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS WELL

Three points to be meditated are proposed each Saturday. But to those who are obliged to devote a short time to prayer, one point will suffice to furnish the mind with religious remembrance for the whole day. They will read the practice to be put in execution, and, if possible, the example also, in order to awaken their faith and confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.

So this book can be of use for different meditations during several years.

THE FIRST SATURDAY

The first Joyful Mystery — Annunciation of the B. M. V.

(Luke I, 26-38).

Meditation.

I. At length the heavens are opened, and He comes down into the world, whom the Prophets call the *Just*, the *desire of Patriarchs*, the *expectation of nations*, *the sent from God*. The weeks of Daniel are accomplished; the prophecies of Jacob are fulfilled, for the sceptre of Juda has already passed into the hands of Herod, a foreign king. A maiden of the root Jesse, remaining a *virgin*, is to bring forth to the world a *Man*, who is the Son of the Most High.

My soul, dost-thou understand what means: *The Word was made man?*... Oh the Lord's endless goodness and mercy! Then this God loved thee so much, as to wish his only-begotten Son *to debase himself taking the form*

of a servant? And that, in order that he might suffer and die on a cross, to redeem thee from hell and open the gates of Paradise for thee! to sacrifice himself every day on the altars and always stay with thee, giving himself as food in the Holy Eucharist!

Holy Trinity, I humbly adore thee, and thank thee for so much love! The Father gives his Son to men: the Word consents to be made Man, and the Holy Ghost offers himself to work this great Mystery. What is my thankfulness for such great charity?...

Consider, my soul, on one hand the highest dignity and the sublime favors of the Blessed Virgin, on the other hand Her perfect humility. God creates Her Immaculate, who was to be his Mother; and since the first moment of Her conception he elevates her holiness *beyond the tops of the holiest Mountains.*

Here are the Lord's words in the sacred Canticles: *There are young maidens without number, but one is my dove, my perfect one is but one.* (Cant. VI, 7). And this was the Mother of God, chosen for the highest humility that shone in her.

Moreover, Mary is likened to an *odoriferous spikenard* in the Canticle: because, as St. Antoninus comments, the low and

odoriferous plant of spikenard represents Mary's humility, the smell of which ascended to heaven, and drew the divine Word into her virginal womb. Because, adds the same holy Dominican Archbishop, the Virgin's humility was the most perfect and nearest disposition to be the Mother of God. St. Bernard concludes: — If Mary pleased God on account of her *virginity*, it was through *humility* that she conceived the Son of God. — The Virgin herself, appearing one day to St. Brigida, said: *Whence did I deserve such a grace to be made my Lord's Mother, unless because I knew my nothingness, and humiliated myself?* And to attest it to all nations, She had expressed that in her most humble Canticle: *Because God has regarded the humility of his handmaid... he has done great things to me, for he is mighty.* The most humble eyes of Mary, like those of a simple and humble dove, with which She always admired divine greatness, never lost sight of her own nothingness. And they did such violence to God himself, that he was drawn into her womb: How beautiful art thou, my love; how beautiful art thou, thy eyes are dove's eyes! (Cant. IV, 1).

And the Lord in his turn, for a greater merit of this Mother, did not wish to be-

come Her son without having first her consent. And he sends her a heavenly messenger, an Angel of the first Order, *Gabriel, the strength of God*, to reveal to her the great event of the Word's Incarnation in her womb. O great, o holy humility of Mary! Thou madest this Mother little to herself, but great before God! unworthy in her own eyes, but worthy in the eyes of that immense Lord, whom the world cannot contain!

And how, O Lady mine, shall I too exclaim with St. Bernard, how couldst thou unite in thy Heart such an humble sentiment of thyself, with so much purity, with so much innocence, with so much fulness of grace thou art possessed of? Hail, most humble Queen; through thee and from thee the work of our redemption began. Oh! make me then a partaker of thy humility, and grant me a perfect love of thee and thy Son.

II. Look, o my soul: the Angel is not sent to large towns, to princely palaces, to daughters of Kings adorned with gold, but to Nazareth, a small town, to a Virgin, the wife of Joseph the workman. Then neither birth, nor the gifts of nature attract God's looks; humility, modesty, the innocence of

manners, the love of purity are true merits in his eyes.

Mary lived solitary in her poor house, as it was revealed to St. Elizabeth, a Benedictine nun; and she was sighing and praying God with a greater desire than before, that He might send the promised Redeemer into the world, when Gabriel the Archangel appeared to her. The latter gives her three titles of an incomprehensible greatness — The first concerns herself: *Hail, full of grace:* that is thou art the holiest of all, thou art a treasure of all the graces and favours of God. The second concerns God: *The Lord is with thee:* that is, thou art protected, accompanied, governed by Him. The third concerns men: *blessed art thou amongst women:* that is, thou art privileged, elevated above all.... With what respect do we address these same words to Mary, when we recite her Rosary?

And Mary is troubled, and she is silent at the words of an Angel, who speaks to her about God. Oh, how much humility in this silence! Praises trouble her, frighten her: she refers nothing to herself, but all to God. She was troubled, as she revealed to St. Brigit, because being full of humility, she abhorred every praise, and she

wished her only Creator and Giver of all good gifts to be praised and blessed.

What a difference between Mary and Lucifer! Lucifer, seeing himself gifted with great beauty, aspired, as Isaias says, *to ascend above the height of the clouds and to be like the most High*. And what would the proud creature have said and pretended, if he had seen himself adorned with Mary's virtues? The humble young maiden did not do so: the more exalted she saw herself, the more she humiliated herself; and this humility was the beauty that inspired the King of Kings with love. *And she thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be*. And thou, o my soul, how dost thou imitate Mary in the dangerous praises men give thee, on thy talent, vivacity, beauty, nobility? Alas! full of pride, thou thinkest thou deservedst them, thou takest pleasure in them, and if thou appear to reject them, thou dost so in order to get greater ones! How many shameful falls are caused by flattery!...

O Mary, o divine restorer of all our evils, o worthy Mother of God, how much thy extraordinary humility confounds me! *Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed*. How sorry I am to have

so many times offended my God by my pride, and afflicted thy sweet and humble Heart! But if thou lookest at me with thy pitiful motherly eye, I shall soon be reconciled to Him: if I know how to love thee, I shall cease being unhappy. But all graces are in thy hand: *Thou canst save whom thou wilt. O full of grace,* save this soul of mine.

III. At length, assured that she will not lose her virginity, Mary gives her consent in two words: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.* O blessed words, which accomplished the Mystery of Incarnation, fulfilled prophecies, repaired the disobedience of our first parents, and the sorrowful consequences of the sad colloquy between Eve and the Angel of darkness! Wonderful words, in which the quickest faith, the deepest humility, the most subdued obedience, the tenderest love, the most perfect abandonment to divine will, shine! Words, that the Church, out of gratitude, puts three times a day on the mouth of her children. Say them, O my soul, continually too, and with the same feelings as Mary. Learn to be humble and resigned to what God disposes about thee. Get confused, that thou art so malicious and so unlike

Mary; and, what is worse, thou knowest neither how to weep, nor how to pray. At least begin now to amend thy deplorable condition, detest thy disorderly life, begin to devote thyself to prayer. And if thou feelest within thyself a stone heart, address thyself to Mary, and pray her that by her Annunciation she may vouchsafe to change thy heart with hers, so pure and humble.

O great Mother of God, an endless sea of graces and happiness, I shall be happy too, if I live under thy protection. Yes, from this day I will never neglect till my death to salute, love and invoke thee, by thy favourite prayer, that thou thyself taughtest me, of the Holy Rosary. It reminds me every day of thy extraordinary humility, of thy purity and fulness of grace, of thy divine maternity, of my redemption and salvation. In our days, thou hast opened a source of grace in the land of ruins, near the city of death, to prove to sinners, who have death in their soul, that *life* shall come from thee to all those who invoke thee, O *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei;* to reveal to the world, who expels Jesus from his bosom, that Thou, Queen of Pompei, wilt give back Jesus to the agitated human family with a new life of grace and faith. Oh, Mother of mercy, let Jesus reign

in my heart; let him reign in it like a king, an absolute master, a lord of my strength and powers, so that I may live his life and be consummated in him, to live of him and with him world without end!

O Lady of Valle di Pompei, be thou blessed and loved by all peoples, O our remedy, our consolation, our glory. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Humility.*

REFLECTION. — *Humble yourself inwardly at the sight of your misery. Humble yourself outwardly too by occupying the last place, by giving the preference to your equal and inferior. Suffer to-day from these their reproofs both just and unjust, without excusing yourself, stifle pride by always speaking humbly, and by not speaking of yourself, either well or badly.*

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, beautiful and Immaculate Virgin, make my heart pure and humble like thine.*

Example.

On the Eve of the first Saturday.

An extraordinary sign from Heaven happened at Manduria (province of Lecce), on Friday evening, 29th June 1888.

On 30th June, the pious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary*, preparatory to the solemnity of October, was going to begin at the Sanctuary of Pompei and in a great many Italian and foreign towns.

It was then the eve of the *First Saturday of the Rosary*, when the heavenly Queen vouchsafed to give the people of Manduria, by an extraordinary miracle, a new proof of her complacency for the holy exercise that her loving children devote to her in the Sanctuary of Pompei and in a thousand different places during three months; for that pious exercise, which Pope Leo XIII, a twelvemonth later, was to diffuse more and more, in the world by a quite new Rescript, we have transcribed in the First Part of this book.

That extraordinary event is attested not only by the people, but by a skilful physician, Doctor Thomas Massari, who cured the sick girl, and above all by the respectable Parish-Priest Leonard Tarentini, her confessor, who had administered her the last Sacraments. Both these attestations may be read litterally transcribed in the aforesaid Magazine, September 1889, VI year.

However, I who write have delayed two years publishing this notable grace, till Providence caused me to make, a few days ago, the acquaintance of the benefiter Angela Massafra, from whose mouth I heard here, at the Sanctuary of Pompei, all the particulars of the fact con-

firmed, which wonderfully agree with the written attestations.

It is then a whole people who attest the noisy miracle happened at Manduria, through the intercession of the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.

Angela Massafra, twenty-four years old, had been keeping her bed three years. She had got withered by an inward paralysis, with wounds, and she had reached the last degree of consumption. The physicians have already given her up. The certificate of Doctor Thomas Massari, her treating physician, explains the particulars of the sickness.

The same sick person was preparing for death, and at the end of June 1888 she received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. However she had never quitted the devotion of Mary's most Holy Rosary, and she had never abandoned the dear *Image of the Virgin of Pompei*, to whom she always recommended herself.

In this desperate condition, expocing death every hour, it happened one evening that she saw near the door of her room a Lady, unknown to her, who approached her bed, as if she wished to pay her a visit, and retired without saying anything. Sho told her family of that; but they gave no heed to it, ascribing it to a hallucination of hers, an effect of weak organs, so much the more as that unknown Lady kept silence.

But on the evening of 29th, it was the Friday

preceding the *Saturday* when the practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays of the most Holy Rosary* was to begin, Angela saw without any hallucination the same Lady, white-robed and luminous, in a bountiful and pitiful attitude, entering her room, approaching her bed and sitting near her.

The young countrywoman was afraid at first, not knowing who that mysterious woman was, and what she wished: but afterwards she remarked that the unknown Lady, after rising from her chair, put on the bed an alabaster vessel full of *lily-shaped* flowers, and without saying one word, poured a part of them on the bed.

The poured lilies were *fifteen*, and on each one of them an inscription like a note was to be read. Angela read these two words: *Fifteen Saturdays.*

The extraordinary Lady, who had acted in silence till then, addressed the sick girl, and pointing to the inscription with her finger, she manifested herself and spoke to her. She was just *the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*. What words Our Lady uttered, the confessor of the sick girl does not think it prudent to publish. We can only be sure, that the Queen of Heaven accepts most willingly the practice with which She is honored in the world, especially in her favourite Sanctuary of Pompei, and that She grants great favours to those who honor her

by the holy exercise *of the Fifteen Saturdays of her Rosary.*

So the divine Lady of Pompei, in order to show that She never descends to her children who invoke her, without giving them even a material sign of the pity and charity that binds her to them, she with an incredible goodness took off her veil from her head, and wiped with it the whole body of Angela; who, being invaded by a stunning and holy fear, was unable to utter one syllable.

Then Our Lady gathered the bits of paper scattered on the bed, and turning to the door of the house, she went away with a slow pace, leaving behind her trails of light.

Angela, out of her wits, and inundated with a joy of heavenly sweetness, felt herself suddenly healed, and she longed for the morning to rise and proclaim the miracle.

The morning of 30th June came, *the first of the Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary:* she quits her bed, tries to move her legs contracted since three years, and, to the astonishment of herself and of everyone, she succeeds in walking. She dresses herself alone, and while she was relating to her mother what had happened, the treating physician, Doctor Thomas Massari, enters the house.

On seeing that woman standing, dressed and walking, whom he had left almost a corpse the day before, Mr. Massari cannot help exclaiming quite astonished: *Miracle! Miracle!*

tions, adorations and thanksgivings with all those you made during the nine months when thou hadot the Son of God in thy womb.

And thou, Holy Gabriel, the messenger and minister of the Mysteries of Redemption, and you, Angels of Paradise, who, astonished, were the only spectators of this great work of the Everlasting to make himself a little infant in the womb of one of his creatures, you adore him for me, and bless him by your praises that I do not know, and that I owe him for the great benefit I am going to have, to lodge iu me the infinite God.

O St. Joseph, Mary's most pure Spouse, thou wast chosen in the decrees of eternal Wisdom as the foster father of God's Son; put into my heart those affections of humility, veneration and love, that thou thyself felt in being informed by the Angel in thy sleep, and then by Mary by word of mouth, of the high Mystery of the Incarnation of the Word; that I may become in my eyes, as I really am, misery and sin.

My Guardian Angel, accompany me, and prompt me as holy, humble and pure affections as possible.

A prayer to ask for the grace we want.

O my Saviour and my God, through Thy Nativity, Passion and Death, through Thy glorious Resurrection, grant me this grace... *(one expresses the wished for grace)*. I ask thee for it for the sake of this Mystery, in honor of which I am about to feed on thy Flesh ard divine Blood; I ask thee for it through thy most sweet Heart, through Immaculate Mary, through thy most holy Name, my Jesus, through which thou promisedst every grace. So be it.

A petition to the B. V. of Pompei.

O glorious Queen of the holy Rosary, who placedst thy new throne of graces at Valle di Pompei, O Daughter of the divine Father, Mother of the divine Son and Spouse of the Holy Ghost, through thy joys, sorrows, glories, through the merits of this Mystery, in honor of which I am going to receive Holy Communion, I instantly beseech thee to obtain this grace for me.

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

O Jesus, the King of glory, how hast thou vouchsafed to come and visit the vilest worm of the earth, and, what is worthier of admiration, a miserable sinful soul, like mine? Oh! if humility pleases thee so much, that it drew thee from Heaven to Mary's womb; behold I humiliate myself before thee, and consider myself quite unworthy to possess thee. I acknowledge that, by my sinning so many times, I have wounded thy Heart to the very quick, and I am undeserving of any grace whatever. But I will now make amends for the ill done. I confidently throw myself into the arms of thy mercy, and repeat thee a thousand times: I wish to love thee, my God, my Redeemer, my Jesus, my friend, my beloved, I wish to love thee. I join my love with that which the Blessed Virgin felt for thee during the nine months she bore thee in her womb, and with the love of thy purest and most faithful putative Father St. Joseph. I offer thee all my life and all the palpitations of my heart, like as many acts of love, and I join them with all the palpitations of Mary's most humble and im-

maculate Heart, and with all the moments of her life consecrated to thy love.

I thank you, o Everlasting Father, o Spirit of love, for the infinite gift you have made us by giving us the divine Son, and I join my thanks with those of so many Saints there above, who were sinners and then were saved by this divine Blood; with those of all the just souls on earth and holy virgins in Heaven. Above all I intend thanking thee, my Jesus, with the feelings of humility and gratitude that thy Mother, the Virgin Mary had on being informed of her divine maternity by Gabriel, the Archangel; and with the acts of humility and thanksgiving of St. Joseph, when he heard from the same Archangel his high place of thy putative Father and Spouse of God's Mother.

And thou, my Guardian Angel, the witness of my acts of pride, wrath and brag, help me to accomplish the reformation I will undertake since this day of my life, customs and devotion to Mary. Do thou thyself lead me to Her, obtain me from her a perfect humility, her perfect love and final perseverance. So be it.

Invocations to Jesus
after Communion.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me. — Body of Christ, save me. — Blood of Christ, inebriate me. — Water of the Side of Christ, wash me. — Passion of Christ, comfort me. — O good Jesus, graciously hear me. — Hide me within thy wounds. — Do not permit me ever to be separated from thee. — Defend me from the malignant enemy. — Call me at the hour of my death. — And command me to come to thee. — That I may praise thee with thy Saints. — World without end. So be it [1].

A prayer to ask for the grace we are in need of.

O my Saviour and my God, through thy Nativity, Passion and Death, through thy glorious Resurrection, grant me this grace.... *(explain the grace you wishe for)*. I ask thee for it for the sake of this Mystery, in

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[1] *Indulgence of 300 days* each time this prayer is recited with a contrite heart. *Indulgence of 7 years,* when recited after Holy Communion. *Plenary Indulgence* to those who, after reciting it every day during a month, go to Confession and Communion, and visit a church, praying according to the Pope's intention. (Pius IX, Decree 9th January 1854).

honor of which I have fed on thy Flesh and divine Blood; I ask thee for it through thy most holy Name, my Jesus, through which thou hast promised every grace. So be it.

A petition to the B. V. of Pompei.

O glorious Queen of the holy Rosary, who placedst thy new throne of graces at Valle di Pompei, O Daughter of the divine Father, Mother of the divine Son and Spouse of the Holy Ghost, through thy joys, sorrows, glories, through the merits of this Mystery, in honor of which I have received Holy Communion, I really beseech thee to obtain this grace for me.

A prayer to St. Joseph.

O august Father of Jesus and our Father, glorious St. Joseph, thou, whom the Everlasting Father entrusted with his beloved Son, the Holy Ghost with his purest Spouse, and the Virgin Mary with all the treasures of her virginity; thou who canst do so much with Jesus' Heart and with Mary's Heart, obtain from them this grace for me (Here the grace wished for is named).

Amores mei dulcissimi, Jesu, Joseph et Maria, pro vobis vivam, pro vobis patiar,

pro vobis moriar: sim totus vester, sim nihil meus.

My sweetest loves, Jesus, Joseph, Mary, may I live, suffer and die for you: may I be quite yours, not at all mine.

A prayer to Jesus Crucified.

My beloved and good Jesus, bowing to thy most holy presence, I pray thee with the quickest fervour to imprint in my heart feelings of Faith, Hope, Charity, repentance of my sins, and an intention to offend thee no more; while I am considering with all love and compassion Thy five Wounds, beginning from what the holy Prophet David said of Thee, my Jesus: *Foderunt manus meas et pedes meos: dinumeraverunt omnia ossa mea. — They have dug my hands and feet: they have numbered all my bones* (Ps. XXI, 17-18) [1].

A prayer to gain the Plenary Indulgence.

To these Wounds, o Lord, I recommend the Church thy Spouse, its exaltation and

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[1] *Plenary Indulgence* for those who recite this prayer before any Crucifix, provided that, being truly penitent, having confessed their sins, and received Holy Communion, they pray according to the Pope's intention. (Pius IX, Decree 31st July 1859).

triumph, the Sovereign Pontiff who is it visible Chief, the extirpation of heresy an idolatry, peace among Catholic Prince: the conversion of sinners; all my relation: friends, enemies, all my temporal and sp ritual benefactors, all those who pray fo me, and recommend themselves to my pra yers, especially all the associates and bene factors of the Sanctuary of Pompei. Let ever thing be applied to souls in Purgatory.

One Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory *according to the Pope's intention.*

To the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei

after Communion.

O Mary, Immaculate Mother of Jesus and my sweetest Mother, Queen of the holy Rosary, thou who in our days hast vouchsafed to choose for thy abode the desolate Vale of Pompei, like a new Sion, whence thou irradiatest peoples with the light of thy graces and mercies; oh! turn thy merciful eyes towards me, and recognize me thy servant and son, who loves thee and cries to thee: Mother of mercy!

Graciously run in haste to my lamentations and clamours: thy immaculate steps shall open me the path of purity and peace.

Let thy sweetest voice resound in my ears, my sweet Lady, for thou hast only words of life.

Open thy hands full of graces, and help and forgive thy most unworthy servant who invokes thee: and always preserve him from the snares of his enemies.

Stretch forth as far as me the sweet chains of thy Chaplet, with which thou bindest the hardest hearts; and tie my rebellious heart to thee, so that it may no longer depart from thee.

O Rose of inviolate purity, by the odour of thy virginal ointments, draw me to the love of Paradise.

O dear Rose of the Lord, I long for thee through love and sorrow. Oh! soften me by thy weeping; grieve me by thy compassion; transpierce me by thy sorrows; strengthen me by thy grace.

O Mary, Mother of grace, pray for me.

Take me as thy servant. Grant me always to hope in thee; always to think of thee; always to call thee; always to serve thee; always to love thee. May I live, act, suffer and die for thee. And at the hour of my death deliver me from the devil, and lead me by hand to Jesus thy Son and my Judge.

Immaculate Heart of the Mother of God, an

unexhausted source of goodness, sweetness, love and mercy, receive my heart. Make it like thine: purify it by thy intercession: sanctify it by thy love; detach it from the love of creatures. And let that divine fire which inflames thy Heart, inflame mine also now and for ever. So be it.

Memorare to the Virgin of Pompei.

Remember, most pitiful Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei, that is was never heard any one of thy devout children to have been forsaken after invoking thy assistance or imploring thy help by the holy Rosary. Animated by this confidence, I come to thee, Mother of Mercy, powerful Queen of Victories. A bemoaning sinner, I bow to thy feet: I implore compassion, I ask thee for grace. Oh, despise not my petition, O Mother of the Word; but through thy most holy Rosary, through the predilection thou showest for thy Sanctuary of Pompei, graciously listen to me and hear me. So be it.

Say three times: Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

Then recite the Litanies of Loreto.

Say a prayer in suffrage of the soul of Advocate Bartolo Longo.

A Hail Mary *for all the Associates to the Sanctuary of Pompei throughout the world, and who recommend themselves to the prayers of the Confraternity.*

A Hail Mary *to Mary's Immaculate Heart for the conversion of sinners, with the following ejaculatory prayers:*

Sweet Heart of Mary, be thou my salvation [1]).

Refuge of sinners, pray for us.

Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee [2]).

Blessed be the holy, purest and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God [3]).

Before leaving church, ask for Jesus', Joseph's and Mary's benediction.

℣. Nos cum Sponso et Prole pia,

℟. Benedicat Virgo Maria — In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. *(May the Blessed Virgin with Jesus and Joseph bless us. Amen).*

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1) Indulgence of 300 days each time, and once a month, Plenary Indulgence. (Pius IX, Rescript of 30th September 1852).

2) Indulgence of 100 days, once a day (Pope Leo XIII, Rescript 15th March 1884).

3) Indulgence of 300 days. (Brief of Pope Leo XIII, 10th September 1878).

THE SECOND SATURDAY

The second Joyful Mystery — The Visitation of the B. V.
(LUKE, I, 39-56).

Meditation.

I. The grace of the Holy Ghost does not admit of a long delay: it requires a faithful correspondence, and exacts a ready resolution. And Mary, docile to the impulsions of the Holy Ghost, immediately corresponds to God.

As soon as she conceives in her womb the Redeemer of men, she is ready to satisfy His desire, of doing good to mankind, and destroying sin.

God wished to sanctify John the Forerunner chained with original sin, manifest his Son's glory and power since the first moments of his Incarnation, and fill the two happy Mothers with a new joy and new graces. And the gentle Maiden, quite full of God's love and of charity for her neighbour, notwithstanding the difficulties of the way, her youth, the delicacy of her sex, her pre-

sent condition of Mother of God's Son, soon leaves her solitary abode of Nazareth in Galilee, and undertakes the long and laborious journey as far as Hebron on the mountains of Judea.

My soul, how many good inspirations hast thou overwhelmed in thee, to which perhaps particular designs of God were attached for his glory, thy salvation, and the profit of thy neighbour!...

Look: Elizabeth in years is with child; she wants a confident to help and console her. And the amiable Virgin, whose love and beauty exceed those of the Seraphim, does not delay in resolving, she does not go slowly on her journey, but *with haste. The charity of her neighbour* is a strong impulse to her.

God's love, when it reigns in our hearts, is never idle, it always excites our soul to the good of our neighbour, regardless of our own troubles; for the love of God and the love of our neighbour is one same love, which turns now to the cause now to the effects, now to the Creator now to creatures.

This only virtue guides and animates Mary, not the love of distraction and pleasure, not the desire of seeing and being seen, that curiosity and ostentation, that are, not

to say more, the frequent motives of the visits we pay. Imitate, my soul, Mary's true and fervent charity: be thou put to confusion and acknowledge thou hast not God's true love.

My divine Mother of love, show me also that abundant charity of thine have pity on me, the most unhappy creature, who has so many times resisted God. Inflame me with thy holy love, bind me strongly with thy chain to love God above all things and my neighbour as myself.

II. Oh how many virtues in this Mary's journey! Oh!, her deep humility, that does not allow her to consider her great dignity, the infinite difference between the Son She bears and the son of Elizabeth! Alas! the Handmaid of the Lord does not know those reservations of high life, those whimsical laws the vanity of the world gets so exactly observed, and that self-love has imagined, introduced and exacts so severely.

Consider how Mary saluted Elizabeth. True charity prevents other people's wishes, without any temporal interest. Had not divine charity prevented us, and did it not prevent us every day, should we have known God? should we think of Him?...

The salutation of Mary, her voice made organ of the Word of God, is followed by the greatest miracle: Jesus, from his Mother's womb, sanctifies the soul of John, who leaps for joy in his mother's womb, and fills Elizabeth with the Holy Ghost. Because Christ manifested the power of his divinity first for other creatures, for his own Mother, and then for himself. Likewise the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar works the most wonderful effects on the truly faithful.

Learn, O my soul, that only by means of Mary thou canst obtain wath thou expectest from Heaven. The first grace communicated to men by the Word made flesh, he granted it from the womb and at the voice of Mary.

O Mother of graces, how powerful thy voice is! Make my heart hear it, or at least make thy Son hear it in my behalf! Holy Virgin, how can I worthily praise and celebrate thee? I will learn that from Elizabeth, and I will, with her, cry out with a loud voice as long as I live: *Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!*

How dares heresy blame the honors we pay to God's Mother, if the Holy Ghost inspired them, and they are inseparable from those we must pay to the Son?

III. Elizabeth continues: *And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?* Elizabeth recognizes the greatness of Mary's Son and calls him *her Lord*... Have we the same feelings for Jesus Christ when he visits us? Do his divine presence and his grace in the adorable Sacrament of his Body and Blood imprint in us the same transports of joy, faith and humility?

Then Elizabeth by divine light recognizes in Mary the Mother of God, and adds: *Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken of to thee by the Lord.* Every thing shall be accomplished in due time.

Then Mary, overfull of light and grace, gratitude and love, with a soul truly humble, faithful to her God's graces, penetrated with his mercier, sang that divine canticle of gratitude and love, of prophecy and perfect praise of God's attributes. She instructs us about the present and prophecies of herself what will happen with all generations: *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.* She re-

members the good that God did in the past: *He hath showed might in his arm; he hath scattered the proud, he hath put down the mighty from their seat.* She foretells the future, and the faith in the duration of the promises to the people of God world without end: *And his mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear him... As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.*

My soul, when the false brightness and the delusion of human greatness allure thee, recognize that God alone is great, and attribute every thing to his glory. When the blandishments of pleasures endeavour to fascinate thee, think that in God alone there is a steadfast certainly, pure and lasting pleasure. When the poison of praise, or the circumventions of self-love bewitch thee, reenter thy nothingness, and recall to thy heart, what Mary could not do, *the humiliating memory of thy sins.*

Mary, from this moment thou showedst thyself true *Mother of graces*, and from this moment I hope, by the virtue of this Mystery of thy Rosary, that thou wilt grant me the grace of loving Jesus Christ much, and of saving my soul; for thou art the universal Dispenser of graces, and therefore the Hope

of all and my Hope. I thank God for having made me understand that I must save myself principally through the merits of Jesus Christ and then through thy intercession. Pray for me, Mary, and recommend me to thy Son. Thy prayers have no refusal: they are the prayers of a Mother to a Son who loves Thee so much. Thou knowest my miseries and necessities better than I, neither do I know what graces I want most. I give myself up to thy hands, I trust to thee, and thou hast to save me. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Charity.*

REFLECTION. — *Practice charity towards your neighbour, by visiting the sick, the afflicted, the prisoners, and by helping some poor man.*

In recreations and visits speak of God.

Help particularly the souls in Purgatory, by applying for them your Rosaries, Communions, Masses, Indulgences, alms and mortifications.

For each Mass celebrated at any one of the seven altars of the Sanctuary of Pompei, a soul is delivered from Purgatory.

The so called heroic vow is very profitable for you and those souls, viz. to offer God the satisfactory part of all your

good works for ever for the faithful departed.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, blessed among women, visit and save my soul.*

Example.

Martha Petruni at the Charitable House of deaf and dumb girls of Lecce.

On this second Saturday, dedicated to the Rosary, we undertake to relate one of the numerous attestations of the immense piety of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompei towards the most unfortunate creatures, who can the least know her, as the deaf and dumb. It is a new ray of faith where darkness is the thickest, and where there is a greater difficulty for light to enter.

The fact happened on 24th March 1889, Vigil of the Annunciation, that is *the first festival* of the Rosary in the year.

Lecce was the place She chose for this new show of her mercies; and the effect was stupendous, because the coldest souls were shaken, and almost all those citizens were inflamed with the devotion to the Sanctuary of Pompei.

The learned and refined town of Lecce, among

the numerous charitable institutions it has, established a few years ago a quite new charitable Institute, entrusted to the well merited Little Salesian Sisters, under the title of *Charitable House for deaf and dumb girls.*

No one doubts how useful this humanitarian Work is, especially considering that such creatures, unhappy since the day of their birth, by means of the patient civil and religious education of their patient governesses, pass from a brutal to a christian-social condition.

The Little Salesian Sisters, scattered throughout Italy and abroad, have a particular devotion to the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei; nay those abiding at Lecce have dedicated their chapel to the *Virgin of Pompei,* and have exposed in it a fine Image to public veneration.

In 1885, among other unhappy dumb girls, one a native of Molfetta was sheltered in that Charitable House of Lecce. Her name was Martha Petruni: she was eight years old.

When two years of age, Martha fell one day suddenly, and through the shock her right knee was contused and painful.

The girl was also scrofulous, and her health was poor and sickly. This contributed much to make the lesion lethal, which was the effect of the fall.

When she had entered the Charitable House of Lecce, the articulation swelled, became painful and at last prevented her from walking. One day the physicians declared that one

of the most terrible kinds of scrofula had appeared on the right knee of the unhappy girl, viz. a *white tumor*.

The good Sisters of the Charitable House, careful of the recovery of the little deaf and dumb girl, entrusted her to the care ot the skilful physicians of Lecce, Messrs. Fazzi, Fiocca and de Pandis. They took the most diligent care of the little sick girl, and employed the chirurgical means they thought the most efficacious.

Poor Martha having been placed in an easy posture on a small bed, and lulled with chloroform, her right tumefied knee was furrowed several times with a red-hot iron, and the flesh crisped as far as the bone. The result of such an atrocious operation was very deplorable, because the poor dumb girl not only entirely lost the articulation, but the latter became larger and more painful. The voluminous tumor made the knee immovable and deformed.

It was a pity to see, in the gay movement of so many merry girls, who seem to be agitated by perpetual motion, Martha alone lying on her small bed, pale and afflicted, with her leg always stretched ont. Obliged to rise sometimes, she hardly succeeded, leaning upon her crutches.

Meanwhile the general condition of the sick girl got worse and worse: she grew leaner and leaner: a slow fever, the effect of absorption, wore out that miserable existence; phthisis was unavoidable.

The whole year 1888 passed thus, when the physicians Messrs. Fiocca and de Pandis advised, as an extreme remedy in order to attempt to preserve the sick girl's life, *the amputation of the leg*. But it was to be feared that the amputation might turn out deadly, on account of the scrofulous and cachectic state of the little patient.

The poor dumb girl did nothing but weep, when one of those Sisters, deaf and dumb also, whose modesty would not allow to name her, but we publish it to bear a clearer witness of the miracle, Sister Catherine of the most holy Rosary, a woman of great faith, and of great simplicity, persuaded her heartily to apply to the miraculous Virgin of Pompei.

Martha changed her tears into prayers: but except the calm of her spirit, she experienced no improvement in her body.

Her devotion to the Virgin of Pompei continued fervent; she ofthen recommended herself to her, and always wore the Chaplet wrapped round her arm.

The winter months of 1889 slowly passed.

On 22nd March the tortured girl, excessively tired of suffering, on seeing her companions go out walking, while she remained immovable, alone, in the company of her incurable diseases, burst into a torrent of tears. Then the Sister her friend, touched with lively compassion, told her by signs:

— *Recommend thyself to the Virgin of Pompei.*

And she answered in her mimic language and with her usual candour of deaf and dumb: — *I have been praying Our Lady of Pompei this long; time, but this Virgin is obstinate, she does not wish to grant me the grace, and I have no more strength to suffer. I shall be not only deaf and dumb, but one of my legs will be amputated!...*

In the mean time, the very zealous Director of the House, the Reverend Don Philip Smaldone of Naples, had made applications that the sick girl should be taken again to Molfetta, her native country, and placed in a Hospital to undergo the amputation. And the Mayor of that town had politely answered in the affirmative for the acceptance.

The 24th March 1889 arrived, the vigil of that great day when the redemption of man kind began by means of Virgin Mary's humble word. It was the vigil preparatory to the great solemnity of the *first joyful Mystery*, that inundated the soul of the Blessed among women.

It was nearly two in the afternoon. The unhappy dumb girl was sitting as usual with her leg stretched out, anchylosed, having near her the crutches, the only prop of her lank person. And in this position she sadly looked at her companions who were amusing themselves.

To see herself so unhappy in the middle of so much childish briskness, makes her deeply sorry.

The dumb Sister, her comforting angel, she

whose name is of the Rosary, was sitting near her.

The compassion felt by this Sister, animated with an extraordinary faith in the miracles of the Virgin of Pompei, prompts her an act which, out of that place and hour, and whithout a direct divine inspiration, would be judged an imprudence or fanaticism.

Sister Catherine looks with a pitiful eye at the sad girl, and prompted by a supernatural faith, that came from the Virgin to her, she takes the crutches and throws them in the air. Then in a language understood by both, she tells her:

— *Walk! The Virgin of Pompei will make thee walk.*

The other Sisters, who had seen in the air the only prop of the poor girl, considering it an act of imprudent faith, turn to the dumb Sister, pointing with their voice and signs, that the girl, being unable to stand, would have fallen with great danger.

But the other, firm, like an inspired person, seizes the little Martha by her arms, while the latter astonished stares at her face, places her standing, and energetically orders her with gestures:

— *Walk, Our Lady of Pompei has granted thee the grace!*

The sick girl, on the invocation of that Name, which God has made almighty, feels a new strength flowing into her whole body: she unties

her legs; stirs and makes a sure step. Martha had instantaneously recovered health!

In the transport of her joy, the girl goes swiftly up a long staircase, then comes down with the same swiftness. The enormous swelling of the articulation had disappeared! the pain disappeared, the rigidity disappeared! Her cadaverous face had become flourishing and smiling: she could be said to be born again.

Her companions are astonished, and look at her with terrified eyes: they then approach her, touch her, as if they did not believe their own eyes, they rejoice round her, and all in chorus sing a hymn of glory and blessing to the Virgin of Pompei.

. . . . . .

This fact, published in the Magazine **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei**, VI year, October 1889, is documented by the medical report of Doctor Oronzio Fiocca of Lecce, attesting the miracle, by a certificate of the Reverend Don Philip Smaldone, the Director of the Charitable House for deaf and dumb girls at Lecce, and signed by witnesses, among whom the Superior and other Nuns of the House, the Superior of Ivrea Daughters, and other Nuns of the Infant School near the Institute of deaf and dumb girls, and noble ladies of Lecce, visitors of the House.

To-day, whoever goes to visit the Institute of deaf and dumb at Lecce, and enquires after

Martha Petruni, cannot refrain from tears of emotion, seeing *the living miracle of the Virgin of Pompei.*

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the second Saturday.

I adore, my Jesus, the high and infinite designs of thy wisdom and mercy. As soon as thou camest into the world, thou wishedst to work the first miracle by means of Mary, thy Mother, in order early to show her to us our Savioress and dispenser of thy graces: be Thou blessed!

A single visit of Mary brought joy to Elizabeth, sanctified John in her womb, comforted the dumb Zacharias, whose tongue was then loosened to praise God. What great benefits am I then to hope for this morning on receiving the visit of the Son of God, of the very Author of all graces?

Ah! I understand that thou conferrest no grace but through Mary's hands: she is the Mother of men, the Advocate of sinners. Well, holy Virgin, do this morning thy duty of our Savioress. Hasten to visit the poor house of my soul, and bring thy Jesus into it, to abide, in possess and rule over it. Thy visit and His, I am sure, will not be

fruit less *The Mother of Graces; the Blessed among women*, cannot help being moved at the sight of so much misery and desolation. My soul is affected with many evils, disorderly affections, bad habits and sins committed: pestiferous evils, that are about to lead her to eternal death. Thou canst make it rich, O God's Treasurer, and heal Thou this morning with the immaculate Flesh and precious Blood of thy Son. I acknowledge my unworthiness, I am not worthy thou shouldst come to visit me; but say one word to thy blessed Son, and I shall be healed. O Mary, thou art blessed, because thou didst believe: lend me then thy faith, purity, humility, charity.

O Elizabeth, that wast filled with the Holy Ghost, make me a partaker of thy joy and humility.

O John the Baptist, sanctified at the sound of Mary's voice, cover me with thy holiness, that I may less unworthily receive Jesus' and Mary's visit into my heart.

O St. Joseph, the spouse and companion of Mary in this journey, accompany me with thy purest affections, now when I am about to receive thy Jesus from the hands of thy purest Mary.

And you, Angels of the Lord, who ac-

companied your Queen on the mountains of Ebron, and were witnesses of the first miracle that Jesus wrought for Her, do you accompany and sustain me in this moment when, out of an infinite condescension, a God visits his creature and makes it by grace like Himself!...

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Who will give me the words of gratitude and acknowledgement, my good Jesus, for such a notable benefit as thou hast just conferred on me? And how hast thou lowered thyself so much as to come and visit this my miserable soul? Oh! I wish I had the affections, gratitude, faith, piety, humility of Elizabeth and Zacharias, worthily to praise thee, my God! But since Thou art in me, I thank thee and praise thee with them: *And How is this that my Lord and God should come to me?... Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath visited and wrought the redemption of his people!*

Ah, yes, my Jesus, I worship, adore, thank and love thee. I bless thee with all the blessings that give thee all the Angels and Saints in Heaven, and the just en earth, with all the blessings that all possible creatures, if they were created, if they were safe and holy, would give thee. I love thee with all my soul. I mean to love thee every moment of my life. I will requite thee with so many blessings and with so much love, as have not all devils, all the damned and wicked men on earth, who blaspheme, outrage and deny thee, my God, my Creator, my Saviour, my Redeemer. I love thee finally with thy very Heart, with the love Thou hast to the most Holy Trinity, to thy Virgin Mother Mary, with the love Thou hast for myself, out of which Thou wast made man, diedst on the Cross and left us thyself in this Sacrament.

And thou, Mother of graces, my dearest Mother, vouchsafe to visit me: I do not mean sensibly, as thou hast done to so many of thy devout servants, but by thy grace, by thy love, by thy protection, by thy Jesus, that my Jesus may never be taken away from me, and I may offend him no more. Let me hear in my heart thy sweet voice of Mother and Queen of graces, that, inebriated by so

much sweetness, I may dislike all sensual and earthly pleasures, and only enjoy thy service and love. Above all, visit me at the hour of my death. Defend me then from my enemies, and do thou lead me to thy Jesus, that I may, together with him, praise, love, and bless thee for ever: while I shall not cease repeating to-day the Canticle of thy prophecies: *My soul doth magnify the Lord.* Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE THIRD SATURDAY

The third Joyful Mystery — The Nativity of Our Lord.

(LUKE. II, 1 - 14).

Meditation.

1. The hour being arrived, when the Word made flesh was to be born of the Virgin Mary and appear in the world, the movement of his joy was so great, that the Prophet compares it to the effort a giant makes for some great undertaking: *He rejoiced*, says he, *as a giant to run his way*. Here is the tale of the event by St. Luke the Evangelist:

At that time there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. Mary and Joseph then obey to earthly powers also.

The way was long and rough, and in the rigour of winter. Tired with their journey, the gentle Handmaid and her Spouse the carpenter enter the small Bethlehem. How great was their patience? how perfect was their resignation in the refusals they had to suffer in the city of David? Not one house, not one inn to shelter them that night. They go farther into town, they go through all the streets; all lodgings are full of foreigners. They come back, pray, solicit: all in vain. Relations, friends, acquaintances, all are deaf to their voices: they receive only refusals, contempt, insults. O holy poverty! art thou so rare a virtue as not to find any one that receives thee in this miserable world? to such a point as to have even God's Mother, who had adorned herself with it, repudiated? Ah! poverty is opprobrious and despicable in the eyes of men, but therefore exceedingly dearer in the eyes of God.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. Mary sees herself near this term, not by sorrows supervened, like other women, but by the increase of her love and of the desire she had to contemplate with her own eyes and carry in her arms the only Son of God and hers.

Nevertheless in what condition she is! In what tribulation Joseph is! The cold, night, darkness, the crowd of strangers, the uproar augment their pain, embarrassment, fatigue. Yet not one word, not one feeling of complaint and lamentation escapes from their mouth. Instructed better than other men of the secrets of God's conduct, they know well that those, whom He employs for his greatest enterprises, must be willing to meet the hardest trials.

II. Admire, my soul, their poverty. Excluded from every house on account of the numerous guests, hence, thence, in steep streets, through rough haunts they go into the country, and a stable offers itself as the only refuge to the greatest personages on earth. Hither God leads the two holiest and dearest persons of his creation, Mary and Joseph. They recognize the hand that guides them, and adore it with love and resignation; and to reward them for their faithfulness, the Lord is going to bestow on them the most signal favours, and give them the consolation of being the first to see *the Word of God made flesh.*

In a corner of this refuge well suitable to the birth of an Infant destined to die one

day on a Cross, on 25th December ot the year of Rome 753, a Saturday about midnight, Mary enters into a deep contemplation, and without offence of her inviolable virginity, always remaining as she had been, Virgin and Immaculate, becomes truly a Mother, bringing forth her Son, Chief, Heir and First-born, according to flesh, of David's house.

The *Word made flesh*, by his own divine power, like a sun's ray entering through the window without breaking the glass, enters the world by means of the Virgin Mary in a small but infinitely beautiful body. Who can by words express the feelings of Mary's and Joseph's heart at that hour? The Angels recognize and adore the born Infant like their Lord, and, having called the shepherds, sing: *Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.*

Look, my soul, at the Queen of Heaven and earth. She wraps up the Creator of every thing in very poor clothes, and lays him in the manger of the stable, that serves as a cradle. She calls her virgin Spouse, and with him pays him the first and purest honors that earth ever paid him! Let us rejoice with this divine Mother and St. Joseph; let us join our praise with theirs. Let us endeavour, above all, to imitate their poverty, resigna-

tion, patience, submission and their faithfulness to the designs of divine Providence.

O holy divine Providence, how admirable thou art in thy dispositions, although they seem the effect of chance to thə foolish world! The Roman emperor by his edict accomplishes the designs of his politics and vanity, and he is the cause that Mary goes to Bethlehem, and here Jesus was born to fulfil the prophecy, which appoints there the place of his birth. Jesus is in advance written on the registers of the Empire, that it may be manifest to the nations of earth which were the place and time of his birth; and that He is the Son of Abraham and the heir of David. Jesus is brought forth in a stable, laid in a manger, to be the founder of an eternal Empire which must submit all the Empires and monarchs of the earth to the laws of humility and detachment from riches. All appears the effect of chance in the eyes of man, because the sensual man does not arise from visible to invisible things, and in consequence he is ignorant of the last reason of things, and cannot look at God as the prudent governor of the world.

Ah! my Lord, I recognize and worship thy adorable Providence! Men are blind in their judgments. As for me, in any condition

whatever of privation, humiliation, contradiction I may find myself, I will always recognize that these come to me from thy unspeakable Providence, which disposes every thing for my salvation and thy glory.

III. Who is then this Jesus born in a manger? He is our God, *but a truly hidden God,* as Isaias calls him: equal to his Father according to divinity, and like me according to humanity, except sin. O charming Infant, faith reveals thee to my heart as my Saviour and pattern! Thou early teachest me obedience, humility, mortification, detaching, holy poverty, real contempt of all that the world esteems, and true esteem of all that the world despises.

Oh, how eloquent the voices of this stable and manger are! O great God! The Everlasting is become an Infant one day old! The Word Creator, who *spoke and they were made,* is a wordless creature! The Almighty is a weak infant! See, my soul, how that tender little body is offended by the hardness of the manger; his delicate limbs already suffer the rigor of cold; his amiable eyes shed tears, not to weep his evils, but to wash away our sins! And dost thou esteem temporal comforts so much, and dost thou

look for them with so much anxiety? Jesus Christ treated his body so roughly, though pure and innocent, and perfectly submitted to divine will, and dost thou seek so much delicacy in thine, that is a body of sin and the capital enemy of thy happiness? Ah! he wished his body, though holy and delicate, to be laid on the ground, on a little straw, because he knew how dangerous the love of our flesh, and the false peace we have with its wicked desires, are for our salvation. They make us lose all the fruit of the pains that our Saviour suffered for us, and of the merits he acquired for us. *Alas!* moaned St. Bernard, *we shall be quite free from self-love only in Heaven.* And if self-love without the weakness of the body precipitated so great a number of Angels into hell, what will it do in creatures fashioned with mud, who abandon themselves to their disorderly appetites?

I worship thee, o Word made flesh! I adore thee, Son of the living God! I adore thee, true God, clothed with my flesh, and willingly subject to my miseries. Come into my soul by thy grace, and be thou my true Saviour. How those thy first tears transpierce me, that thou sheddest at the sight of all the sins of the world! I have formerly

sacrificed to wordly and bodily cares the greater part of my life; what I have left of it is not too much to merit Heaven. May I at least now, my God, begin to serve thee! I repent from with all my heart of my sins, and sincerely wish to weep tol them with thee. But it is your duty, almighty tears that open Heaven, it is your duty to open my eyes in order to heal the blindness of my soul. Wash away sweet tears, all the spots of my heart. O tears, which penetrate the Eternal Father's heart, penetrate mine also, and kindle it with God's love, and hatred of profane love.

Mary, Joseph, I am unworthy to be heard; but I hope to obtain all by your intercession.

PRACTICE. — *Poverty.*

REFLECTION. — *Love poverty, frugality in your meals, being satisfied with common food; love simplicity in clothing, leaving off pomp and vanity. Suffer with patience the lack of even very necessary things, and accustom yourselves not to covet riches, nor regret much their loss.*

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, true Mother of God, remember thou art my Mother also.*

Example.

Flavia Ciléa, a Sister of Charity, sick since twelve years, after accomplishing the Fifteen Saturdays, gets well again on entering the Sanctuary of Pompei.

From the Orphanotrophy of San Nicola la Strada, near Caserta, directed by the well merited Sisters of Charity, we received the following report written by Sister Flavia Ciléa, accompanien with attestations, that we published in **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei**, November 1889. We ourselves are witnesses of the extraordinary event.

It was September 1887, when Sister Flavia, a Sister of Charity, living in the Orphanotrophy of St. Nicola la Strada, near Caserta, of a sickly constitution, being debilitated by fatigue and hardships, was attacked by very grievous pains in the backbone.

The illustrious Doctor Luigi Menditto, the treating physician of the Charitable Institution, seeing her in that condition, revealed to the Superior of the College and to the Provincial Superior a sad future:

— *I am sorry to tell you that Sister Flavia has a sore backbone, a terrible disease that will not only paralyze her legs, but will lead her to the grave.*

The Superiors, grieved and frightened by this worst prognosis, did every thing charity might suggest them. But all their affectionate cares

were useless, the remedies of art in vain, because Sister Flavia, getting worse and worse from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, was reduced to a miserable condition. She was visited by the famous Doctor Tommasi, who declared she was attacked by an *inflammation of the spinal marrow with pladed sclerosis*, an incurable disease of the worst character, that would cause her unspeakable sufferings.

In fact the poor patient became in short the victim of unheard of sufferings. She had a very acute neuralgia in the head, breast, shoulders, over and above continual attacks at the heart, that was made very weak by the spinal disease. She was also affected with gastrointestinal catarrh, and consequently with continual spasms in the abdomen. She was also troubled with the incubus of terrible fits, of daily paroxysms: so that the physician was obliged to make use of hypo dermic ether and quinine injections, in order to relieve her from the state of collapse.

To calm the atrocious spasms, she had to submit herself to several morphine injections every day; so that depressed by her continual pains, dejected by the use of injected narcotics and the absolute lack of food out of inappetence and difficult digestion, she was reduced to such a state of dejection, as to be unable to speak, or to form a thought or an opinion.

Add to all these pains that her legs were

paralyzed so that she could neither stand nor go one step.

That whole family, and many Sisters of the charitable Institution fervently prayed the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, their Founder St. Vincent de Paul, St. Philumena; but the Lord did not vouchsafe to hear the vows of so many elect souls. Nay one day, in consequence of a deadly attack of the heart, she was considered as at the point of death, and the last Sacraments were administered to her.

The recent work of the foundation of the Sanctuary dedicated to the Most Holy Virgin of the Rosary at Valle di Pompei was not at all known in that country; the miraculous recoveries wrought by Our common powerful Mother were unknown there; and therefore not the least devotion was had to the miraculous title of *Our Lady of Pompei*. One day another good and simple Sister that was there, Sister Maria Vincenza Palmieri, related to the other nuns that she had dreamt the *Most Holy Virgin of the Rosary*, who, having entered the room where Sister Flavia was, and approached her bed, addressed the sick person and said:

— *Pray and hope in me, thou shalt recover.*

On hearing this, Sister Flavia who felt herself near death, answered Sister Palmieri:

— *Dear Sisters, you mistake: the Virgin will take me with her.... I shall end, and soon....*

A short time afterwards, certainly by a pro-

vidential disposition, a number of the Magazine Il **Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** arrived there. It was offered to the patient, who began to read it with pleasure. It was the number relating the wonderful miracle obtained by Miss Fortunatina Agrelli of Naples on 8th May 1884. Her first impression was that of great astonishment. Then, animated by a certain hope, she began to pray as fervently as possible. And she recited the *first*, the *second*, the *third Novena*, with the whole Rosary, according to what the Virgin had pointed out to Miss Agrelli.

The confessor of the Community, the Reverend Canon Raphael Michitto, exhorted her to persevere in the prayer to Our Lady of Pompei, and to hope in her.

The Lord, however, to ends known to him alone, did not wish to hear her: on the contrary she got *so much* worse that in the month of April 1887 she was taken by a deadly meningitis, by fulgurating pains in the legs with strong contractions, by paralysis threatening an imminent catastrophe.

Given over by the physician, the last Sacraments were again administered to her, and this time Extreme Unction also.

However faith, like a sparkle, was quick in the soul of Sister Flavia, that through *Our Lady of Pompei* she would get well again.

In fact, after receiving Extreme Unction, her strength being a little increased, she undertook as well as possible, with great fervor,

the devotion so agreeable to the heart of Our Lady of Pompei, the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary*, while she was continuing without interruption the *Novenas* to the same Virgin. And the effect corresponded to her hopes. The Fifteen Saturdays being finished, her improvement was seen.

But the Queen who has dressed her tents of peace and mercy at Pompei, did not fully grant the grace at the end of the favourite exercise; she wished to reward the *faith and constancy* of that good Sister here, in the place of her election, in the Sanctuary of her mercies.

Sister Flavia then seeing she, could quit her bed, though unable to walk, solicited the Reverend Mother Superior to send her to visit the Blessed Virgin at her Temple of Pompei. But the Superior and the Physician did not permit that for fear of the long journey. On the contrary they thought it suitabile to send her to. Portici, where the boarders went to take baths.

While she was at Portici, one day the Superior told her all of a sudden:

— *Sister Flavia, you may go to Pompei.*

Two Sisters took her down on a chair, laid her in a carriage, and lead her to the longed for Sanctuary.

Throbbing with joy and hoping more and more to obtain the grace so ardently desired, during her journey she had incessantly prayed the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary.

On arriving at the wished for and happy place, she alighted from the carriage, and supported by the two Sisters who accompanied her, she entered the church. Oh wonder! She entered the Holy Arch, where God placed like a probatical fountain. She walked the whole length of the temple without feeling any pain or fatigue whatever. She knelt adored in tears Our Blessed Mother, received Holy Communion. Then the obstinate and long disease, which had horribly afflicted her during *twelve years*, came to an end; and she began immediately to render thanks to the Queen of Pompei.

On her return to Portici, she went herself up a long staircase, the Sisters and Boarders who wept for joy, wondering singing out Mary's power and goodness.

After two months she returned to San Nicola la Strada, the place of her abode, and how agreeably surprised where the Superior, the Sisters, the Provincial Mother, the whole Institute and so many persons, who saw her walking after a space of about 12 years!...

The Bishop of Caserta, Monseigneur Henry of the Marquises de Rossi, was not less astonished at the miraculous recovery, and signed the attestation written by Sister Flavia with her own hand.

Everyone who now sees Sister Flavia Cilèa walking, teaching, and hears her singing with a resounding voice, and sees her full of life and ability that she had not before she fell

ill, cannot help wondering and recognizing the miracle.

She publicly acknowledges that she is indebted for such a grace and favour to our powerful *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei.*

We preserve the Attestation of the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, Sister Angelica Cerri, of the Confessor of the Institute, the Reverend Canon Raphael Michitto, the Attestation of the Bishop of Caserta, Monseigneur Henry of the Marquises de Rossi, and the Attestation of the treating physician, Doctor Luigi Menditto, which is of the following tenor:

« I underwritten attest that I assisted *for the space of twelve years*, confined to her bed, the Sister of Charity Mrs. Flavia Cilèa, in the College of San Nicola la Strada, province of Caserta, affected by *an inflammation of the spinal marrow with plated sclerosis*, this disease being also ascertained by the illustrious Prof. Salvatore Tommasi, as well as by Doctor Gaetano Paolucci, whose prognosis was very ominous, viz. *condemned to end.* All that science presents in this dreadful destructive morbose process, all was tried, experienced and exhausted, but all in vain. To the wonder of everyone, *without any more medicines, she has miraculously recovered!* She fulfils her duties, attends to her occupations of a teacher; and also travels when commanded. She *has recovered not by the work of science.*

« In witness whereof I have signed the pre-

sent certificate on demand of the Sisters of the same College.

« Caserta, 15th August 1889.

« Doctor Luigi Menditto ».

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the third Saturday.

Come into me, my Saviour, vouchsafe to be born in my heart: I expect from thee the grace of being poor in spirit, and humble of heart, like a stranger on earth; mortified and obedient, as Thou art in thy manger. Thou hast made thyself a child, divine Jesus, that I may become a perfect man; Thou hast permitted thyself to be wrapped up in swaddling clothes that all ties of sin may be undone in me. Thou hast wished to lie in a stable in order to admit me to this thy Altar in time, and to thy glory for all eternity. Thou hast descended on earth to lift me up as far as Heaven; and the refusal Thou hast suffered when a room was refused Thee in the inn, secures me an abode in thy Paradise. I see well, O Lord: love attracts Thee, and love is what Thou requirest of me. Thou comest in this mo-

ment into us all flaming with this divine fire, that we may burn with no other fine. Thou spreadest it everywhere, even to those who damn themselves, and they damn themselves only because they shut their hearts to these flames, that thy Heart throws. I open my heart to Thee, O Lord, I abandon the whole of it to thy love, and my most ardent wish is that it may be consumed thereby. Why have I not an infinite love to love thee infinitely? But Thou canst give it me, heavenly Child, and on this purpose will I receive Thee this morning. Come, my salvation; come, my glory, come. Thou who art the desire of the everlasting hills and the happines of thy creature, come into my heart, as dry as a desert land, void of all good things, and full of all evils.

O Mary, didst Thou not find an inn for thy son? Behold, I offer it thee in this heart of mine. It is cold, it is hideous, it is true: but art Thou not the Mother of God? The Almighty by grace? the Dispenser of all gifts? Do thou change my heart and make it like thine. I will to-day receive thy Son from thy hands and from the hands of St. Joseph, as you together gave it to the devout shepherds and to the holy wise men.

O holy shepherds, who invited by an An-

gel went to the Grotto, what noble examples you give me! You all walk together *towards the stable* with *haste*. You neither wait for day, you set out by night, run with confidence and forsake your flock without trouble to the guard of him who calls you... Oh, how far I am from your fervor!

My soul, walk also with haste, and without stopping, into the way that the Angel of the Lord, namely your spiritual Director, shows thee. It thou wilt reach the perfection to which God calls thee, thou oughtest to aim at it with fervor and haste.

Holy wise men, lend me your Faith. And you, heavenly army, who sang hymns to the born Messiah on that happy night, help me in this solemn moment and pray for me.

And thou, Mary, have pity on my misery. And through the infinite graces thou receivedst during the nine months when Jesus abode in thy womb, obtain for me an ardent heart to wish for him, a pure heart to receive him, a constant heart to lose him no more.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Here thou art, my heavenly Child, shut up in my heart, a much worse and more stinking abode than the stable where Thou hast born. Ha, who pushed thee to this most tender act of love and deepest humiliation? I kneel at thy feet and worship thee with the same acts of adoration that Mary and Joseph made thee as soon as Thou wast born. I believe and confess thee for my God, though under the shape of a child wrapped up in torn clothes. Increase my faith. *Domine, adauge nobis fidem.*

In spirit and with heart I join these pious shepherds and the Angels of Heaven, with whom I adore, glorify, praise and thank thee. What shall I render thee, who hast given all thyself to me? I should wish, like the wise men, to make thee presents. But what can I give thee, I who am so poor, so weak, so impure in thy eyes, spotted with a thousand faults and ingratitudes? Alas, O Lord, I am poor! but art Thou not so rich and powerful as to make me in an instant rich with thy grace?

I offer thee then what I have. I give thee my heart; make it pure humble and poor like thine. I give thee my will and all the faculties of my soul; all my body and senses, that I may live only for thee, desire thee alone, love only thee.

Forget the sins I have committed, and look down on the desires that Thou thyself inspirest. I wish to pray thee, to love thee and to wipe the tears Thou sheddest for me; but there is in me something which makes thee weep, and which my blindness hinders me from knowing. Thou, O Lord, who seest the bottom of my soul, heal in it the evils that afflict me, and grant me the good things that thou desirest in me, O my Jesus, my Father, my Spouse, my only Good. I now understand that it is better to go into a house of tears than into a house of joy, because, the tears of this life produce the happiness of the next. I will therefore rather enter the stable where Thou weepest, than the palaces where the great of the world rejoice. The purest joy on earth is tasted by weeping with Thee. Embrace me then, that we may weep together, Thou for my love, and I for thy love. How much sweetness Thou communicatest to those who weep with thee!

Keep then far from me the pleasures of the world and of this my body, that my spirit may not be oppressed by the weight of the flesh, but it may possess thee for ever.

By your means, my dear Father St. Joseph, my tender Mother Mary, I intend making these presents to your child Jesus, that may be agreeable to him; and do requite me with your love and Jesus' love. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE FOURTH SATURDAY

The fourth Joyful Mistery

Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.

(LUKE, II. 22-35).

Meditation.

I. The love of sacrifice marks the first act of the life of our Redeemer, and consequently the whole life of his Blessed Mother. Forty days have scarcely elapsed from his birth, and the Son and His Mother have accomplished two great sacrifices.

Jesus after eight days offers his Father his first Blood on the day of Circumcision; and Mary, after the forty days prescribed by the Law, offers her first-begotten Son to God.

On the day of Circumcision, the name of the Child was called *Jesus*, that is *Saviour*, which was called by the angel before he was conceived. What a humiliating ceremony! Jesus, the Holy of Holies is confounded with sinners! and he receives on himself the mark of the faith that Abraham had in him, as a manifestation of his true humanity and an

example of obedience and humility, very contrary to our pride. My soul, He has thus compelled thee to spiritual circumcision, viz to the cutting of all the had and deliberated thoughts of thy spirit, of all the disorderly and voluntary affections of thy heart, of that greediness of always speaking about thyself and censuring thy neighbour.

O Jesus, Thou sheddest thy Blood to save me, and I will not suffer anything for my salvation? Thou hastenest so much to shed it, and shall I still delay to give thee my heart? O Joseph! O Mary! You alone on earth know the price of this divine Blood What a wound il was to your Heart when you saw it dropping!

O Jesus, strong and powerful name, the only whereby men can be saved, at the invocation of which God grants every grace; name that opened Heaven, shut Hell, chained the demon, threw down idols and destroyed idolatry; *pure and holy* name come from Heaven through an Angel, and given by Mary and Joseph, virgin Spouses; O *amiable and sweet* name, sweeten my pains, strengthen me in my misfortunes and comfort me at the hour of my death by the hope of Paradise. May the sweetest name of *Jesus* be always in my heart and on my lips!

II. *And the time of Mary's purification being come, according to the law of Moses, they carried Jesus to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord, as it is written in the law: Every first-born male shall be consecrated to the Lord.* Observe, my soul, Mary's obedience. She is the Mother of God, and always a virgin and she is not subject to this humiliating law, because different from other mothers in every thing. But in this Mystery she generously accomplishes three great sacrifices.

First, *the sacrifice of her honor.* She sacrifices in men's eyes her virginity, of which she had been so jealous in the eyes of Angels, and before God, so that she was ready to give up the honor of being God's Mother, rather than cease being a virgin. She is holy in God's eyes, she is all purity: that is enough for her; human judgments do not trouble her. Oh, how different we are! Hateful in God's eyes, we wish to appear pure in men's eyes. Worthy of hell, we desire that everyone may honor and distinguish us. Woe to him who dares do us an injury.... we would at once revenge it; and the frequent duels that happen for trifling motives, or, as the world says, for an affair of honor, clearly show us how

great was Mary's sacrifice in giving up this idol of the world, *honor*.

Second sacrifice, *to show herself poor*. According to the law, the mother was obliged to offer a lamb and a turtle; the poor women presented two turtle doves or two young pigeons. Mary, the Queen of Heaven and earth, the Creator's Mother, is not ashamed to appear poor in the eyes of the world and in the Lord's house. Ah! She knew that the poor are the outcast of society, and that all men and women endeavour by their clothes to appear rich, even when they are not so! Even in the house of the Lord the rich have the best place! Alas, just in this holy place we often show our vanity with greater ostentation, with greater finery! The aversion to appear poor in the world is so great, that we even neglect the divine Sacrifice of the Mass, and the other obligatory public religious services, only because we have not suitable clothes! What a rigorous account we shall give of the scandals we lay by our pompous clothes, that are an insult to the misery of the hungry poor?

Consider then, my soul, the importance of this sacrifice accomplished by Mary against the other idol of the world which is *riches*.

Third sacrifice, the greatest, unspeakable and priceless, was to offer *her only-begotten Son to death* for us sinners. Who can thoroughly understand the value of so high a sacrifice? Mary and Joseph support this Child in their arms to satisfy their love and share their happiness: they together carry him into the second court of the Temple to offer him to the Lord. — Here is, O Father, must then Mary say, here is your Son and mine; I offer him to you in thanksgiving because you have given him to me und to men; I offer him to you to appease your justice and make you merciful to mankind....

Oh, how many graces the divine Mother merited us through Jesus Christ in this supreme offering! What a spectacle this oblation was for Heaven! Then God received in his Temple an offering worthy of Him and equal to Himself!

By the price of *five silver sicles* Jesus Christ is redeemed, He who was to redeem us from hell by the price of all his Blood, that was to be shed from the five Wounds of his innocent Body!... My soul, present thyself spiritually before the heavenly Father in union with Mary, offer with her and with Jesus all the thoughts of thy mind

and all the affections of thy heart to thy most high Creator.

III. The just Simeon looked at that heavenly spectacle, and believed the revelation of the Holy Ghost. He sees the Child, recognizes him for the true God, and adores him inwardly. Then he takes him into his arms, presses him to his bosom, and shows the transports of his joy and gratitude by glorifying God. Alas! why have I not this Simeon's quick faith, I who shall this morning have the happiness to embrace the same Jesus more closely, and to posses him more absolutely in Holy Communion?

Consider, my soul, how Simeon blesses Mary, and prophecies her her sorrows and the death of Jesus: *And thy own soul a sword shall pierce.* Mary must see her Son's Heart transfixed with a spear, and her sword of sorrow... O great God! Was it not sufficient for Mary to be destined for this cruel martyrdom without having it announced to her thirty-three years before?

Nourish, holy Virgin, this dear Son, carefully; thy anguish shall grow with him; thy martyrdom shall last as long as his life; nay it will increase every day, in proportion as this tender Lamb approaches the time

of his sacrifice. He is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. Ah, if my life could be passed with thine in retirement, in sorrow, in tears, in the remembrance of my Saviour's suffering! From this day thou deservest the title of *Queen of Martyrs,* because thou overcamest them all by thy sacrifice. They offered their life, but thou offeredst the life of thy Only-begotten Son, that thou lovedst and esteemedst by far more than thy own life. The sacrifice was momentary for them; for thee it lasted as long as thy life, because thou offeredst him to the Everlasting Father every moment, remembering the future sufferings of thy Son.

The Virgin revealed to St. Bridget, that this sorrow foretold by Simeon, never left her heart till her death. From this day, says St. Bernard, She *began to die while living,* by wearing fixed on her heart a sorrow more cruel than death. Nevertheless She accepted that sorrowful announcement with heroic strength and resignation to the will of God. She became from this day, says St. Augustine, *the Restorer of mankind;* and according to St. Ambrose, *the Mother of all faithful;* and as St. Epiphane calls her, *the*

Redeemer of slaves: for her will and her Sons's was one: to save us.

O Queen of Martyrs, ocean of sorrows, do not forsake me when my strength and virtue are failing under the burden of suffering. Obtain for me from God the strength and virtue of suffering with that peace, resignation and love, that his adorable and deserves, the troubles and pains that hè destines for me. Oh! let not the Wounds and Blood of thy dearly beloved Son be useless to my soul. My most pure Mother, save me and obtain Paradise for me. Give me strength, that I may truly begin to-day to offer God an acceptable sacrifice of all my words, thoughts, desires, pleasures, actions and passions. May the example of thy dolours comfort me in the pains of life; and may the example of thy unmeasurable sacrifice animate me to the sacrifice of my predominant passion.

O great Saint, foster Father of Jesus and my Father, St. Joseph, thy heart also was pierced from this day till the end of thy life: be my particular guide in the ways of God, my protector during my life, my support at the hour of my death. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Sacrifice.*

REFLECTION. — *Make to God the sacrifice that may be the most acceptable to him, by mortifying your predominant passion. Therefore, for the sake of this heroic sacrifice of Mary's, let everyone mortify himself in those things that are for him an occasion of more frequent falls and defects. Or let him endeavour to do what is more repugnant to his self-love, to his own satisfactions and to the rest of his body.*

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, fountain of sweetness, help me in the anguish of my agony.*

Examples.

I.

At Capri. — A grace obtained through the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays.

The following report of grace, confirmed by a certificate of the Physician, was published in the magazine « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** », September 1887, page 556.

Mrs. Cherubina Licorio of Capri, in July 1886, after various sufferings, perceived she had a tumour in her abdomen. The physicians, Messrs. Masotina, Rispoli and Fischetti, declared that the tumour was *a schirrus*, and a serious and

terrible chirurgical operation was necessary to avert an unavoidable death. The poor lady, on hearing this sentence, fell into the most pitiful consternation; and she and her sister, who tenderly loved her, did nothing but pray from morning till evening.

In the meantime Mrs. Annunziata Fischetti, having known the miserable case of her friend Licorio, hastened to take her the book of the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary*, printed at Valle di Pompei and forwarded from the same Sanctuary; and she promised her a sure recovery, if she practiced this devotion with full faith and fervor.

Mrs. Licorio reanimated and comforted in faith at the reading of that book, immediately began the pious exercise, which would have ended in the month of November. She prayed with faith and expected. Wishing however to try all human means, and the faculty that God, the Author of science, gave to human science, and esteeming herself unworthy to have a miracle; she set out for Florence, where a medical Specialist for such diseases lived, to undergo the operation. But she wished that this should be done on a Saturday, in order that the Virgin of Pompei might sustain her in the difficult operation and obtain her a prosperous issue.

But the most merciful Queen of Pompei, whose generosity always surpasses that of her children, and who liberally rewards those who

honor her by the holy exercise of the *Fifteen Saturdays* of her Rosary, wished to signalize that day by a stupendous miracle.

It was the morning of 22nd November 1886, and Mrs. Cherubina Licorio accomplished the last of the *Fifteen Saturdays* at Florence; and on the same morning she went to the doctor's, to undergo the operation. Oh, the wonderful grace! The schirrus had quite disappeared.

Mrs. Licorio wished this grace to be published for the greater glory and honor of the Blessed Virgin of Pompei.

Here follows Doctor Fischetti's certificate, declaring the nature of the disease and the recovery obtained without the proposed operation.

II.

A grace at Grottaglie (Lecce).

«I had been suffering from a very obstinate hœmorrhage seven years. All the remedies of medical science were in vain tried by me; so that I had lost all hope of recovering. I was reduced to a most miserable condition, I had lost all strength, and I wished for death, that I often demanded as a grace.

«My disease and consternation were uttermost, when my confessor ordered me to have recourse to Our Lady of Pompei; and in order better to animate me to faith, he gave me to read the Periodical « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** ».

I began the *Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary* and then the three Novenas. But, to speak the truth, I at first fulfilled these devotions more through obedience than through conviction, because, having made a great many vows and prayers to several Saints, and all in vain, I thought that neither this time would God vouchsafe to grant me the grace on account of his most high views. But since I read Miss Fortunatina Agrelli's miraculous recovery, my eyes shed tears, and my heart opened to hope. Since then I prayed with a lively faith, and after the first Novena I recited the second, third, fourth, till the *seventh*, always full of confidence.

« Wonderful thing! When I had finished the seventh Novena, my hœmorrhage ceased; I recovered my appetite, so that I could eat food which I had been unable to support during seven years, and my strength came again with my appetite. Now while writing I am weeping tears of joy, because I see myself quite healthy.

« May my good Mother of Pompei be blessed for ever!

« Grottaglie, 24th September 1885.

« GIOVANNINA QUARANTA ».

The following persons bear witness of this fact: Right Reverend Anthony Pignatelli, Apostolic Missionary, Michael Quaranta, Anne Mary Loparco, Francis Quaranta, Vincenzina Quaranta, Palma Loparco. (See: **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei**, III. year, page 490).

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the fourth Saturday.

O Mother of health and of divine light, through the love with which thou offeredst thy Son to the Everlasting Father for all men, offer me also to this God of love in his Sacrament, that, during my exile, he may not keep me away either from his will or from his love. Thou deliveredst the Infant Jesus in Simeon's arms, and Thou thyself wilt deliver him to my heart this morning.

Deign, divine Mother, to show thy grace to my eyes; vouchsafe to kindle thy love and a complete spirit of sacrifice in my heart. Give me this morning thy dear Jesus as thou gavest him to Simeon: do not disdain to let him come into the arms of this wretched sinner. His coming shall dissipate my darkness, destroy my unruled affections and sanctify my soul. Most pure Mother, purify me. Destroy in my heart whatever does not please thee; so that my soul sacrificed in its self-love and consummated in virtue, may become an offering quite agreeable to thy Son.

O God, whom I have offended so much, accept this holy Sacrifice, as thou didst accept the first drops of the Blood of my Jesus,

and receive it as an expiation for my sins. Alas! one drop would be enough to sanctify me; and I receive the whole of it by Communion, and am I not yet consummated by thy love? My Jesus, come and do not defer thy coming; for all the good things I wish for shal come to me with thee. Come, sweet Jesus, into this sinful soul, break the ties of its slavery, give it the liberty of thy children by pouring forth into it the spirit of fortitude and abstraction from worldly objects, that it may be entirely thine, and follow, embrace and posses thee, and by possessing thee, it may sing with the holy old Simeon and with Anne the Prophetess the canticle of joy and of ardent wish everlastingly to rest in thy bosom.

And you, blessed Spirits, who united by myriads around this Altar clearly see Him whom my soul desires, and whom you possess with the certainly never to lose him, adore Him with me, bless Him for me, thank Him for me, that, when the hour of my death arrives, my soul may freely praise the Lord with you and enjoy his beautiful face for ever.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

O Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, I offer you your only Son, enclosed now within my breast and made flesh, and blood of my blood, as he was offered to you in the Temple by the two holiest Hearts in Heaven and on earth, Mary and Joseph. Turn your eyes not on my iniquities, but on the divine Heart of this Child, of this mansuete and humble Lamb who offers himself to you for my sake, that you may forgive me and receive me into your grace through him. He speaks to my heart, he fulfils the whole law. At the sight, therefore, of the sacrifice of these three pure and chaste Hearts, of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, grant me the pardon of my sins.

This morning, however, I also will make the sacrifice of my whole being: with these three holiest and purest Hearts I offer you whatever I am, whatever I have: my poverty, my misery, my wishes, my life with all it has painful and agreeable, my body with all its senses, my soul with all its powers, and whatever good or evil may be in me: what is good that it may be increased by your grace,

and what is evil that it may be destroyed by your mercy.

With these sacrificed and afflicted Hearts I offer you the sacrifice that I this day mean to make of my pride, of my easy resentment, of my sensual pleasures, of my predominant passion. And Thou, divine Jesus, who offeredst thyself to thy Everlasting Father as the only victim that could purify us, accept the offer I now make of myself with the whole abandonment suitable to a victim. Do Thou sacrifice me to thy glory with the mortifications Thou wilt be pleased to impose on me; consume the imperfections of my soul by the fire of thy charity! Burn with the fire of thy love my rebellious flesh, burning with the fire of sin, create in me a right spirit, that I may one day deserve to be introduced by Mary and Joseph with a pure soul into the temple of thy glory!

Holy old Simeon, lend me thy faith and thy joy, that I may worthily praise and bless this Jesus, now enclosed within my breast, and whom thou one day tookest into thy arms. Holy widow, Anne the Prophetess, give me thy ardour in preaching and blessing that Jesus, whom thou recognizedst for the Infant God in the arms of Mary and Joseph; that Jesus who beneath the sacramental

signs is now united to this miserable creature. I will now exclaim with Simeon: *Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, o Lord, according to thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen thy Salvation.* And thou, pure Virgin, the divine Mother of the very Purity, thou who never wert in need of purification, obtain for me from God a sacred fire that may purify every thing displeasing him in my soul; and let me be in the number of those who will be saved by the Blood of Jesus Christ.

Thou too, chaste Spouse of the most pure Virgin, be the guardian of my purity, and strengthen it among the dangers, temptations and proofs, to which the Lord's providence has disposed to submit this soul of mine. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE FIFTH SATURDAY

The fifth Joyful Mystery.

The Finding of Jesus in the Temple.

(LUKE, II. 22-51).

Meditation.

I. Jesus is twelve years old... how many pains he has suffered till this day! As soon as Purification was accomplished, the Angel of the Lord ordered Joseph while asleep to fly into Ægypt, in order to save the Child and his Mother from Herod's murderous hand. Here is a second trial of obedience. The most holy, obedient, poor, humbled family in the world fled by night. They live in Ægypt seven years poor and unknown in the midst of superstition, idolatry and sin. The Innocents have been murdered by Herod, who does not spare even his own son, and who dies at last gnawed by worms with insupportable fetidness. The prophecies on the Messiah's birth have been fulfilled. The seven years of exile have elapsed, and the Angel orders Joseph to return to Israel. Joseph is always the chief, Jesus and Mary are silent, and they suffer themselves to be guided, observing the

laws of the most exact obedience. How many new toils in this second journey! what sufferings and privations! Holy Patriarch Joseph, the true model of interior souls, let my soul be a partaker of your inward silence, of your peace produced by your perfect obedience to God's commandments, and of the purity of your heart and mind, so as to fulfil hir divine designs, his holy inspirations, and his voices coming to me both from my superiors and from the duties of my condition.

II. *And when Jesus was twelve years old, they going up to Jerusalem according to the custom of the feast (Easter), and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and his parents hnew it not.* It was not through his fault, but with a formal view of divine Wisdom. Jesus remained in order to manifest himself to the zewish Doctors, to confirm in Joseph and Mary the idea of his divinity, and to make them both the model, shelter and consolation of afflicted souls. Ah, only the souls loving Jesus, who feel no longer the sensible sweetness of his presence and of devotion, and who see themselves sunk in the dark night of their senses and passions, of tiresomeness, temptations and aban-

donments... only these souls can have an idea of the deep sorrow that oppressed the holy hearts of Mary and Joseph! They inquire after him, they seek him and nobody has seen him.

O Mary, O Joseph, what was then your anxiety? What was the excess of your sorrow? How did you spend those cruel nights? How many fears! How many thoughts! How many reproaches did each of you make to himself! You felt nothing likeit by the furies of Herod and the dangers of Ægypt: then you had Jesus with you, and now you have him no longer.

My God, my God, how many times I lost thee without feeling any sorrow! Alas, how often I lived without thee, untroubled? What would have become of me, if Thou thyself had not sought me for the first?

III. *And having found him after three days in the temple in the midst of the doctors, they returned to Nazareth: and the prophecy was fulfilled: He shall be called a Nazarite... And he was subject to them.* These are St. Luke's only words revealing what Jesus did until his thirtieth year. And the other Evangelists said nothing about that, because He wished us to know of his thirty

years life nothing but this, viz. *He was subject* to those whom His Father had given him as his superiors. This submission is the abridgment of his whole life and doctrine, and according to St. Paul, it is also the origin of all his glory. *He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: for which cause God also hath exalted him, and hath given him a name which is above every name.* In fact, his first words related in the Gospel, are words of obedience: *Did you not know*, said He to his Mother, when She found him in the Temple, *that I must be about my father's businees?* And in his private life, Jesus appeared to men only a son obeying his wise and moderate parents.

Consider, my soul, with how much pain, humility and perfection, Mary and Joseph commanded and received the services of such a Son, whom they knew to be their Creator. Joseph, as the chief of the family, was respected by God's Mother and Son, and this superiority made him infinitely humble; to see a God subject and obedient to a simple joiner!... Mary knew that, when she commanded her Son, she obeyed God who wished that. Jesus obeyed them both in silence, respectfully and joyfully, as those who held the place of God his Father. There is the

most perfect obedience that vas ever practiced on earth. O sweet model of a hidden life! They exactly observed God's law, and they lived according to their condition by their work! When they had done working they retired to prayer: what a prayer! what heavenly gifts!

In his public life also, Jesus showed himself obedient to his Father's will. Here is his doctrine: *He had come down from heaven to do the will of his Father, and this was his meat: his doctrine was not his own, but his Father's: the chalice he was to drink was the one his Father had given him.*

He abridged all the observance of the Law in *charity;* but he reduced all the proof of charity to the practice of *obedience. If you love me* (says He in St. John) *keep my commandments: he loves me who keeps them. He who does not love me does not keep my words.* No one, therefore, pleases God *if he does not love,* and he who *loves* obeys.

Love and obedience, then, reconcile our souls with God, unite them to him, and deserve Paradise for them.

In fact, He obeyed with a perfect submission to his unjust judges, to a heathenish President, to cruel ministers, as to superiors

whom his Father had given him for that time. Therefore, in order to obey well, we must not consider in those who command us either the age, or the skilfulness, or the merit, or the talent, or the affability, or even the virtue or holiness; but we must only look at Him, whose place they keep.

Jesus Christ raised obedience to its highest perfection. A slave obeys because he hopes for his freedom: a servant hopes for his reward, a son for his father's inheritance. But the Son of God served a poor house to such a degree that He fatigued his most delicate limbs without any hope of reward; nay he kew well that, to obey his Father, he would at last lose his rest, honor, blood, life, and die an ignominious death between two thieves.

And in order that his last words might be conformable to the beginning and progress of his life, on expiring on the cross He cried: *All is consummated, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.*

The wisdom of a Christian, then, consists in obedience, and therefore David so often asked God for it: *O Lord, teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God... One thing I have asked of the Lord, this will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, like a faith-*

ful servant who knows and does the will of his master.

All evils proceed from disobedience, which comes from three causes: 1st The esteem of ourselves, that cannot see another person's superiority, of which we think to be worthy. This presumption precipitated Lucifer to hell, as the opposite virtue lifted up Mary to the dignity of God's Mother. 2nd The tenaciousness of our own sentiment, which is always accompanied by obstinacy, pride, whence proceed heresies and schisms in the Church, rebellions in States, turbulences and disorders in families. 3rd A disorderly affection for any person or thing whatever. For this reason Adam disobeyed, to please his wife and to satisfy himself. For which, the Saints, founders of religious Orders, provided against the abovesaid evils by the sacred vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, as Jesus Christ teaches: *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;* as it were: during the whole space of my life I found pleasure and rest only in obedience.

O eternal incarnate Wisdom, I adore thee. Everything is naturally submitted to thee: the Angels and worms, the earthly bodies and celestial globes. Nevertheless in order

to confound my pride, thou hidest thy greatness, thou submittest thyself even to unjust and cruel creatures. What need art Thou in of Mary and Joseph's guide during thirty years, obliging them to command thee, in order to obey them, Thou who art the true light and infinite Wisdom, who governest such as obey? Ah, Thou sawest my continual rebellion, the effect of presumption and self-love! Therefore I am always uneasy and full of a thousand errors, of bad humour, contradiction and anger. O divine Master, let my ghost and my flesh be submitted to thee, and let this my slime never oppose thy will. Pour forth this so estimable a virtue, obedience into my poor soul, and reform it of all errors and of its miserable faults.

And you, O most pure Mother of God, and glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, the humblest and most obedient of all creatures, have mercy on the pitiful transgressions of my pride. Obtain for me, from your most obedient Son, the grace of always doing his will. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Obedience.*

REFLECTION. — *Do to-day other people's will, without contradicting. Restrain your character of wishing to be always right in*

every thing, and of wishing to have your advice taken. Be persuaded that God likes us better to obey another person, though not one of the best, than to follow our own judgment. Obedience, says the Wise, is better than sacrifices.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, Star of the ocean, save me from the anguish thou seest me in.*

Examples.

I.

At Perugia. — Mrs. Ester Bocciuoli.

Her arm was dislocated in a fall; and as the physicians delayed to put it into joint again the bone remained out of its articular capsula, and the lady's illnes was judged *incurable.*

After suffering six months, and being prevented from working anyhow, she thought to have recourse to the *Virgin of Pompei*, by means of the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays.* She began this pious practice on 24th August 1889, and after four days, without knowing how, she *found her arm put into joint again,* and quite free in its movements!

Mesdames Aldina Brugnani, Teresa Boccioli,

Anna Bagnolini. Luigia Bagnolini, are witnesses of this wonder.

II.

The town of Polignano a Mare is preserved from the cholera by the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays.

The Reverend Dom. Luigi Argento, a Canon of the illustrious Collegial Church of Polignano a Mare, in the province of Bari, informed the Director of « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** » of the fine devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays practiced in his country, and he related the particular grace that Our Lady of Pompei granted to the good people of Polignano, to reward them for their confidence in having had recourse to her powerful patronage; she delivered them by virtue of her Rosary from the pestiferous cholera-morbus.

« We too (wrote that illustrious Canon in 1887) practiced the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays in our Trinity Church, last year; and I need not tell you, Sir, that they were done with religiousness and great spiritual fervour. I do not presume to know with what immense number of particular graces the blessed Virgin will have been pleased to remunerate the warm devotion with which so many souls have had recourse to her wonderful Rosary.

« This only I can and must say, and I can *proclaim it in the name of all, that Our Lady by a public grace bestowed on our whole town,*

wished to show all of us, how agreeable the devout of the holy Rosary are to Her, and how generously She rewards them.

« As soon as we began to have a presentiment of the cholera, our good people with an unanimous impulse had recourse to Our Lady of Pompei, flying to the protection of the holy Rosary. It is not needful to tell you, Sir, with what fervour we commenced the *most pious practice of the Fifteen Saturdays.*

« All know well that our whole province of Bari was cruelly visited by the dreadful disease; our Polignano alone was to have the privilege of not suffering by the terrible plague! Whereas the other towns and villages, even the nearest, were pitilessly mown down by the Asiatic cholera: our town of Polignano only gave not even one victim to the scythe of the fatal disease.

« From this day forwards, the devout people of Polignano look on themselver as a speaking victory of the most holy Rosary, and as long as we live we shall tell all the world that not in vain we have had recourse to Mary's wonderful Rosary, and we shall glory in being the people so beautifully protected and saved *by the great Queen of the Rosary of Pompei* ».

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the fifth Saturday.

O Mary, O Joseph, you shed sorrowful tears during the three days when you lost your Jesus without your fault; and I who lost him so many times, and during whole years, do I not shed one tear? Alas! who will soften this hear of mine harder than a stone, that my eyes may bitterly weep? The tears produced by love are reserved to Jesus' parents, and the very Holy of Holies is not free from the tears of love, who weeps on the rebellious and obdurate people of Jerusalem. And I do not weep, I who see the ruin of my soul by so many frequent transgressions, relapses, base ingratitudes to my God, who however does not cease doing good to me? Ah, my only confidence is your sorrow and love, O Mary, O Joseph! I present it to-day to your Son, instead of the sorrow and love I have not, and in this Communion I beg for your sighs and ardent wishes to find Jesus again. You found him again in the Temple, and I will now find him in this Temple, on this Altar, in your arms. He, from that time forwards, never went far from you, and henceforth. I swear eternal fidelity to

you. I will no longer go away from thee, my Jesus, by any sin. And if Thou seest that I shall commit some, let me rather die, nay this very day after having received thee, that I may not lose thee for ever.

Come, sweet friend of my soul, into my heart, where love will teach me the wisest lessons wholly to transform me in thee. Thou, who obeyst thy creatures, grant me this virtue of obedience, that I may become agreeable to thee. Thou, divine Lamb, always meek, humble and obedient, obey now the voice of my heart, that warmly wishes for thee, after having so many times offended thee. When Thou wert asked for thy hands, to be loaded with chains, Thou gavest them. When Thou wert bidden to put on and take off thy vesture, Thou didst so, When it was necessary for thee to sit down in order to be mocked, Thou saittest. When the gall and vinegar were presented to thee, Thou tastedst them. When Thou wert bidden to stretch thyself on the cross, Thou obeyedst and didst the will of thy persecutors, as if thy everlasting Father had spoken to thee by their mouth. Obey now the voice of thy Minister, who offers thee to thy Father as a true expiatory Lamb for the sins of the world. Obey finally to thy infinite love, that wishes to

be united to its creature with the bonds of an indissoluble charity.

And you, Angels of Paradise, who reign in a most perfect obedience, break all the bonds of my soul, obtain me by this Communion the fortunate freedom in which you live; that, by detaching myself from the vanities of the world, I may have no other will than that of your Lord and mine, whom you see and adore for ever. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Let thy Virtues praise thee, O Lord of heaven and earth: let all Angels and Saints glorify thee, and all the powers of my soul bless thee! I have at last received thee, O God of my heart: at last *I found Him whom my soul loveth!* Oh, how much I wished for thee, Fountain of everlasting life, heavenly Wisdom! How much I languished, far from thee so long! My soul is as arid as a waterless soil, because she slaked her thirst in the poisoned fountain of Babylonical pleasures: she is like dry hay that is in need of salu-

tary water to grow green and blossom again. Thou art the source of everlasting life, O heavenly Wisdom. Now Thou art all in me: I embrace thee, I press thee to my heart, and like a repentant Magdalen, I will not go away from thy knees. Thou wilt give my intellect heavenly lights, my heart an efficacious grace never to lose thee again. I now love thee, my Jesus, life of my soul, and I join this my joy and love to the joy that thy beloved Mother and thy foster Father felt, when they found thee again in the Temple.

O Mary, O Joseph through the anguish of those three days you passed without Jesus, and through the unspeakable joy you felt when you found him again in the Temple, obtain for me from your Son, whom I now press on my heart, that I may no longer lose or offend him. Obtain for me the grace to commit no more sins till my death, and the grace of final perseverance. And if He disposes that I may not feel his sensible presence in my life, time, oh, show him to me in my agony! Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last hour.

And Thou, infinite Wisdom and Love, hear me in this moment. What Thou requirest of me above all things, is, that I obey thee, and the first thing Thou commandest is, that

I love thee. And I, miserable sinner, to requite thy love in giving thyself entirely to me, make here, in the presence of heaven and earth, a public profession of perpetual obedience to thy love. Receive, O divine Love, my hands, feet, tongue, eyes, all my sentiments, my whole body, my will, memory, intellect, wishes, sighs, intentions, and all the movements of my soul. Receive, O Lord, all the hours, moments, accidents of my life, the whole inward and outward man. Ah! let thy love govern everything in me, my powers and actions, let it rule over my work and rest, let it make me go and stay where it please thee. Let thy love burn in my heart, let it afflict and comfort me, humble and exalt me; consummate my imperfections and contain all my inward being into a perfect dependence and obedience. I give up my will, and do Thou guide me into the way you like, govern me through those Thou wilt, for Thou shalt be my Master, and I will always recognize in each thing, in each superior thy voice, O my guide, my Master, my good Father. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE SIXTH SATURDAY

The first Sorrowful Mystery — Jesus prays in the Garden of Olives and is covered with a Bloody Sweat.

(MATT., 26; MARK, 14; LUKE, 22; JOHN, 18).

A preparatory prayer.

My soul, before entering the great ocean of the Passion of thy Saviour, ask him for his confidence and grace, that the fruit of his divine Blood may be fell by thee.

O sacred Heart of my Saviour, through the excessive love that incited thee to such desolation, grant me the inward spirit and tenderness of heart to experience and understand what Thou sufferedst, when Thou wert anguished and deprived of all comfort, and submitted to suffer what excited so much horror even to nature! Open my ears, that I may listen to thy voice; enlighten my eyes that I may see thy examples; soften my obdurate heart, that it may become sensible of thy sorrows and fear all that can renew them.

And thou, most holy Mother of God, who, in the solitude of thy abode, felt during the hours of those cruel nights all the tor-

ments that were being prepared for thy beloved Son, make me a partaker of the sentiments of thy Heart, that I may detest myself, the cause of all thy sorrows. So be it.

Meditation.

I. Consider, my soul, how the divine Saviour, after washing his disciples' feet, instituting in their presence the Sacrament of his Body and Blood, and after delivering them the most tender and sublime speech, entered with them, as usual, the Garden of Olives, that his enemies might more easily find him. And he said to them: *Sit you here, till I go yonder and pray. Pray* (you also *that you enter not into temptation.*

Spontaneously had He offered himself to his Eternal Father's commandment, *because it was his own will,* and therefore He fulfilled it in such a way, that his Passion might at the same time satisfy divine justice and excite us to love him. Here is the end of his sorrows: love.

And Jesus began to grow sorrowful and to be sad. This loving Father wished to sacrifice not only all his body, but his soul also with all her powers; nay from this nobler part of his Humanity He wished to

begin the sacrifice of Redemption. Therefore, before his enemies appeared, He deprived his holy Humanity of the support it received from his Divinity; and discovering it at the same time all that it was about to suffer, He reduced it to a mortal agony. The sufferings that He was going to bear in his body lively appeared then to his soul: the scourges, thorns, nails, cross, gall and vinegar; the sufferings of his soul, Judas' treachery, the Disciples' shameful flight, Peter's apostasy, the priests' calumnies, the judges' injustice, the soldiers' cruelty, the ignominies of his person, the contempt of his doctrine and miracles, the triumph of his enemies, the blasphemies of the rogues, the abandonment of his Father on the Cross and the sorrowful sight of his mournful Mother! Immediately then fear and tiresomeness, disgust and bitterness, dejection and sadness took possession of his soul to such a degree as to threaten his life. Then he said to them: *My soul is sorrowful even unto death.*

O grieved Heart of my amiable Redeemer, why art Thou plunged into such desolation? Who pushed thee to experience before the time the horrors and fears of death? This torment, which was the first of thy Passion, was undoubtedly also the most violent, be-

cause it wrung from thee the prayer to thy Father to remove that chalice from thee. *He fell upon his face, praying and saying: My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me.* But Thou soon addedst: *Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.*

See, my soul: thy good Jesus, thy loving Father applies to his Disciples to be comforted, and he finds them cast down out of his anguish: he turns to his Father, and finds him steadfast, inflexible. *And when he was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and he said to Peter: Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch an hour? Watch ye and pray, that you enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. And going away again, he prayed saying the same words: My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, thy will be done.* And so he did for the third time. And his sadness increased so much, that it is more like the agony of a dying man, than the ordinary sorrow of a suffering man. *And being in an agony, he prayed the longer.* The contrast which then happened between the lower part of the soul, full of repugnance, and the upper part full of submission, caused him so much bloody sweat,

that after wetting his clothes, *wet the ground also where he was praying.*

In this way He forsook himself who defends all: in this way He was distressed who comforts all. And so the words of the Prophet were accomplished: *I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none: and for one that would comfort me, and I found none.*

O my most afflicted Saviour, wilt Thou so gain my love? by assuming the very weakness and misery of men? to make thyself the true Comforter and faithful Companion of the afflicted? Oh, how many wonderful instructions Thou givest me in this Mystery!

II. My soul, the causes of this mortal sadness of thy Jesus, as He revealed to the Blessed Battista Varani, were four:

1st. *The damnation of innumerable souls, notwithstanding his most hard death.* «Consider, my daughter, (said Jesus to the blessed woman), what was my martyrdom and sorrow, when I saw that so many members of my mystic body would have been separated from me, viz. many souls would have damned themselves! and a soul separates from me each time she sins mortally».

The large quantity and almost infinite mul-

titude of the sins of the world were then all distinctly present to his spirit with a clear sight of divine Majesty offended by so many crimes, made heavier by the contempt of his love. Besides, very few men were going to profit by that remedy, that his love had prepared for all men. Alas! He found no other consolation in that, but in the perfect uniformity with the unchangeable decrees of his Father, who wished him to suffer for the very men, that would not profit in the least by his sufferings.

2nd. *The sins and pains of all the Elect.* «All the limbs of the Elect that were going to sin mortally (said the most meek Jesus) afflicted and tortured me on their separation and disjunction from me. Moreover, I felt and tasted all their bitterness, martyrdom, penance, temptation, infamy of their life, and even the pains of their Purgatory, like so many limbs of my body ».

3rd. *The Blessed Virgin his Mother,* whom He infinitely loved; his dear and beloved disciple and Apostle, whom He loved more than a father loves his children; and the penitent disciple Magdalen, who, though she knew less than John about Jesus, however was the most sorry of all for his Passion and Death.

4th. *The unthankfulness, both of the Jewish people,* so much benefited by God and cherished with a thousand wonders, *and of his beloved disciple, Judas the traitor.* Jesus, kneeling before this traitor, had washed and kissed his feet with the greatest tenderness, and addressed him with an unspeakable affection. At last, *the unthankfulness of all creatures*, who, worse than Judas, would have betrayed him for vile pleasures, for viler interests.

Alas, O Lord, how great a part I have taken among the unthankful to cause thee this mortal sadness! How many sorrows didst Thou feel in thy most pure and innocent Heart for my sins, relapses, unfaithfulnesses and pusillanimities? Unhappy man that I am! Shall I then never be to thee a cause of joy and consolation? How different the motives are which cause my sorrows in the world from the ones which cause thy mortal sadness!

O grieved Heart of my good Lord. Thou wishedst by this exceeding sadness and bloody sweat to atone for the foolish security of the wicked, or free thinkers, and the insensate tranquillity of so many sinners who sleep in their sin, without fearing to be surprised by temporal and eternal death. Thou wouldst

expiate those joys, those tastes, those pleasures those desires of life, those hopes to which I abandon my heart, even when they are contrary to thy Law. Thou wouldst atone for the false contrition of my heart and for my conversion without an inward sorrow. Thou wouldst sanctify in me and in everyone these very passions of sadness, fear, tiresomeness, disgust and melancholy which I experience in the way of spiritual life, and comfort me when I suffer them, and merit me the grace of bearing them with patience, with resignation, with joy. Thou wouldst fortify me, as Thou fortifiedst so many Martyrs to affront death joyfully, and animate me to penance, as Thou inspiredst so many other faithful souls to exercise themselves in hard penances. Oh, how sweet, liberal, pitiful thy love is! O most sweet Heart of Jesus, how much I thank thee for having suffered so much for me!...

III. My soul, thy Saviour would feel this extreme sorrow, that thou shouldst not think all lost, when the lower part flees what is contrary to her, especially the *penance of senses*, the *humiliations and contradictions of self-love*. Moreover, in order to teach thee that nobody shall ever be judged by the

weakness of his flesh formed with slime, but according to the obedience of his will, pleasing God so much. He indeed suffered a mortal sadness, but it was proportioned to his virtue, to convince thee that God, who distributes the miseries of this life as He pleases, will never permit them to be beyond thy strength. He would let thee know two opposite wills in himself: one of human weakness, which flees suffering and looks for pleasure, the other of compliance with God's will; in order that a Christian may not think himself God's enemy, because his flesh rebels against the spirit and desires pleasures; but he may endeavour to subdue it, and be persuaded that the sensual man does not at all injure the inward man, as long as he is devout to God's law with full will.

An Angel came down from Heaven to comfort Jesus Christ, not because courage failed him to fight human weakness; but to teach all those who suffer, that their whole comfort and strength must come from Heaven, and God forgets no one in his sufferings, nay, *where tribulations are there is God.*

At last the Son prayed his Father, though He knew that He was not to be exempted from pain, in order to teach thee, my soul,

this so necessary a truth; that divine help does not consist in *delivering thee* from the tribulations with which He visits thee, but in making thee *suffer them with humble submission and full uniformity to his designs*, remaining for ever united to him by love.

An act of reparation to the expiring Heart of Jesus.

O rent and meek Heart of my Lord, accept, I beseech thee, in compensation for the three hours *when Thou wast plunged into the tempest of the deep sea of desolation*, this hour of prayers, and this day dedicated to thy exceedingly afflicted Heart. Accept this holy Sacrifice and this holy Communion as a reparation for all the bitterness Thou felt in the Garden when Thou foresawest all my sins. Accept all the sorrows, vexations and even the indifferent acts not only of this day, but of my whole life. O loving Heart of my Father, Brother, Spouse, a distressed yet benevolent Heart, a desolate yet patient Heart, to what excess does thy love for me push thee? And what hast Thou to do with my love? Alas, my Lord, I will answer thee in the bitterness of my soul: *I repent having*

offended thee so much; I will love thee more than I did till now. When shall I know thee? When shall I seek thee without contradiction? When shall I obey thee without inconstancy? When shall I sincerely say to thee in every circumstance: *Thy will be done and not mine?* Place me more inwardly in this divine Heart, that I may better understand and love thee. O Heart inflamed with the greatest charity, kindle in my frigid heart the fire of thy love; that I may worthily receive thee; and abide with thee today and for ever in time and hereafter. So be it.

A prayer to Mary's Heart to obtain the virtue of uniformity.

O blessed Mother of God and ever Immaculate Virgin Mary, how bitter the cross of thy Heart was during that sad night, when Jesus, abandoned by his friends and Disciples, was in a mortal agony! Thou couldst not close thy eyes in sleep, but Thou numberedst with continual tears and sighs the long hours of thy beloved Son's sufferings. O most meek Mother, thou sawest this thy Son before beginning his deadly Passion, pale but generous coming to thee and bidding

thee the last adieu, and asking for thy blessing. Thou lookedst at him, whose soul was pierced, and in his mournful looks thou understoodest the will of the Everlasting Father, who condemned to death thy Son, *his own Son,* to redeem this my soul, and condemned thee also to be crucified in thy heart under his feet there on the Calvary. Oh! the whole sea of sorrows was in that moment poured out into thy tender Heart, which was already pierced by the sharpness of *Simeon's sword.* Oh, the painful and tedious night to my Mother's Heart! What human heart can think how dismal the morning prayers were that thou puttest up to God, and what plaintive words thy most ardent Heart uttered? O Jesus, my Son, saidst thou, my Son, most sweet Jesus, who took thee away from me? Who separated thy Mother from such a dear Son? Why do I not see thee, O light desirable to my eyes? Who will grant me, O Jesus my Son, that I may suffer and die for thee?

Ah! why does not my soul melt away at such love and sorrow? O pitiful Mother, the most sorrowful of all mothers, thou yieldest to divine will, and drinkest this chalice of bitterness with perfect submission; and I will follow thee, I pity with tears thy bitter

separation from thy Son. Thou wilt see him another time, but on mount Golgotha, the mountain of sorrow, hanging to the cross, and expiring without comfort. I entreat thee, through thy anguish, through thy perfect compliance with divine will, change my heart, kindle in it thy love and make it like thine, quite submitted to God's will. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Submission to God's will.*

REFLECTION. — *From day-break prepare yourself to unite your will to God's in every thing, both favourable and contrary. Often repeat during the day the jaculatory prayer by da Kempis: « O Lord, deal with me as thou will, for thy servant is ready to obey thee ». The practice of this jaculatory prayer is a very efficacious means to attain the most sublime degree of perfection.*

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, mirror of patience, thou alone art my helper in my temptations.*

Example.

At Presicce. — **A wonderful recovery when beginning the Fifteen Saturdays.**

The Reverend Priest Andrea Sponsiello Cera, of Presicce in the province of Otranto, wrote to the Director of « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** » the following event, that was published in the May number, page 286.

« The youngest of the priests of this Commune, named Cesario Chiazzato, in June 1886, after an obstinate halfyearly *hemoptysis* with consumptive fevers, colliquative sweat, and characteristic spittings of the cavity of the lungs, was attacked by *pleurisy*, threatening his life. No human means was neglected: but unfortunately with no relief! They had recourse to divine means; but in vain. The young Priest was irreparably going to die of *consumption*.

On 19th of that month I was at Rome on business, when I received a letter from a Priest of my colleagues, saying: *Our poor Dom Cesario is sorry for your being unable to attend his burial!...*

In my grief, I thought there was no other means than to have recourse to the wonderful Virgin, *to her dear Sanctuary of Pompei*, to go and wet her Altar with tears, and get the grace out of her by dint of prayers.

In fact, on the evening of next day I ran from Rome to Naples; and in the morning of 21st

I went to Valle di Pompei. I celebrated holy Mass at the Altar of Our Lady, and I besought her with all my heart to show her power on behalf of my dearest dying colleague.

Meanwhile on that same day (21st of June) *eight physicians* were sent for a consultation. They gave him over, and said he would live only a few hours longer. The sick priest, having had the Sacraments administered, was expecting death every moment.

However his agony got on very slowly; so that when I returned home, on 23rd, I found him still dying. His very painful agony continued on 24th and 25th June too; and everyone, not only at Presicce, but also in the neighbouring parishes of Acquacarica del Capo, Barbarano and elsewhere, prayed to the Lord that He might restore the sick priest to life; or by a ready death remove him from such a pitiful condition.

On the evening of 25th, it was a Friday, when taking leave of the dying priest (I thought I was doing that for the last time), I told him:

— *Dom Cesario, to-morrow begins the service of the* **Fifteen Saturdays of the Rosary,** *which, if it pleases God, we shall practice as the last six years. Several pious persons will pray for your temporal life, if it be for God's glory, or for your soul, if it his pleasure!*

The sick priest, who could not speak since several days, made a sign with his head that our charity was agreeable to him.

Next morning (*Saturday*. 26th June) I went to him, whom I thought dead, and to my astonishment I found he was better and was sleeping since half an hour.

I did not believe myself! I went to church, in order to thank the Queen of the Rosary, but on my way I met with the treating physician. I joyfully announced him that Dom Cesario was saved. But the physician laughed in my face, and

— *Dom Cesario is dead!* answered he with gravity.

Troubled and disconcerted at that sudden announcement, I went back to the house, and saw the dear young Priest not only alive, but almost healthy!...

His improvement, since that hour, continued from day to day, so that *the first Sunday of October*, the feast of the Rosary, he could attend without inconvenience all the offices of that solemnity.

To-day our Dom Cesario is alive and healthy; to the astonishment of all, and of the physicians; and we glorify *Our Lady of Pompei*, who restored him to us!

This report, which I certify to be true, can be confirmed by all this people, who consider the recovery of our dearest Dom Cesario Chiazzato *quite miraculous*.

«*Signed:* PRIEST ANDREA SPONSIELLO CERA».

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the sixth Saturday.

O my most amiable Saviour, Thou didst not scorn to approach thy innocent lips full of truth and life to the livid and deceitful lips of Judas, the traitor; Thou calledst him by the sweet name of friend: *Friend, whereto art thou come?* Thou triedst by a kiss to gain the heart of that wicked disciple. Alas, this my soul is more treacherous than Judas! How many times, O Lord, have I received thee within me, and then have I cruelly wounded thy humble and meek Heart? But this new patience of thine invites me to hope in thee. Thou expectedst from Judas the word of repentance, which would have saved him. I now repeat this word a hundred times, my most merciful Jesus. My soul is full of bitterness to have offended thee: forgive me, my God, forgive me.

I now feel in my soul the words Thou addressedst to Judas: *Friend, whereto art thou come?* O Lord, I am come to offer your divine Heart that consolation which I have hitherto taken away from thee by my sins. How am I not ashamed of myself? How do I not wish the earth to swallow me up,

when I see thee weeping with bloody tears the sins I committed, and atone by so great a sorrow for the guilty pleasures I abbandoned myself to? Why was I born, if I was to be to thee the cause of so many pains?

Have mercy on me, O infinite Mercy; I adjure thee by the sadness Thou sufferest, by the blood Thou sheddest, by the love Thou hast for me Grant me that, after having sinned against thee, I may deserve to suffer for thee.

O Angel, the Comforter of Jesus, help me to love my Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. And you, my Guardian Angel, and seven Blessed Spirits surroundig God's throne, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Angel of Prayer, Angel of Sacrifice, Fire of God's love, assist me in this act of sacrifice and love. And thou, Mother afflicted by my sins, make me a partaker of thy love and sorrow.

O Jesus' dying Heart, I offer thee thy Mother's most afflicted and loving Heart, in order worthily to receive thee this morning, and atone for all men's offences, and particularly for my own. Give me, O Jesus' loving Heart, a sparkle of this love Thou hast for me, that I may know, hate and make myself less unworthy to receive thee. *Rise, let us go*, saidst Thou to thy Disciples in

the Garden, and Thou wentest to meet thy enemies. *Rise*, then, go, my soul; behold thy Jesus comes to meet thee; throw thyself into his arms, and thou shalt find peace again.

(Say the Prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the Petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Oh, how immense thy love is, my sweet Jesus, my brother, my friend and spouse of my soul! I have so many times betrayed thee, more than Judas, and Thou hast wished not only to give me the kiss of peace, not only wash my feet, but give me thyself for my food, unite thyself with me, nay transform me, a most vile and unworthy creature, into thee, immense and infinite God, my Creator. Who am I, O divine Love, to deserve such benefits? Thou wishedst to begin my redemption by the agony of thy blessed soul; and in order to atone for so many transgressions both mine and of all men, I will begin this day to devote my soul

to thee. Deal with me as Thou wilt: I unreservedly commit myself to thee.

I devote thee my will: make it always conformable to thine. I devote thee my imagination: protect it, and purify it from the unclean darkness with which Satan surrounds it. I devote thee my memory, that it may always remember thee; my intelligence, that it may always think of thee. But I am still the weak and mean creature Thou knowest; it is for thee to change me. I cannot love thee as I should, O most sweet Heart of my Jesus, unless through thee; nor come to thee, unless Thou drawest me; nor lean on thee, unles Thou supportest me. And since every thing must be thine, take me, O Lord, be possessed of me, that being in thy hands, I may no longer belong to myself. I commit myself to thy love; guide me, change me, tie me, purify me, form me as it pleases thee, and never suffer me to be separated from thee. The losses, temptations, adversities that happen to me, become in thy hands the source of the graces Thou hast destined to grant me, because Thou often eladest me to my happiness by the same way in which I see myself lost. O divine and provident Heart of my Jesus, O true Father of my soul, have mercy on my re-

bellious, weak, inconstant will, the enemy of her own good.

My Mother, unite this heart of mine to that of Jesus; change it into thy humble, patient, sweet, pure Heart, conformable to divine will.

O Angels of Paradise, and you heavenly Court established on the Blood and sufferings of this divine Saviour, obtain for me the love and graces deriving from the Blood of this Lamb of God, that I may enjoy with you the delights of this true most sweet Lover. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE SEVENTH SATURDAY

The second Sorrowful Mystery — The Scourging of Jesus.

(MATT., 22; MARK, 15; LUKE, 22).

Meditation.

I. *Jesus before his judges.* O my soul, go through the sorrowful way followed by thy Father, thy loving Jesus, in the hours of his horrible sufferings.

It was nearly midnight, when thy God, loaded with chains, often thrown down to the ground by the shocks and blows of those barbarous soldiers, fell into the brook Cedron, and so David's words were accomplished: *He shall drink the water of the torrent on the way.*

Hande in the house of Annas, He was lead to that of Caiphas to be mocked, declared a blasphemer, guilty of death. And then He is put into prison, and abandoned till day-break to the derision, spittle and blows of the insolent soldiery.

At break of day, he is dragged along the streets, and appears before two heathen tribunals, Herod's and Pilate's. The latter considers him a madman; and as such He

is covered with a white robe, and exposed to be the laughing-stock of the deceived mob.

Look, my soul, at thy Jesus always humble, always patient; he suffers to be lead like a meek lamb where the perfidy of men and the fury of Satan oppress him with grief. Consider how He remains silent in the presence of cries, calumnies, and contempts. *And Jesus remained silent,* to teach thee that when thou art calumniated or accused, thou must commit thyself to God, and seek for his sake no other justification than silence. *He shall be lead as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer.* Thou shalt acquire the peace of thy heart by remembering with Isaias the profound humiliation of the Saviour: *They refused to do justice to him, on account of the abjection to which He was reduced.* Oh, how many Saints, how many hermits, how many pacific men were begotten by this silence of Jesus!

Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me! I am full of sins, and Thou art the very innocence: however Thou lovest those who treat thee so unworthily to such a degree as to die for them, and to I feel resentment and hatred for the least injuries? Thou sufferest to be judged by all, and shall I not

be judged by anyone? When will my heart be changed, O infinite goodness? I confess before thee, my God, my Saviour, my Master, my unthankfulness, pride and presumption: I wish by thy grace to imitate thee and suffer in silence all the pains and injuries that will be done to me. I forgive with all my heart those who offended, or will ever offend me: I exempt them from returning me the honor they have deprived me of, and I will have no other honor but the one of serving and loving thee. Destroy in me every sentiment of harshness and revenge. Dilate my heart by thy charity, that I may unreservedly love thee, and in thee all those who persecute me, that *I may be accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus Christ.*

II. Being withdrawn from prison, Jesus is ignominiously dragged along the streets of Jerusalem, in order to make him odious and contemptible to the people, who judge things by appearances; He was called cursed, seducer, magician, madman, and then delivered up into the hands of the executioners, who by dint of whistlings lead him to Pilate's house. On his way they do him a thousand injurious violences. He heard no-

thing but blasphemies; dragged with ropes, pushed by spears, without rest, forced to walk, extenuated with the fatigue and sufferings of a whole night, it He fell, He was loaded with blows and injuries, as the most contemptible of all men. So the royal Prophet saw him: *I am a worm, and no man, the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people.*

So from the Garden to Calvary, in less than twelve hours, they caused him to take six journeys, and the sweet Master left in them all the traces of his unalterable patience, of his profound humility, of his infinite charity, of his incredible penance.

Awake, my soul, come out of the languidness and lethargy thou art in. Look at those women going with Mary into the streets of Jerusalem, wetting them with their tears and filling the air with their sighs. Recognize amony them the most beautiful of creatures, the holiest of women, the most afflicted of mothers, recognize Mary, the Mother of Jesus, thy dear Mother, *seeking him whom her soul loveth, and going about the broadways asking whether anyone has seen him.*

O most sweet Mary, thou spent the whole night in painful prayer, till thou knewest

that thy Son was in the hands of sinners. But when He was seized and put into a prison, made the butt for the injuries and scorns of the soldiers, and thou heardest from John the tale of his sufferings and the capital sentence passed by the Sanhedrim; who can say the anguish of thy heart? But, always submitted to the will of God, thou didst not give way to the transports of despair so common to afflicted women; and though inwardly suffering an unspeakable sorrow, thou outwardly showedst only decency and perfect resignation. *Behold the handmaid of the Lord,* repeatedst thou, *be it done to me according to thy word.* The sun has not yet risen, and thou leavest thy silent abode to find Jesus and follow him as far as the Cross.

Lo, at the turning of the street leading to Pilate's palace appears a multitude of people in agitation. It is a crowd, a throng, involving and dragging along with them in the midst of scornful cries and blasphemous howls a man loaded with chains, his hands bound behind his shoulders, his countenance discomposed, his hair tattered, his face deformed by spittles and blood, so that He is quite unrecognizable. But the violent beating of thy heart, o Mary, points, thee out in the midst of those ferocious men thy innocent

Son. Among the curses of the mob and the triumph of his enemies, under that ignominious robe, the Son of God, silent in the tumult, meek in the outrages, quiet in the shocks, does not murmur, or complain of anyone.

This divine Lamb, being in the midst of wolves, wished to see his holy Mother: because lovers, when afflicted, use to feel more lively the absence of their friends, and warmly wish for their presence, although that is to be an increase of their sorrow.

But thou, Blessed Virgin, couldst not see thy Son, and He had not this consolation. Suffer me to accompany thee till thou wilt be able to see him again and be consoled by him.

III. *The scourging.* — Consider, my soul, how Pilate, havig proclaimed the innocence of Jesus, yet wishing to satisfy the people, condemns the innocent Lord to be publicly scourged, in order to subtract him from death. What justice! condemn an innocent soul only to satisfy the hatred of his accusers! They make him enter the Praetorium, they take off all his clothes, without his saying one word, or showing hatred or resistance.

Then He offers the Everlasting Father with a heart full of love that innocent Flesh which was to be torn, and that precious Blood that He since so long desired to shed, for us. Then they bind him to a pillar, and without any regard to the jewish law, which prohibited to give more than 40 blows, following the Roman law, according to which the number was not limited, they only think of satisfying their fury.

A whole cohort of 500 soldiers surround that place, forming an iron circle: two vigorous executioners, that are followed by others stronger and more cruel, seize a bundle of rods and leather and rope flails with knots strung bones.

Look, my soul, at thy meek quiet Jesus, as if He were convicted of all the crimes they charged him with, standing, bent, bound to a low pillar which He embraces, his hands bound with straps on the other side of the pillar, his feet joined and fastened at its foot.

Who can say his confusion and sorrow? Since the first blows, his virginal flesh was bruised, broken, ridged; and on every side his Blood gushes out like a stream. The flails snatch shreds of flesh, and the blows falling on his live wounds, continually pro-

duce new ones. What an atrocious, what a bloody spectacle! Who can think of it without shuddering? They strike him without ceasing, and He does not complain or stir; and they tear him so cruelly, that his whole body is nothing but a wound, and He seems rather skinned than scourged.

This is, O divine Jesus, the cruel and shameful torment Thou wishedst to bear for us, and to which Thou submittedst to atone for our guilty pleasures! How can I still offend thee? O my God, on what ground have I deserved that Thou shouldst suffer so much for me? Thou hadst foretold all this by the mouth of Prophets: *The wicked,* says David, in the Messiah's person, *have wrought on my bach: they have ridged it by making long and deep wounds in it.* — *God,* says Job, *has delivered me into the hands of the wicked.... he has torn me with wound upon wound; no part of my body has been spared...* — *From the sole of the foot,* says Isaias, *unto the top of the head there is no soundness therein... but wounds, and bruises and swelling sores, that are not bound up, nor dressed, nor fomented with oil.* Finally Isaias says also: *He was wounded for our iniquities... he was bruised for our sins.*

O my God, and all this for our sins! How? Thou endurest such a torture for wicked men like myself? For me, guilty of so many sins, sufferest Thou so excessive sorrow? What shall I do, then, O my Saviour, for thee, to atone for my own crimes?

Behold, my soul, the model of penance from which all Saints learnt to treat their bodies and submit them to the yoke of the spirit. As long as we live here below, our soul has no greater enemy than our flesh. The latter, always rebellious will suffer neither bit nor yoke; it follows without modera tion its earthly inclinations, which the senses favor; it tends to the objects it desires with so much violence, that the spirit is often oppressed by it, and flesh alone causes it more pain than all its other enemies together. There is what produced the great austerities practiced by Christians after the coming of the Messiah, and unknown to the previous centuries: hairclothes, iron chains, disciplines, continual application to mortify their senses: and all this for fear to see, hear, say and taste any thing which might defile the purity of their heart.

We must, by the mortification of our body, prevent temptation and falling. Paul the Apostle himself, who had been caught up

into paradise, said: *I chastise my body and bring it into subjection.* If all the holiness of David and all the wisdom of Solomon could not prevent their falling, because they suffered to be flattered by sensual pleasures; what will become of those, whose life is entirely occupied with seeking what can satisfy their body? It is to expiate and put a stop to this dissoluteness so common among men, that our Saviour would have his innocent flesh so cruelly lacerated.

A prayer to Jesus scourged.

O my God, my love, the life of my soul, here I am before thee struck and affected by sorrow and astonishment, so that I cannot utter one word; but I prostrate myself at thy sacred feet, I kiss this soil wet with thy Blood, I weep for my sins, acknowledge my misery, and expect thy mercy, I will not quit this place, I will remain here to look at this spectacle.

O most precious and most holy Blood of my scourged Lord, I adore thee. I will never go far from thee, O Lord, but embrace thy feet, till Thou hast washed and purified me by this precious balm, from which only, I expect the recovery of my wounds. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Penance.*

REFLECTION. — *Mortify the senses of your body, the instruments of sin and cause of Jesus' sorrows, by depriving yourself of some food you like better, or getting up earlier than usual, or spending an hour in silence.*

Deprive yourself of some permitted amusement. Above all practice modesty, especially of the eyes.

Do not satisfy your curiosity about other people's business.

Recite the Rosary on your knees to-day.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, the refuge of sinners, I put all my hope in thee.*

Example.

At Siena, the town of that holy virgin Dominican Tertiary, whose renown made her native town famous everywhere, there was not, until 1881, a single person associated to this incipient Sanctuary of Pompei.

This fact appeared to us a singular and painful one, that the town of St. Catherine, the first begotten daughter of the Third Order and of the Rosary, should be a stranger, as it were, to the extraordinary events the Queen of the Rosary was accomplishing since six years in this Valle di Pompei.

But the centennial feast of St. Catherine, in 1880, was not to pass without her imploring from the Queen of Victories that her native country too should have the merit of contributing to the building of the splendid Pompei Temple.

And she obtained it by a miracle we are going to relate, and which was the first origin of the diffusion of the devotion for the Sanctuary of Pompei, and then of the efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays* at Siena and in many other towns of Tuscany.

It was the beginning of January 1881, when we luckily happened to receive a pamphlet to the honor of St. Catherine, entitled: *Ricordo del quinto Centenario di Santa Caterina da Siena. Discorsi di Monsignore Fra Pio Alberto Del Corona, Vescovo di Draso e Coadiutore a S. Miniato, Siena, 1880.*

The celebrity of the gentle and learned writer, a Dominican Bishop, which we knew from his other works, gave us the desire of soon going through it. And we at first were struck by reading the name of a Dominican Tertiary of Siena, to whom Monseigneur Del Corona dedicated his three speeches-That name was *Francesco Desideri di Domenico.*

At once a thought occured to our mind:— Lo, St. Catherine, our Mistress and Protectress, opens our way to the devotion for the Sanctuary of Pompei known to her native town by means of a Tertiary. And without delay,

on 10th January 1881, we wrote, at a venture, the following letter:

« *To Signor Francesco Desideri*
a Dominican Tertiary - Siena.

« *Dear Sir and Confriar.* — From Monseigneur Del Corona's pamphlet, I was lucky enough to know your name and qualities; and as a tertiary brother I greet you, and let you know the works that Our common Mother of the Rosary is accomplishing at Pompei. I add nothing else to excite your zeal: do what Our Lady will inspire you with.

« I send you the *History* of the incipient Sanctuary, the book of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, and the wonderful images of our wonderful Virgin for Zealots.

I am, Dear Sir.

« *Naples, 10th January 1881.*

yours sincerely
« Avv. Bartolo Longo of the
Third Order »

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This letter finds the pious Tertiary, *the only Tertiary* that was then at Siena, keeping his bed and almost dying.

He had been suffering for six years the worst diseases that threaten human life: daily vomit, distension and hardness of the abdomen, difficulty of respiration, deep melancholy, impos-

sibility of taking nourishment, sleeplessness, nervous affection, great depression of strength from want of nourishment, and continual ardent thirst; and he could not stand from swimming in the head. Convulsions wanted and then the terrible tetanus, and he was already on the eye of such a great misfortune.

Like a new Job, a prey to his infirmities, he was abandoned by his friends and reproached by his most intimate relations. Distrections, amusements, the stay in agreeable places and various towns, all was useless; his life was the continual suffering of the father of a family, vexed heart to be going to quit his good wife and seven children.

He was in this condition, in bed, surrounded by his wife and children, who wept for his approaching death, when he received our letter from Naples, written by a hand unknown to him.

He takes the book of the History fust arrived, and on reading: *Miracles of the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei*, he bursts into tears out of unheard of emotion, and obtains the first benefit, the effusion of very sweet tears.

It was six years since even the source of tears had become dry in his eyes, by reason of his long sufferings.

Oh! cries the sick man, *the Virgin of the Rosary works miracles at Pompei, and I happen to receive the book of her miracles in this state, when my disease is growing worse?! I*

must say I shall not die, and that the Virgin of Pompei will work a miracle for me by giving again life to myself, and consolation to my family!

Thereupon he orders his family to begin, in that very room, a *Novena to the Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*, according to the book just arrived, considering this fact a notice from Heaven, that the hour of God's mercy had struck for him.

Afterwards he answers our letter, enclosing fifteen liras for the new Temple to the honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and promising a larger sum when the grace would be complete. From that letter we heard the painful circumstances of his pitiful condition, and touched with compassion, we hastened to reply, inciting him to put his hope in the Blessed Virgin, to be zealous in behalf of the Work of her new Sanctuary of Pompei, and to promise to do the *Fifteen Saturdays* to her honor.

And the faith of this man, truly extraordinary in our days, of this redivivous Job, was not extinguished by the contrarieties of ill fortune, or by seeing his vows not soon accomplished.

During four whole months he always repeated the *Novena to the Virgin of Pompei*, and always with the fervour of an increasing faith.

The end of April arrived. A little improve-

ment appeared, which allowed him to leave home.

Francesco Desideri had then, and still has, at Piazza del Campo at Siena, a warehouse. There in an upper small room he placed an Image of our wonderful Virgin, and there he began another novena, making a vow to go to Pompei with an offering of 150 liras, as many as the Aves of the Rosary; and his wife added the promise of her gold watch and watch-chain, if Our Lady saved him from that horrible state.

It was the 3rd of May, in the morning, that month when the Queen of heavenly Roses uses to grant her benefits abundantly in behalf ot the devout of her Temple. At 9 in the moring Francesco Desideri got the prize of his faith and confidence in Mary. She, in a trice, and when nobody could imagine it', the most skilful physicians neither, delivers him from the source of all his pains, viz. from a monstruous and horrible taenia (tapeworm) with all its thread like head, which during about six years had caused him to bear such a tormenting, unknown and cruel cross!

Then he praised up to the skies the power of Mary's Rosary, and showed the wonderful effects of her protection to all his fellowcitizens. In the midst of tears and blessings to the Virgin of Pompei he was given back to his wife and children.

All those who saw Francesco Desideri res-

cued from death so wonderfully, believed in the power and *miracles of the Virgin of Pompei*, and fervently began to contribute to the building of this Sanctuary.

And that man, truly thankful to the most holy Queen, changed into a chapel that small room where the miracle happened. He exposed the wonderful Image of Our Lady adorned with flowers and candles, and then he crowned it with a crown which had been on the head of the wonderful Effigy at Pompei. And in that small chapel the Virgin of Pompei, as a sign of her approval, grants very signal graces to the good Siennese, and to those who continually go to worship her. Therefore the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII granted several Privileges to that small chapel; and in that small room the services are repeated which are performed in the Sanctuary of Pompei.

Mr. Desideri, although still weak, and bearing traces of the horrible disease that he suffered, in order to fulfil his vow, came himself to Pompei, and presented barefooted at the feet of the Virgin's Altar the 150 liras he had promised, over and above the gold watch and watch-chain, that his wife had promised. And he undertook the long journey from Siena to Pompei on the last days of May, in order to close, by a triduum of thanksgiving, the month of graces of the Heavenly Queen.

Since that time he began in his small chapel

the devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, then unknown to Siena, which gradually enlarged and diffused itself throughout Tuscany.

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the seventh Saturday.

This is the hour, O my Jesus, when thy pure and innocent Flesh was torn to pieces for me; thy veins opened and rent, and thy Blood shed for my salvation. This is the hour when thy most holy Body was ridged by the blows of jewish barbary and above all by the guilty pleasures of my body. How can I behold thee so bruised and crushed without shuddering? Ah! by these ridges and wounds Thou dost like a bee, building so many small cells in its hive, not only to place its honey, but to bring up its young ones also. In like manner Thou, my Jesus, in thy scourging wishedst thy Body to be filled with wounds and openings, that thy sons might enter them, establish their abode in them, and find a very sweet nourishment therein. Blessed be Thou for ever, O my Saviour; may the Angels, Heaven, earth and all creatures bless thee for ever.

However, my Jesus, I have not the courage of imitating the penances of thy ser-

vaults, and Thou pointest out to me another means from thy altar; the Sacrament of thy Body and Blood shall be to me the strength to overcome temptations and avoid sensual sins and relapses. By Communion and the meditation of thy Mysteries, Thou excitest me to abhor sin and to have confidence in thee, who wishedst so roughly to be struck for my sake: Thou inspirest me a lively idea of God's holiness and of the rigour of his judgments, for he overthrows on thee innocent the rigours of his justice, only because Thou bearest men's sins: Thou revivest my hope, as I receive with thee an exuberant price to pay for my sins and not sink into despair.

O Mary, most afflicted Mother, thou heardest the blows of the cruel scourging: thou wast in the Praetorium at that hour when the tempest of men's sins broke over Jesus' innocent shoulders. Thou sawest that blood shed which thou hadst given him in purest milk: have mercy on me, who by my guilty pleasures was the cause of Jesus' scourging. Obtain for me the grace lively to feel thy Son's pains, to hate my sins, and to be in this moment washed with the purest Blood of *the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.*

I have rent thy Heart, and I will heal it by uniting myself to thy Son with an inseparable love union.

O heavenly Jerusalem, that art continually wet by the *Saviour's fountains,* and drawest all thy beauty out of his Wounds; cause some drops of this delicious water, of which thou owenst the source, to fall upon this arid ground of my soul. Love, bless, glorify this, merciful God, for me. Make up, O blessed Souls, for my insufficiency by your love and by the light you are filled with; enlighten the darkness of my intellect; melt the ice of my heart by a spark of your sacred flames, that I may, one day, burn with you with the same fire which consumes you. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

David says: *The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself, where she may lay her young ones.* And Thou thyself, O Lord, saidst *that the*

foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests. Here is the house Thou hast prepared for my soul, most sweet Saviour: thy Wounds. In the holes of this stone my soul finds food to nourish herself, a refuge from the wrath of divine justice, a shelter from the storm of temptations, a rest from the tribulations and afflictions of life. O Heart of my heart, life of my life! Pilate finds thee innocent; but as he was cruel and unjust, he causes thee to be scourged in order to satisfy thy enemies! By this he contented thee also, who during all thy life wishedst to see thyself covered with blood and filled with reproaches. This sacred fire burning in thy heart is insatiable: it wishes to consume all, and it has entirely consumed thyself to my love. Thy sacrifice is to-day complete. Thou hast spent thirty-three years in mortifications, prayer, fastings and temptations for me; now Thou hast sacrificed thy reputation, honor, doctrine, holiness, decency, friends: and not being satisfied with having given me all thy blood, Thou hast wished to deprive thyself of thy flesh, of thy very skin, which I see in tatters scattered in the Praetorium! What shall I do? It is just that I should sacrifice myself for thee, O my treasure, O my love, O life of my soul. I offer my

whole being to thee, O my Jesus; suffer me to be bound to this pillar instead of thee, or to share at least with thee, the blows Thou receivest.

Together with this Sacrifice of the Altar, with this Communion, I sacrifice to thee my soul and her powers, my body and its senses. I will no longer complain of the evils that befall me, but I will receive them from thy hand. Do with me what Thou likest; chastise, correct, purify this my miserable sinful soul: keep me close to thy fatherly Heart, to thy loving Wounds. Let me love and taste only the cross. And if my flesh revolts, double thy blows, till it be entirely submitted to thy spirit.

By the mouth of Paul thy Apostle Thou hast told me, *that thy Blood has the power of cleansing our conscience from dead works to serve the living God.* O divine Lamb, who takest away the sins of the world, look down on this leper quite covered with ulcers, wounded from head to foot, and full of sins and imperfections. Wash me in this blood running down thy whole body. Thou saidst to St. Peter: *If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me.* Ah! O Lord, here are my head, hands, wishes, will, intelligence, works, thoughts, affec-

tions, my inward and outward senses: wash all, for all is spotted; purify all, for all is corrupted; heal all, for all is infirm. Change me by the power of thy precious Blood, that I may unite myself to thee, O infinite purity, and I may serve thee everywhere, O most innocent Lamb, for Thou art at the same time my shepherd, guide, nourishment. Inflame my heart with divine love, which is the last result of thy scourging, the compendium and perfection of thy law, the centre of all Paradise, and the last term of my sighs, tears, troubles, life and death. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE EIGHTH SATURDAY

The third Sorrowful Mystery
Jesus is crowned with thorns.

(MATT., 27; MARK, 15; JOHN, 19).

Meditation.

I. Consider, my soul, how the executioners, tired with beating the Saviour, perceiving nothing else to tear in his body, detached him from the pillar all dropping blood.

Look at thy Jesus furiously torn, his whole body become an immense wound, going about for his clothes, that the soldiers had, when undressing him, maliciously and cruelly thrown here and there. He is obliged to run through the Praetorium and to suffer on his way the mocking and insolence of those unworthy men, who added insult to cruelty. He bears their injuries, as He had borne their blows, with an invincible sweetness, modesty and patience, and having at last found his clothes, He put them on again. Although He was in such a state as to move the hardest hearts to compassion, those inhuman wolves were not moved; nay to torment hin still more, they invented a kind

of torture unknown till them, and that was never repeated even in the most barbarous martyrdoms.

There is the effect produced by sin in the soul, that commits it with effrontery and pleasure. A sin committed leaves after it the desire of committing others. Even when one is tired of sinning, he is not, however, satiated with it; and though he is no longer able to commit sins, he does not quit the sinful will.

One of the greatest illusions of sinners is to believe that they will deliver themselves from temptation by satisfying it. Committing a sin only increases in us our propensity to evil, because, according to St. Gregory's remark (XXV Moral. 12), the sin which is not destroyed by penance, drags us with its weight to another sin. The soul that sinning loses God's grace, loses likewise the strength of resisting the occasions of sinning; and our body is less capable of restraining its appetites, when it has once tasted the pleasure of following them.

Hence, those executioners having abandoned themselves to the liberty they had of tormenting Jesus Christ, lost all human feeling. They fatigue without being able to

satisfy themselves, being in their wickedness like the spirits of Hell, and in their cruelty like wild beasts. The Jews had charged Jesus Christ with having wished to make himself a king, and call himself the king of the Jews. Now having beaten him and rendered him infamous, they expose him, as a derisive king, to the taunts of the people.

Enter, my soul, the court-yard of the Praetorium: unite thyself to Mary, who, as a faithful companion of the sorrows and insults of her Jesus, is in the midst of this furious mob, and hears their cries and blasphemies. Ask her for the grace of understanding this Mystery and profiting by it, and partly alleviate her pain.

They take off again Jesus' clothes already stuck to the recent wounds of scourging; his blood begins to flow again from every side. They put on him a worn out purple mantle, weave a crown with long thorns furnished with hard sharp points, and they put it on his head: and that it may not fall, they drive it with the blows of a stick. The thorns penetrate every side, some enter the forehead and temples, and go out again near the eyes; others, as St. Bernard says, pierce the nerves and penetrate the veins of the head, whence the blood mixed with his

sacred brains is abundantly spread on his face, neck and his whole person, and they cause him such great pains, that He would have died, unless his divine virtue had sustained him till the death of the cross. His pains continued to He died. What pain! Should a single thorn be driven into anyone's head, what would become of him? And certainly St. Anselm assures us that the venerable head of Christ beautiful and delicate above the sons of men, was pierced by more than a thousand punctures.

Go forth, ye daughters of Sion, and see the true Solomon in the diadem, wherewith his mother crowned him on the day of the joy of his heart. *Surely he hath loved us, he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows.*

II. If thou hast ever suffered violent headaches, stop for a moment and consider how sensible this pain was to thy Saviour among the others He was suffering. The only thought of it terrifies us! And what would have moved compassion, what, could not have been seen without horror in the vilest animals, only served to excite the cruel laughing and injuries of those barbarous hearts. And Jesus suffers to be lead, undressed, crowned,

as they wished, without uttering one word, without opposing the least resistance, with a super human patience: closing his eyes through his extreme pain, He offers his martyrdom to his Everlasting Father. Here too the word of Isaias the prophet was accomplished: *I have given my cheeks to them that plucked them: I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me, and spit upon me.*

Jesus' eyes were not blindfolded here, as at the house of Caiphas: here He saw the insulting homage that they did him, He saw the blows that were being prepared for him, and He did not avoid them. When they took the reed out of his hand, He gave it up; when they gave it him again, He took it again. He suffered all in silence, with an unchangeable patience. *And bowing their knee before him, they mocked him saying:* Hail, king of the Jews. And they gave him blows... *and they took the reed and struck his head: and they spit upon him, and bowing the knee before him, they adored him.* And as Christ bore all this with the greatest patience, they gave way to their rage.

O my proud, impudent and sinful soul, consider how enormous thy sins are, which were purged with such a chastisement and

severe correction by the Everlasting Father! Jesus, shedding tears with his blood, atoned for the delicacies of thy body, the pleasure of thy guilty flesh, the pomp of thy garments, the vanity thou derivest from them, and the pride they inspire thee. So He atoned for the desire of dominion that all hearts have. So He atoned for all the sins that are conceived and maintained in our prevaricating heads, in our memory, imagination and spirit. So thy loving Saviour atoned for the heathenish cares that so many worldly persons take to adorn their proud and sinful head, wishing to expose it to the eyes of the public, and so attract admirers, whereas it is only filthy and putrid dust. He merited for us the grace of penance and mortification, the grace of contemning the world, its pomps and all its glory. He merited for us the grace of humility, meekness and patience.

My soul, in thy temptations, projects of fortune, ambition, revenge, in thy impure thoughts or images, think of Jesus' head crowned with thorns. And when thou sufferest in thy head, think of the sins thou hast committed with it, and to atone for them, join thy little suffering to what Jesus Christ himself suffered in it so much.

Ah, my Saviour, how great a part I have

taken in the pains Thou sufferedst in the Praetorium! It is I who have put the crown of thorns upon thy head, who have derisively saluted thee, who have spit on thy face, who have struck thy head, who have caused thy blood to flow from it, and who have been the cause so cruel pangs Shall I ever be able to requite thy love?

III. *And Jesus came forth bearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. And Pilate said to them: Behold the Man. When the chief priests therefore and the servants had seen him, they cried out saying: Crucify him, crucify him...* Ah! no, my divine Jesus, I will crucify thee no more. I adore thee as my true King; I acknowledge thee as my sovereign Lord in the midst of all these wounds, in the midst of these reproaches, with which Thou wishedst to be covered, in order to invest me with glory. Did not the blood flowing from thy whole body suffice, O my Lord, without shedding that of thy head also? The head is the part where men are distinguished, where the person's features are found, where all vital senses and organs are united, where beauty and ugliness are revealed, where joy and melancholy, health and disease, and all the feel-

ings of our soul appear. Just this part, O my Lord, Thou hast suffered to be pierced through by thorns and stained with blood. With these marks shall I recognize thee, O amiable spouse of my soul, *beautiful above the sons of men?*

Is this the face, on which the Angels desire to look, and which was the delight of Joseph and Mary thy mother, who has now become the most afflicted among women? I adore, O God of my heart, I adore the unspeakable love that reduced thee to this state, and return thee endless thanks for so many mercier.

How miserable I am! Is this not yet sufficient to make me love the cross, injuries and reproaches and all that renders me like thee, O God of my soul? When sufferings befall me, I am overwhelmed; when they last long, I am down-hearted; when I am free from them, I rejoice. When wilt Thou, O my God, destroy the weakness of my flesh by the strength of thy love? Alas! all I think of converges to the comforts of my body, the sweetnesses of this life, the vain estimation of myself, the pleasure I take in men's praises. I then forget how miserable and contemptible I am in thy eyes. When shall I hate myself as much as I deserve?

Thou art crowned with thorns, and I escape all that causes me the least pain!

O most holy Mother of God, O perfect imitator of the Saviour, oh, how much overwhelmed Thou art with sorrow! If thy innocent Son is crowned with thorns, what shall I become, I who am so proud and delicate? Help me, O Refuge of sinners, to follow thy example; obtain for me the will and strength of bearing all the pains He will please to afflict me with, for I know I cannot be thine without cross and without thorns.

O my Guardian Angel, and you Angels of peace, who saw my Saviour so bleeding and disfigured, and who clearly see the price of my Saviour's thorns, have mercy on a sinful and miserable soul, seeking in the place of exile what is to be found only in Heaven; let her understand that, to be crowned with you in Paradise, it is necessary for her to be crowned with thorns on earth! So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Patience.*

REFLECTION. — *Bear with meekness the often ill-tempered persons of your family; for these tempers are necessary to practice virtue.*

Suffer the aridity and sadness of spirit, the melancholy, temptations and infir-

mities, without complaining, and without relating them to anyone in order to be pitied.

Bear likewise other people's calumnies and contempt, without getting angry, and thus you will find the peace of your heart.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, my life and hope, what would become of me if thou abandonedst me?*

Example.

At Naples. — The Fifteen Saturdays of 1884.

Another example of constant prayer and of patience in expecting graces from Mary is given by the following fact, published in the Magazine « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** », March 1885.

« Towards the end of May 1883, when I was enjoying blooming health, I suddenly began to feel a general uneasiness, that gave me general nervous disorders, which then greatly and rapidly increased, so that I was almost beside myself. I was continually disturbed by pains in my bowels, breast, back, and especially in my head, as I felt it was as if in the grasp of a vice.

To this were added a vesical paralysis and an intestinal torpor, so that I was unable to

digest a piece of bread, or a little meat; all food disgusted me. After *fourteen* months of such diseases, I was so greatly neakened, that I was reduced to a skeleton. All my friends were of opinion that I was about die of consumption.

My treating physician, Doctor Gerardo Molfese, after having applied all medicaments, consulted very skilful Professors, as Cantani, Cardarelli and others. Although I exactly executed all their prescriptions, I did not get better at all; and my family, warned by the same Professor, had no, or little hope of my getting well again.

The only thing I had left was to change the air, and I went to S. Giorgio a Cremano; but no advantage.

In the period of some intermission, I sometimes went out to amuse myself a little; and to all my acquaintances whom I happened to meet, I spoke of my infirmities, being unable to persuade myself how, from so strong and blooming health, I could have been reduced to such a deplorable state, as to be considered consumptive. Almost mad I took advice of everyone, so that my friends laughed at me, and some of them shunned me, because they were tired of hearing me always speaking in one way, on a fixed idea.

One day of January 1884, I related my infirmities to the good Priest Dom Giuseppe Cigliano:

— *If you wish to recover*, said he to me, *you must consecrate yourself to Our Lady of Pompei.*

I did not require to be told twice: I requested my brother the priest, Gennaro Ioime, to accompany me to Pompei the next day.

In fact, though with difficulty, I went there in the morning with my abovesaid brother, who said Mass. I knelt at the feet of that most wonderful Image of the Virgin of the Rosary, and humbly besought the grace of my recovery, with the promise of going there again to thank her and of making an offer of 200 liras for her Temple.

My wishes were not heard.

It was Easter Sunday, 13th April 1884, I went again to Pompei with my family and my brother the priest, hoping to obtain the grace on that solemn feast of the Rosary, of the first Glorious Mystery. In vain!

I then thought of interposing other people's prayers to the Virgin Mary. I often went to Countess de Fusco and the Lawyer Bartolo Longo's, to ask them that they would please to have prayers said for me at Pompei. They heard me with great patience, for I must acknowledge that I was very tiresome by always complaining of my condition, and always repeating the same demands. Their comforting words made me hope more and more in Our Lady of Pompei's power.

Meanwhile the 8th of May approached. I

longed for this day to arrive, whem Our Lady uses to gran particular graces, in order to go to Pompei again and see whether I was to be one of those to whom Mary does good on the day of her glories.

In fact I went there; I earnestly requested the Most Holy Virgin, recited with the others the devout *Petition* at noon, and left the Temple more relieved. On going out I saw Signor Longo, and reminded him to pray for me.

— *Will you have the grace?* said he to me: *do the Fifteen Saturdays. We shall begin them at St. Joh's Church at Costantinopoli (Naples) on the last Saturday of next June. We shall meet there.*

I exactly took his advice; and began with the others the beautiful devotion of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, uninterruptedly.

The third Saturday was come, when Miss Agrelli, the religious service being over, entered the Sacristy. She related the miracle she had received from Our Lady of Pompei on 8th May, and she said among other things, that Mary herself had suggested how she wished to be prayed by those who were in great need of her help, viz. reciting *three Novenas of impetration* with the whole Rosary of 15 decades; and *three Novenas of thanksgiving* with the whole Rosary after having received the grace.

Taking courage from these beautiful promises, I immediately commenced the *three Novenas*

to the Virgin of Pompei with the recital of the whole Rosary.

Oh, Mary's power! At the beginning of the third Novena, invoking *the wonderful Virgin, who set her throne of Queen and Mother on the land of Pompei,* I obtained a complete recovery; so that when we were celebrating the eighth Saturday, the third Sorrowful Mystery, at the beginning of August, all my infirmities had quite disappeared without leaving any trace. I, whom doctors, friends and relations considered a skeleton on the verge of the tomb, got quite well again to the wonder and astonishment of my family, of all those who had seen me sick, and of my very doctor, who did not hesitate to give me his attestation.

Full of joy, I presented myself to Signor Long and Countess Longo, whom I had so many times tired with my complaints; and all rejoiced, and blessed the mercy and power of the Most Holy Virgin of Pompei.

As a proof of my complete recovery, I can assure you that, during the cholera of August 1884, which caused so many deaths in Naples, I ate every kind of food, even those that were considered dangerous to healthy persons, as I had recovered a blooming health better than that I enjoyed before I was taken ill.

I add that, mindful all my life-time of such a signal miracle I obtained from the Most Holy Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei, I fulfilled at once the recital of the *three Novenas of thanks-*

giving with the whole Rosary, as I had promised.

Naples, 1st December 1881.

Signed: — IGNAZIO IOIME ».

Witnesses: — PRIEST GENNARO IOIME — PASQUALE IOIME — GABRIELA IOIME-MORRA — ALFONSO IOIME — NUNZIATINA IOIME — CONCETTA IOIME.

Here follows the attestation of the treating physician, Doctor Gerardo Molfese.

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the eighth Saturday.

My soul, when thou seest the sacred Host in the hands of the Priest, saying: *Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who takes away the sins of the world;* quicken thy faith, and think that thou seest under the sacramental signs thy Jesus covered with wounds, crowned with thorns, in a purple-garment, shown to the people by Pilate, who says: *Ecce Homo: Behold the Man.* Hear these same words that the Everlasting Father repeats to thee in this moment:

Daughter, *behold the Man*, who is my Son, equal to me, and now become thy brother ad similar to thee, and He bears thee an infinite love. He is my *beloved Son*, I give him thee in the state in which thou seest him. What more can I do for thee? Receive him, listen to him, love him, and endeavour to imitate him. I give thee in him all the good things I possess, a remedy for all thy evils, a consolation for all thy pains, the bondsman for all thy debts, the mediator for all thy demands.

Ah! what shall I render thee, O Eternal Father, for this infinite charity? I know that for all these good things, Thou requirest only myself. Who am I then, O Lord, to merit thy looks and graces after so much ingratitude? I offer thee thy very Son, this *Man of sorrows; Behold the Man.* I offer thee him with all his Blood, with all his torments, with all his merits, and I consecrate myself to thee with him and in him.

And Thou, O my Jesus, so reduced, what dost Thou say to this miserable soul, who is now afflicted to have offended thee? I hear thee answering me from that Host: Sinful soul, *behold the Man: ecce Homo.* Behold, I am this Man whom thou seekest, a mediator between thee and God, thy Saviour, the infi-

nite lover of thy soul: whither dost thou go when thou fleest from me? what dost thou seek when thou dost not seek me? what dost thou love when thou dost not love me? what brother, what father shalt thou find like me? *Behold the Man:* look at me, and beg of me what thou wishest, for I am filled with wounds and all in tears for thee. All these torments are for thee: my Blood, my person, my merits, are all thine. *Come then to me, all you that tabour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you.* Enter my Heart through these wounds, and draw from it all the treasures you will find therein; come to me, and I will refresh and love you; I will load you with all the delights of my love.

And what can I reply to thee, O Lord? Ah, I throw myself at thy feet, I adore praise and thank thee; I confess all my miseries, and I will repeat thee a hundred times: *Behold the Man.* Behold my unlucky soul before thee, who has despised and rejected thee, who has so many times struck thee and spit upon thee. My hands, O Lord, by their wicked works have driven these thorns into thy head. But all my miseries cannot take away from me the hope I put in thy mercy. How could I distrust those bowels of charity? Can I give up my hope in thee,

O my God, when I see what Thou endurest for me? *Behold the Man,* for whom Thou wast made Man. I beseech thee through this love, O God of my heart, to forgive me all my sins, to change and transform me wholly in thee. If Thou seekest humiliation in me, Thou wilt abundantly find it; if Thou wilt save sinners, come into my soul, and save her.

I come to thee, Mother of mercy, introduce me to thy Son, whom I will receive from thy hands this morning, in order that His embittered Heart may be consoled in thy love and in my sorrow.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

I adore thee within my breast, heavenly beauty, true King of heaven and earth. I love and embrace thee. I will not say with Jacob: *I will not let thee go unless thou bless me;* but I will say with thy Spouse: *I hold my spouse, and I will not let him go.* When shall I see thy beautiful face, light

of my eyes, my love, my joy? How many miseries Thou findest in me to be destroyed, O infinite mercy! My God and my King, Thou hast so exposed thyself to the sight of thy friends and enemies, thy hands bound, filled with insults and wounds and crowned with thorns, only to light thy love in our souls. Accomplish then thy designs concerning me, my hope and life, catch up my soul. The more miserable I am and attached to earth, the more the strength of thy love for me will be displayed.

O Lord, this thy crown shall be changed into a crown of majesty and glory, when Thou comest to judge the world. Oh, how much will thy enemies tremble then! What will thy enemies say then? What will those who offend thee every day say then? How frightened will they be! Shall I be in the number of the reprobate?... Shall I have to fear thy presence, and then curse thee for ever?... Oh, no, no, my Saviour, my God: to day it is time for thee to judge me, not then; in this moment, when Thou art within my breast, my love, my life, my only Good. Judge me now when I see thee crowned with thorns. *Here burn me*, I will say with St. Augustine, *here torment me, here do not spare me, that Thou spare me for ever.*

O afflicted, despised, outraged Jesus, I throw myself at thy feet, and I will be quite thine. Open on me the eyes of thy mercy. Accomplish now thy work, O Heart of Jesus crowned with thorns; transpierce my heart with thy bloody thorns, in order to inflame it with thy love: and purify my heart from every sentiment of pride and sensuality.

I offer thee my soul, body, strength, honor, life, and all that I have received from thee. I offer thee my sins, miseries and necessities also. Do for me what thy wounds ask thee, for I am so miserable and blind, as even to ignore what suits me, or what I must beg of thee. Say thyself to my soul, sweet Jesus, how much Thou lovest me, what Thou hast done, what Thou hast merited for me. The only thing I can do is to offer myself to thee, to give myself up to thee, my God, my Saviour, my life.

O Mary, formerly blessed among women, now the most afflicted of all mothers, thou lookedst with thy own eyes at thy Only-begotten Son torn by wounds, crowned with thorns, his face disfigured by blood! Who can measure the bitterness of thy sorrow? How canst Thou recognize the beauty of that face, which fortified thy soul in the afflictions

of life? This Jesus, the fruit of thy purest womb; whom thou nourishedst with thy virginal milk, and on whose lips thou foundest the sweetness of Paradise; whom thou palpitating snatched from the snares of the cruel Herod; who when of age shared with thee the fatigues and afflictions of life! Thou now seest him looking no more like a man, but from the sole of his foot to the top of his head He is one wound *as a leper, and is become the outcast of the people.* O my Mother afflicted by my sins, I will be a partaker of thy sorrow this morning, by making myself a companion of thy pain, requesting thee to engrave it on my heart, and uniting myself with a stronger love to thy beloved Son, whom I have received in this Communion. Offer him, together with thine, my afflicted heart, and say to him those unspeakable loving words that I cannot say. Let me become a *new man,* and be in the number of thy truly devout souls.

And you, my Guardian Angel, glorious St. Joseph, Saint of my name, high Prince of Heaven St. Michael, Seven Blessed Heavenly Spirits, who continually adore Jesus in his Sacrament of the Altar, and you all, blessed Souls of Heaven, who are indebted to the blood and thorns of Jesus for the glory

you enjoy above, have mercy on me. Pray for this miserable soul, which exiled from her fatherland is bare of all good: obtain for her God's true love, patience in every pain, and final perseverance. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE NINTH SATURDAY

The fourth Sorrowful Mystery — Jesus is condemned to death, and carries his Cross on his shoulders.

(MATT., 27; MARK, 15; LUKE, 23; JOHN, 19).

Meditation.

I. *Jesus is condemned to death.* Consider, O my soul, how Pilate grown timid endeavoured three times to deliver Jesus; and that perfidious people shouted three times asking for his death. *Away with him; away with him, crucify him.* Pilate could do justice; on the contrary, while he proclaims Jesus innocent, he delivers Barabbas, and for fear of man he gives up Jesus to the mercy of his enemies that He should be crucified.

A herald published that, by order of the Emperor, and according to Roman laws, Jesus of Nazareth, having wished to make himself king of the Jews, was condemned to die on a cross between two thieves, who were sentenced to the same punishment for their thefts.

My soul, here is the instant when thy Jesus, thy God, thy Creator, the Saviour of men, was sentenced by men to be killed by

their very hands on an infamous gallows. Who can hear this cruel sentence of death without horror? And what dost thou do? Pray Mary to accept thee in her company in the sorrowful journey She takes to-day with her Son as far as Calvary.

O Mary, O Mother of Dolours, dost thou not hear the furious cries of death against thy Son? How canst thou remain in the midst of this inhuman crowd? How canst thou resist such a ferocity? Thy Jesus then, the life of thy life, the King of Heaven and earth, the Creator of men, the only hope of sinners is sentenced to die? His enemies welcome this sentence with joy, his friends and disciples are dismayed at it; but this innocent Lamb, in spite of repugnant nature and of the sorrow for this so great injustice, accepts even death with an affectionate obedience!

Oh, the tormenting pains of thy Heart, my Jesus! Thou hearest the extreme unthankfulness of this people shouting: *We have no king but Caesar... His blood be upon us and upon our children.* Ungrateful people! even to-day thou bearest the penalty of thy crime, always homeless on earth, hateful to everybody, without king, without fatherland, without army, without Temple, without Sacrifices.

What a terrible lesson for thee, my soul! How many times hast thou imputed to the devil and the frailty of flesh the sin that thou committedst out of a free movement of thy will? So the Jews, blinded by their hatred, deemed it a trifling thing for the blood of God to be on their heads and their children's. The confused cries of that mob were united to the voice of thy sins, that were present since then to the Everlasting Father, to ask him for the death of the Saviour, who took upon himself the sins of the world. This caused St. Paul to say, that those who sin *crucify again the Son of God,* because they renew the cause of his death.

Forgive me, my God, because I am more wicked than this people. He does not wish to see thee, because he does not know thee: and I who believe in thee, who adore thee, who acknowledge thee for what Thou art, how many times have I turned away my eyes from thee when Thou camest to me to draw me to thee? Remedy my faults, O Lord, let me never lose sight of thee, and be Thou always the object of my looks, wishes and love.

Hear, sinful soul, the herald's voice; look at the soldier's bustle to execute the deadly sentence. In the midst of this tumult admire

the silence, peace, meekness and charity of Jesus, who hears all, sees all, suffers all, without complaining and without the least mark of impatience.

O God of my soul, how can I see what I see, and hear what I hear? Thou, a false King? Thou, the faithful friend of our soul, a perfidious man? Thou, the chief of thieves, who art the generous source of all good? Thou, worthy of death, who art the author of life? Ah! it is I who am guilty of such faults; and the guilty lives, and the innocent dies? The master loses his life, to preserve that of his slave? O divine love, O pure love, why dost thou not consume me with thy flames? why dost thou not entirely submit me to thee, almighty Heart, that sacrificest thyself for me?

II. *Jesus is loaded with the Cross.* In order that Jesus Christ might be recognized by everyone, they violently take off that old mantle from him, thus renewing his wounds and pains, because it had closely stuck to them, and they put his garment on him again. It being without seam, and its front not open, it was necessary to put it on by the head; but it was entangled in the thorns; so that the crown was harshly shaken, the

pain of the punctures was renewed, and the blood began to flow again.

When every thing was ready, the Saviour came out from Pilate's house in the midst of a double row of soldiers, who dispersed the crowd, and on going out He found the Cross that had been prepared for him. This was the most infamous of all gallows, destined to the slaves or criminals submitted to public curse, so that no one approached it for fear of infamy. This heavy and long Cross they will put on the bruised and aching shoulders of Jesus! And Jesus was not in the least deterred by it, though it was about fifteen feet long!

He always looked upon the Cross as his dear spouse, as the shelter of his friends, as the star that was to guide his elect among the rocks of this world, as the trophy of his glory and the eternal monument of his infinite love.

Come out then from Pilate's house, O divine Jesus, my King, my chief, my love. Come out, and Thou wilt find thy long wished for spouse.

As soon as the Saviour was led before the Cross, He fixed his eyes and heart on it, and said to it, not by words but with his soul: O dear amiable Cross, that I have longed

for al my life! thou art the spouse promised to me, and in order to obtain thee I have served thirtythree years. Thou art the dispenser of all my goods, the trophy of my victories, the glory and crown of my love. This is the day on which we shall be closely united. Thou shalt be the standard of my elect, who shall attain glory only by the Cross. Thou the glory of my servants: those who will glory in thee, shall be honored; those who will be ashamed of thee, shall live in infamy. To-day thou shalt receive me with open arms, and I will wet thee with my Blood, and thou shalt become the Mother of all Nations. Come then, my faithful companion, let us go to Calvary together, where I must undergo death, that shall snatch my body from thy arms, but shall not take away my heart from thee. Thou shalt be the terror of Hell and the joy of Paradise. Those who will seek me and follow me, shall take thee as their guide, and shall obtain by thee every thing they may wish for.

With these feelings of esteem and affection for the Cross, He suffered himself to be loaded with it; He tenderly embraced it, and so He preceded us as the chief and model of the elect. And as there was not anyone superior to his Virgin Mother, He

gave her the first place under this standard. She followed him in the streets of Jerusalem, following his bloody tracks, as She herself revealed to St. Bridget. And while Jesus bore this heavy Cross on his shoulders, She bore one in her heart, more sorrowful than all those that all men have been bearing since the creation of the world.

Thus He wished to teach us these three truths: the first, that it is a great grace to bear the Cross after Jesus Christ; the second, that he who has no cross to bear is very far from perfection; the third, that it is great blindness not to accept with resignation the crosses that God sends us.

Jesus wished to be seen loaded with his Cross openly, wearing his own garments, in the presence of a whole people, in the high streets of Jerusalem, from Pilate's hous to Calvary, in order to confirm by his example what He had taught in his doctrine, that *he that taketh not up his cross after him, is not worthy to be his disciple.*

III. *Jesus bears the Cross.* My soul, consider thy Saviour going out of the Praetorium bent with the enormous weight of the cross, exhausted with the blood He had shed, so that He can hardly stand. In such a state

He was walking towards Calvary preceded by a herald and two thieves, that were to be crucified with him, surrounded by the soldiers who did not cease injuring him, and followed by the chiefs of the priests, the doctors of the Law, the Pharisees and the chief Jews; who led him themselves, and who abandoned him only when they had seen him give up the ghost.

Meanwhile the most meek Jesus Christ was panting, sweating and losing breath; and all his wounds opened again through the efforts He made. At last, when He was out of the town, sinking from weakness, He fell upon his face under the Cross. The soldiers load him with blows and injuries to make him rise again; but the Jews, fearing He might die before they enjoyed the ferocious spectacle of crucifying him, *having met Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, they forced him to take up his cross, and carry it* as far as Calvary. *And there followed him a great multitude of people and of women, who bewailed and lamented him.* But Jesus, more occupied with our evils than with his pains, *turning to them said: Weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.... For if in the green wood they do*

these things, what will be done in the dry?

In this moment Mary, crossing a shorter street, as St. Bonaventure thinks, places herself where her afflicted Son was to pass. He arrives, but alas! his wounds, his bruises, his blackened blood made him look like a leper. Mary loving and fearing looks at him, and Jesus taking off a clot of blood from his eyes (as He revealed to St. Bridget), looked at his Mother. Sorrowful looks that broke the two noblest, holiest and most loving Hearts on earth and in Heaven. *My Son!...* said the mournful Mother, and she said no more, because her sorrow was so vehement, that if it had been shared by all creatures, says St. Bernardine, it would have caused them all to die of sorrow. And the Prophet had said: *O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.* The Mother wished to embrace him; but the ministers expel her with injuries, and press on the grieved Lord; and Mary follows him.

But one of the most painful wounds that gave pain to our Redeemer in this journey, was, as the Venerable Taulero and St. Bernard say, a wound in his shoulder: because the heavy beam of the Cross having been

placed on it, caused him a large wound, the great number he had becoming one. The pain was so intense, that it penetrated the fibres of his heart. And as the Cross was very long, the extremity of it striking the stones of the streets, made a terrible noise and gave great pain to the suffering Lord.

O Holy Cross, consecrated by the sweat and Blood of my Saviour, I too embrace thee. Thou shalt be, for the future, my shelter, my light, my science and all my wisdom. Do not forsake me, never go far from me, although my flesh fear and flee from thee. In thee we find health, life, the victory over malignant spirits, the joy of our heart, the perfection of virtue. Thou hast confirmed the Apostles, fortified the Martyrs, sustained the Virgins, sanctified all the Just. Thou rejoicest the Angels, defendest the Church, fillest Heaven, and, on the dreadful day of final Judgment, thou shalt appear with Jesus for the glory of his elect and for the eternal confusion of his enemies.

My miserable and sinful soul, what hast thou found when thou hast fled the cross? Whatever effort thou mayst make to shun it, in spite of thee thou always meetest with it, because thou livest in a place of exile and in a vale of tears. If thou shunnest it on one

side, thou fallest on the other side into a great many other pains, that afflict, trouble, disturb, deject, oppress thee and leave thee no hope. If thou givest thyself up to worldly joys, thou losest the peace of thy heart, thy inward consolation, heavenly wisdom, the world divides thee, anguishes thee, and drags thee along with it. If thou fleest it to follow sensual pleasures, thou findest thyself in continual inconstancy and agitation. If thou runnest after vanities, thou remainest void, hungry, always greedy, never satisfied. Meanwhile the good, thou valuedst so much, disappeans every moment: now thou losest thy health, now thy honor, then thy riches, at last thy friends. What thou wishest for, never arrives: and if sometimes it comes, it does not last. Thou canst not rely upon life: death is accompanied with fears and tortures, for all that surrounds thee stains thy conscience. At every step thou findest a thousand displeasures; and after so many useless cares, thou often hast only bitter tears left, as well as a comfortless sorrow and a resourceless loss.

Here is, O holy Cross, the danger I have been in for having fled thee, when thou hast presented thyself to me, for not having embraced thee with all my heart. O holy Cross,

the light of Heaven, the secure shelter of the afflicted, receive me into thy arms, and vouchsafe that, by thy help, I may be united with Him who has redeemed me on thee. So be it.

A prayer to Jesus bearing his Cross.

O Jesus, my Lord and Saviour, on this Cross Thou bearest all the sins of the world; and these make thy load so heavy. While Thou goest up the cliffs of Calvary, thy sighs penetrate Heaven. By the beatings of thy most holy Heart Thou movest the Eternal Father's in behalf of poor sinners, and openest the way of glory for them. Thou keepest a deep silence; but this silence is remarked from afar, and invites all men to follow thee. Here Thou appearest the Chief and Leader of the Just and makest war to the world. O my Guide and King, my hope, my true life, my sovereign Good, do not suffer me to be driven away from this society, where thy holy Mother has the first place after thee, and where all thy faithful friends have been received. Lead me with thee, O Lord, or drag me along after thee, that I may never lose sight of thee and of thy Cross. I wish to follow and imitate thee; and prefer

being crucified with thee to enjoying all the delights of life. But I am weak and a coward, O my God: I acknowledge my misery. However Thou art my fortitude.

Where goest Thou alone, life of my soul? Dost Thou not hear the voice of him who cries after thee, and can follow thee only from afar? Shalt Thou go up Calvary without me? Give me this thy Cross. But since Thou wishest to be reputed as the chief of malefactors, here is one of thy suite. Instead of one thief, Thou shalt save two with me, O my Redeemer, my Brother, my God. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *The love of your own cross.*

REFLECTION. — *Embrace with all your heart the cross that God sends you for your salvation, and which consists of all the crosses inherent to your state. And if you are suffering a chronic disease, consider it as a hidden treasure that daily enriches you for Heaven.*

Repeat to-day the words of Jesus Christ: « If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me ».

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, although I be a sinner, do not forget thou art my Mother.*

Example.

At Serrano. — The Medal of the Virgin of Pompei.

The Reverend Priest Antonio Sindico, of Serrano, in the province of Lecce, sent to the Director of «**Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei**» the following declaration, dated 1st March 1887:

«*Dear Advocate.* — I satisfy my wish and fulfil my duty to go to the Altar of the great Queen of Victories in her Vale of election, in order heartily to thank her for the grace she granted me.

As you remember well, you sent me on 14th January a large silver *medal of the most miraculous Virgin of Pompei.* I cannot describe the joy I felt when I had it in my hands! I kissed it with a transport of joy, I affectionately pressed it to my bosom, and it appeared to me that I had found the riches of my heart. I joined it to the chaplet that surrounds my neck by day and night. Mary accepted this act of affection, and wished to reward me that very day.

It was a quarter past ten in the evening, when I left my small family, as usual, and retired to rest. Having gone to bed, I had a mind to read. I put out my oil-lamp, and lighted a small taper, that I propped up by the side of the bedstead.

While reading I was overcome with sleep; so that I did not remember to put out the small taper-This burnt wholly, and my quilt and mattress were all in fire.

I was quietly sleeping, although the smoke and the fetidness of burnt wool reached disagreeably my mother, whose room was separated from mine by three other rooms. That night I slept so soundly, that I woke late in the morning, On getting out of hed, I perceived that it was all burnt and carbonized!... A shudder of dread invaded my whole body on seeing the danger I had escaped from. But who could have extinguished the fire, or prevent it from burning me, or asphyxiating me by the fetid smoke? I thought a little; and remembered the *dear Medal of the Virgin of Pompei*, that I had round my neck together with the chaplet!

Then I said to myself: *I have escaped from fire through a miracle of Mary and her Rosary.* I went down to church, and said a Mass of thanksgiving; and I hastened to publish this new miracle to as many persons as I could, so that the report of it spread in this region everywhere.

As a proof of thankfulness to our common Benefactress, I have commenced the public recital of the most holy Rosary every evening; and from the great number of persons who attend it I have reason to believe that great spiritual advantages will be derived from this

devotion. I purpose to persevere in it, that I may be in the number of the most fervent and zealous Propagators of Mary's Rosary and of her dear Sanctuary of Pompei».

PRIEST ANTONIO SINDICO

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the ninth Saturday.

The Jews, O my Jesus, condemn thee to death, crying: *Away with him, crucify him.* But I wish, O Lord, always to see thee and embrace thee with this Cross, that is the nuptial bed of thy loving souls.

Then, O Mary, take him off from the hands of these cruel men that cannot bear his presence, and give him to me: I will receive him into my arms, cure his wounds, adore and serve him: come to me, who desire, seek and love thee, and who love thee so much disfigured. Enter my soul, live in it and wouchsafe that I may die for thee.

But forgive me, my God, for I am more wicked than this people. Treasure of everlasting good, who givest thyself so liberally to me, and who wishest so ardently that I possess thee as my own good, come to me: on receiving thee to-day I embrace thee with

the Cross, I will like Simon of Cyrene release thee a little, by bearing thy cross with mine. I will satisfy thee by giving myself up to thee, and putting into thy hands whatever is mine. I am already thine, as Thou hast redeemed me by means of thy Blood an of thy death on the cross; look down upon me as thy slave and make me quite thine. If I possess thee, I am rich enough. Woe to me, if I go even one moment far from thy cross and the obedience I owe thee. Thou art my bondsman, and I am thy debtor: what shall I render to thee this morning? My poverty is so great, that I can give thee only myself, my misery, my unfaithfulness, my sins. O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, wash me with thy Blood, before uniting thyself to me: purify me by means of thy immaculate Flesh, and strengthen me by thy Cross. Come, O Lord, that I may be thine for ever.

O Mary, from thy hands I will receive thy Son so much wounded and disfigured for my sins. Thou met him on the rough way to Calvary, falling under the weight of the Cross, thou sawest that sorrowful apparatus, the nails, hammers, ropes and fatal instruments of the death of thy Son; and thou must lead me to Jesus with this my

cross, under which I have fallen so many times. Those injuries thou sufferedst from the soldiers were a figure of my sins: now obtain for me from him that I never relapse, while I will, in imitation of St. Veronica, wipe away his Blood in my heart. Impress on this unthankful heart the face of this my God so much disfigured for me, in order that I may, clasped to his Cross, his image on my heart, never more abandon thee.

O Saint Veronica, happy Simon of Cyrene, and you faithful Magdalen and pious women, who pitied Jesus fallen under the Cross, and sustained Mary in her bitter sorrow; pray for me, lend me your affections, help my faith, strengthen my hope, increase my charity towards Jesus Crucified, who has made himself my companion, my prige, my food. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

I adore thee, infinite Love; I adore thee, Heart of my sweet Jesus, beginning of my life, light of my soul, source of my salvation,

my treasure of all the things that I possess and that I expect. Now thy Heart is mine, we are one thing: now I can say with thy Apostle: *And I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me.* And now I will tell thee with thy Catharine of Siena: *O Lord, I recommend thee not my, but thy Heart.* As I wish this heart of mine to be quite thine, make in me the same change Thou madest in this thy Handmaid; take my heart, and give me thine. But if this is too much, at least renew this I have, in order that it may live, feel and palpitate only for thee.

O inflamed Heart of Jesus, impress thy Cross on my heart, that it may not yield to temptation; crown it with thy thorns to humiliate it: burn it with thy flames that it may love thee. O fire always burning in Jesus' Heart and never going out, how wonderful the inventions of thy charity are! Thou, divine Charity, hast undergone the death of the Cross, because we have asked for it, and Thou wouldst have submitted to other tortures, if our redemption had required it. If Thou hast complied with such cruel exigencies, how couldst Thou not hear me, when I ask for the grace of loving and serving thee?

But what must my confusion be, and what

can I say before thee, O Lord, seeing that Thou hast given thyself up to the unjust and cruel will of thy enemies, for me, and I refuse giving myself up to thine? Thy will is the rule of all righteousness, and I do not submit myself, when I have some annoyance! And what canst Thou dispose but to thy glory and my own good? My ewils are changed into good, temptations and desolations into consolations, death itself is a transition to a blessed life for me; and nevertheless I complain, I flee from thee, I am not satisfied with this wonderful order Thou hast so wisely and bountifully established! O the blindness of my spirit, the hardness of my heart! Change from this very moment, O my God, the inclinations of my heart: I give myself wholly up to thy will. *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.* I embrace my cross together with thee; crucify my body and soul, my heart and spirit, that thy will be done, and not mine, now and for ever, in life and death, in time and eternity.

In apply to thee this morning, most afflicted Heart of Mary, pierced by the sufferings of Jesus, and more so by my iniquities. I kneel down at thy feet, O most afflicted Mother, and beg thee to pardon

my sins, which have been the cause of the falls of thy Jesus under the Cross and of all thy sorrows. My Mother, how is it possible for me to live in peace with sin, when the latter takes away thy life and thy Son's? Take away my life at this moment, O Mary, that I may never more offend Him; or rather load me with thy Cross, as an efficacious preservative against sin. From thy hands I have now received thy Jesus, and from thy hands I intend receiving henceforth all the crosses and sorrows of life, He is pleases to send me. And if I am *to be crucified to the world and become the reproach and outcast of the people;* thou, O Mary, shalt truly be my friend, my good Mother, my only consolation.

Most holy Trinity, I thank you for having given me Jesus Christ with his Cross, and I thank you by means of this holy Sacrifice, that I offer you together with all the Masses that are this day said in the world, and with those that will be said even to the end.

Angels of God, holy Spirits who surround the throne of the Lamb, adore for me Jesus enclosed within my breast. Heavenly Jerusalem, sing for me hymns of praise and thanksgiving for the great number of benefits I have received from the Cross of

Jesus. And you, blessed souls that were afflicted, humiliated, depressed under the Cross, and you, sinful souls, that now enjoy in Heaven the glory of divine Mercy, abundantly shown to you by the power of our Saviour's Cross; pray Jesus, pray Mary, that they vouchsafe to admit me one day in your blessed company. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE TENTH SATURDAY

The fifth Sorrowful Mystery.
The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus.

(MATT., 27; MARK, 15; LUKE, 23; JOHN, 19).

Meditation.

I. *Jesus is given gall to drink and stripped of his garments.* Jesus reaches the Calvary, that is called also Golgotha, *viz skull place,* an execrable, vile and despicable place, smelling of corpses and bones; and they do not let him rest a little! In what a hurry they get ready whatever is necessary to crucify him, for they wish to take away, as soon as possible, this life that had become hateful and irksome to all.

My soul, hear the cries, remark how quick They are to take off his chains and strip him of his garments that were sticking to his wounds, and how his pains are renewed another time: look at that bloody and bruised body. Advance as far as his Heart; thou shalt find it thinking of thy miseries, or his eyes fixed on heaven to implore thy reconcilement. Out of the heavy burden of the Cross, Jesus is exhausted with fatigue and pain,

and they give him vinegar mixed wih myrrh and gall. The Prophet had foretold this gall. Jesus then commences by expiating the sin of our first fathers, that was the disobedience of the forbidden fruit. Only this part of his body, his throat, had been untouched, and He wished to suffer in this also for us.

Alas! how great the number of those, whose God is their belly, and who change the temple of the Holy Ghost into an abode of the devil, losing their soul and body to satisfy their sensual wishes! We must show our obedience even with our throat, especially when the Church joins our penance to that of all the faithful, by shunning sensualness, and by accepting all the dishes that are prepared for us, although they be not agreeable to our taste.

Consider, my soul, thy Saviour stripped, sat on a stone, while they are preparing death for him, covered with blood, disfigured, so miserably rent and torn, that He is only extraordinary wound. His Heart painful, He lifts up his eyes to Heaven, shedding bitter tears, and offers himself again for us to the Everlasting Father. *And he was heard for his reverence*, says St. Paul the Apostle. Here exposed to the wind, to the cold, *one* his strength exhausted and

blood, and almost frozen, the meek est Lamb suffers this horrible torture silently and willingly.

They put the crown of thorns on his head again, for it had been taken off in order to strip him. His blessed head is therefore again afflicted and deranged, and new blood wets the mountain. My soul, harder than stone, why dost thou not kneel down at his feet to bathe them with tears and to receive the precious dew of blood flowing on every side? How many graces thou shalt find therein! How many lights, how many consolations!

My Jesus, my Saviour, my Love, let me embrace thy sacred feet. I will lay down my heart on them before they are nailed to the Cross; and I will be consumed by thy love before death takes thee away from my eyes. With these divine hands, before they are perforated by nails, embrace my sinful soul, for which Thou sufferest horrible tortures; destroy all her wickdness, press her on thy Heart, so that she may never be separated from thee.

I see thee here, O Lord, deprived of all, thy garments, of the company of thy disciples and friends, of the sweetness of thy Mother, of thy reputation, and even of thy own skin. When, O Lamb of God, wilt Thou

grant me this grace, that I wean myself from all that separates me from thee? Thy Apostle Bartholomew imitated thee by getting rid of his very skin; and Peter wished to be not only crucified, but with his head downwards. St. Augustine, wholly to wean himself from what had been for him an occasion of offending thee, admitted no longer any woman into his house, nor touched money any more, for fear of staining his soul. Some retired into deserts and cloisters; others gave up their bodies to torments; and others who were obliged to live in the world, *used it as if they used it not.* O Love, that deprivest thyself of all, O love that transformest all, change my heart, make it like thine, poor and void of all, weaned from creatures and intimately united to thee. Crucify my heart with thee, and consume me with thy love, O my hope, rest and glory.

Jesus always obeys with meekness and readiness, because He considers his executioners as keepers of his Father's orders; to teach us to keep submission and inward peace in the most disagreeable and painful events of our lives. When we suffer violence, injustice, treason and other pains, we must look on them as ordered by God, who sends them by means of the ministers of his ado-

rable will, and we must sincerely submit to them. But as nature always looks with aversion on him who torments her, the man crucified with Jesus has always inwardly to struggle, to prevent his own heart from looking with aversion on him who offends and torments him; and from being dejected. We must then be near God, accept with submission and abandonment what befalls us, dilate our hearts by faith and by a sure trust that *we shall not be tempted above that which we are able to bear.*

Consider, my soul, with great sorrow thy sweet Redeemer: He wished to be born naked, he lived poor, and suffered at last to become so naked, that He had not a garment left to cover his most holy body, nor anything to rest his sacred head upon. He says: *The Prince of this world cometh, and in me he hath not any thing,* viz that belongs to him. And to his greater derision and shame, as if He were execrable, He suffered to be exposed so naked to the sight of his most bitter enemies and mockers, and in the presence of his most pure Mother. Thus the King of glory who dresses and covers every thing: the sky with clouds, trees with leaves, the earth with herbs and flowers; has not even any tattered clothes

that preserve him from this dishonor and shame!

O Mary, the coat without a seam, woven by thy hands, shall be cast lots upon. Who can value the great sorrow, that oppressed thy pure Heart? Adam, for having lost innocence, hastened to cover and dress himself; but thy Jesus is naked, because He preserved wholly unspotted the purity of innocence, and the cover of his wounds and his holy poverty suffice him, to teach us entirely to wean ourselves from earthly objects. O Mary, bitter sea of sorrows, pour them into my unthankful heart, that it may pity thee, and satisfy divine justice for my numerous sins.

II. *Jesus is crucified.* My soul, the Cross is ready: here is the Altar, on which this divine Lamb is going to be sacrificed for thee. Here is the nuptial bed on which Jesus expects his elect souls. Why, my sweet Jesus, dost Thou not suffer me to be crucified for thee? It behoves me, not thee, this gibbet.

Consider, my soul, with what meekness and submission He stretches himself on this death-bed, having no other pillow but the thorns with which He was crowned. He soon lifts up his eyes to Heaven, to open its gate

that had been shut till then: and as He is at the same time the Priest who reconciles us, and the victim of our reconciliation, without uttering one word, with the tenderest beatings of his heart, He offers imself to the Everlasting Father, opening his arms with an ardent wish to save all sinners. *My Father*, says He to him, *now glorify thou me.* In fact He had his arms open to invite them, to embrace them, and to present them to his Everlasting Father. He leads sinners to God again, unites earth to heaven again, and forms one house and one society of them, of whom God is the Father and sovereign master. There never was, nor aver will a Priest be more agreeable to God, nor a more sacred Altar, nor a more perfect Oblation, nor a holier Victim, for He is *the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.*

Behold how the executioners seize his left hand, and transpierce it with an enormous nail, that breaks and tears his nerves. These having shrunk through the violent pain, his right hand is contracted and shrunk towards the body, and does not reach the place prepared for it on the other piece of the cross. Then those furious men tie that blessed hand and draw it with ropes till it reaches the hole already pierced through

the timber. They do the same with the feet, so that his whole body is dislocated. And He is silent, and no lamentation escapes him: but on that face, where the most bitter pain may be seen, we read the most ardent love, the deepest resignation and a superhuman patience.

O my soul! endeavour to understand his pains, and, if thou canst not, ask Jesus Christ for the grace that He stamp on thy heart what He feels in his most sacred body.

O my God, mollify with thy nails the hardness of my heart, that it may be sensible to thy pains, to thy love and to the hatred of sin, that has reduced thee to such a state. Do not refuse me, O Lord, what I demand, because I cannot feel thy sufferings, unless Thou, through thy mercy, grantest me thyself the feeling of them. On this bed of the Cross, thy ardent Heart cries to all me: « Come to me, all you who are guilty, and I will forgive you: come to me, all you who are afflicted, and I will comfort you: come into my arms open to receive you, all you who are erring, and I will welcome you ». *Learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls.*

O divine Jesus, merciful Shepherd of this

my sinful soul, I come to thee. I obey thy voice. Here is a stray sheep going back to the fold: receive me into thy arms, for Thou wishest me to throw myself into them. Grant me that love, meekness and humility Thou desirest me to possess. Wholly submit me to thy will. Stamp on my soul these divine virtues, that Thou wishest me to imitate, that I may follow thee near, and never go far from thee. Too long have I been deaf to thy voice, which inwardly invited me to come to thee. Open to-day my ears, that I may listen to thee and follow thee: and incessantly hold me with thy almighty hand, for Thou knowest how easily I abandon thee. Receive me in the number of those who carry the Cross after thee, and tie me to it, that I may draw from it the fruits of salvation and everlasting love.

III. *Jesus dies*—When the Cross, on which our Saviour was nailed, had to be dragged as far as the hole on which it was necessary to set it, when it was raised by means of ropes, when it was suddenly let fall into that hole, when on every side the foot of the Cross was wedged by means of blows with a hammer; who can understand the sufferings caused to him by all these movements, by

all these shakes, while the nerves of his body were stretched and his limbs so much dislocated, that He himself attests by his Prophet, that all his bones could be numbered! *They have dug my hands and feet; they have numbered all my bones.*

Furious shouts of joy and derision were set up at that sight by his enemies, that were satisfied; while our Saviour, lifted up between heaven and earth, stretched his arms to receive all sinners, reconcile the world, and give them the possession of Paradise, thus fulfilling his prophecy: *If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things to myself.*

It was the sixth hour: utter darkness covered then the whole earth: the moon is dyed with blood: men had achieved God's death!

Cursing under the Cross, they derided the Son of God in the midst of the imprecations of a thief, the contempts of the vilest soldiers, and the outrageous challenges of the chief priests and scribes.

And Jesus, who had been silent till then, opens his most holy mouth and utters the word of *forgiveness,* not only for his executioners, but also for all those who had been, by their sins, the cause of his death,

provided the former and the latter should not persist in their wickedness, but should be converted to him. And He said with love and moans: *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

Thus He excused the voluntary blindness of sinners, although this sin is not less worthy of punishment than the others. What love, what mercy! Ah, why cannot my eyes be changed into a source of tears, and my heart into a furnace of everlasting love? Communicate, O Lord, the sentiment of thy pains to my soul.

I adore thee, O Son of the living God, lifted up on the Cross, exposed to the eyes of the world: I kneel down before thee, praise, bless, love and thank thee instead of the treacherous Jews, and I recognize thee as the God of my heart and the love of my soul. Here, under this Cross, Thou gatherest all thy sons scattered in the world; here Thou blottest out the sentence of eternal death pronounced against mankind; here Thou sanctifiest sufferings; here Thou art accessible to souls. O excess of love! Thou wast born in the secret and silence of night, visited and adored by only a few shepherds and three Wise men; recognized in the Temple by only two just souls; Thou livedst in

obscurity thirty years, and passedst only three years among men. After thy Resurrection Thou shewedst thyself to a few chosen persons, for a short time and in lonely places; thy disciples were the only witnesses of thy Ascension, because matters of faith are revealed by superiors to inferiors, and a cloud soon took away from them the sight of thy glory. But at the time of thy Crucifixion, Thou hast wished it to happen publicly on a mountain at noon, at the time of Passover (when a great crowd of Jews had come to Jerusalem from all sides) in the midst of two thieves, with open arms and thy heart full of sorrow and love! *He spread forth his hands to a people that believeth not, and contradicteth him.* Be Thou, O Lord, blessed, praised and glorified by all creatures.

Here Thou art, my Jesus, at the end of thy career: our Redemption is accomplished. *All is consummated:* and art Thou not yet taken down from the Cross? Thou speakest neither about last will, nor about burial: thy only thought is to suffer and love. There is what Thou wishest us to learn of thee, the model of all men, not miracles, not glory, but *sufferings* and *love.*

The only treasure Thou bequeathest us is thy divine Mother. *Woman, behold thy son;*

son, behold thy Mother... Blessed be Thou! this is the greatest treasure Thou bequeathest us when dying, Mary, thy own Mother.

O Mary, thou hast seen the cruel and ignominious instruments that were being prepared for thy Son; thou hast heard the blows with a hammer that transpierced the feet and hands of thy Beloved; thou hast seen him crucified: what art thou doing now, most afflicted Mother?

She stopped to consider those excessive pains, that were all orderly represented to her by her motherly love. She was weak after the painful night she had passed, having taken no food and shed many tears; and then she was a woman, a mother, even God's Mother, and therefore exceedingly sensible. Unable to hold out, at the enormous pain, she did not faint away, like every other woman; but she was petrified with grief, and continued wholly to resign herself to the will of the Eternal Father. Her tears had dried up, and she remained some time pale and trembling, till, by a secret virtue communicated to her by her Son, that she might suffer more, she mustered up her strength, rose, forced her way among the crowd, with St. John and the women who had followed her, and advanced as far as the Cross. Here stand-

ing, and fixing her eyes on the Saviour, she became our Advocate; inwardly offering to the Everlasting Father the pains and Blood of their common Son with an ardent wish of saving all mankind. She feared to see him dying, and was sorry to see him living in the midst of tortures, that were tho finish only at the point of death. She wished the Eternal Father to be less rigorous, yet she wished that the orders of Heaven should be fulfilled to their full extent.

That divine Lamb and this innocent sheep looked at each other and understood each other: one was tormented by the other's sufferings. Only the two most holy Hearts of the Mother and Son can conceive all that they have suffered; because their sorrow is in proportion to their love, and it would be necessary to know how much they have loved, in order to understand how much they have suffered. And who can measure the extent of such love?

She is holy, innocent, unspotted, the faithful companion of her Son's pains. What cross can be harder than that of a mother, who is obliged to see her own son give up the ghost in the midst of torments, without being able to relieve him, or address him one comforting word?... Such a heavy cross

was to be only Mary's lot, because she alone was able to carry it. Her love for Jesus harrowed her more than all hangmen could.

And the Saviour saw from his Cross that his pains transpierced his most holy Mother's Heart; and this sight was a new torture for his tender Heart. But his Everlasting Father had decreed it, and this was the height of sacrifice and obedience to his divine Parent: so that He did not either comfort her by the sweet name of mother; hut He said: *Woman, behold thy son!...*

A prayer to mournful Mary.

What sword pierced thy motherly Heart, O our disconsolate Mother, when thou heardest thy Son calling thee by the name of Woman? Alas! thou art no longer a Mother!... Mary, thou hast no more a son!... Dost thou not hear him complaining of his being abandoned by all creatures, quite comfortless? *My Father, why hast thou forsaken me?* And when thou heardest his ardent thirst, that thou wishedst to quench even with thy blood, and that thou couldst not relieve even with a drop of water?... And when thou sawest gall and vinegar presented to him; and when thou heardest that loud cry with which He

expired; when thou sawest his Heart opened with a spear; when, having been taken down from the Cross, thou receivedst him dead in thy arms, and laid him in the sepulchre, and left thy Heart enclosed with him there?... And when, in the evening going down the mountain covered with thy Son's innocent Blood, thou went home again without him, and the whole night longedst for him in vain?... Ah, Mary, thou obeyedst thy Son's will, then; thou acceptedst men as thy sons, so that nobody can return to him without thee; for thou art the Mediatress and Treasurer of all graces.

Here I am at thy feet: I have killed thy Son: have pity on me, O my distressed Mother; I will return to his Heart, broken by my sins: present me and accompany me, till I have received him in my arms, till I have breathed my last for thee and him. O Mother transpierced by seven swords, pierce my heart, and imprint on it thy sufferings and those of the Lord Crucified. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Fortitude.*

REFLECTION. — *Suffer with courage all the pains and adversities that befall you to-day, imagining to be nailed on the Cross with Jesus Christ.*

Strongly resist temptations, remembering the word of the Apostle: « they that are Christ's, have crucified their flesh, with vices and concupiscence ».

If your friends forsake you, do not complain. Forgive those who trespass against you, as Jesus forgave his crucifiers, and for the sake of Mary's Dolours give up every desire of hatred and vengeance.

Let your conversation be longer and bountiful with persons that are your antipathy, and short and reserved with those for whom you feel sympathy.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, bitter sea of sorrow, grant me the grace of weeping with thee.*

Example.

At Naples. — Signora Anna Narici Scognamiglio.

On 20th February 1882, at 8 o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Anne Scognamiglio Narici, the wife of Sir Charles Narici of Naples and mother of three children, was taken by shiverings and a bitter cold, accompanied with a great pain in her right shoulder, and followed by a very high fever. The treating physician, Mr. Alexander de Cunzo, was sent for in haste, and first he foresaw, and then confirmed in

the evening, that she was attacked by a *pleuropneumonia*.

On hearing this, the family were alarmed, because they foresaw that something infective might be the cause of the disease, which is dangerons and much diffused at certain seasons of the year. They feared, at last, that the lady would not resist and overcome such a disease, that causes very high fevers, and an utmost consumption and oppression of strength even to *collapse*, over and above the danger of *asphyxy* and *carbonic narcosis*, respiration being prevented by the exudations that occlude the bronchia.

For all these reasons, the family thought since the first days of getting the sick lady administered. The unlucky previsions appeared but too much founded on 23rd, 24th and 25th February, viz the fourth, fifth and sixth days of the disease. The fever reached about forty-two degrees, the highest and deadly temperature; all her senses were lulled; her respiration very weak, painful and sultry, revealed her anguish and necessity of breathing, together with the pain that the expansion of ribs produced to the *pleura*. The cough bursting forth from time to time increased the punctures and transfixions to her shoulder, causing new and exagerated movements to the body and ribs; her quick, little and filiform pulse induced to fear every moment a paralysis of the heart, the *collapse*.

On 26th at day-break, Prof. de Cunzo found the lady in a very poor state, and gave an inauspicions prognosis. This made the most painful impression on Sir Narici, on his three little children, on his mother-in-law and brothers-in-law.

Then the sick woman, convinced sho was nearly dying, called her husband, and wished to see her little children: then, mustering up her strength, she tenderly embraced them and pressed them on her breast. Then addressing her husband, she told him these heart-rending words:

— *Charles, I am exhausted! I recommend you my children.* And she said no more, her strength failing her, and her utmost paleness forewarned her departure.

In that house there was an Image of the Virgin of Pompei. At that moment Sir Charles Narici, almost beside himself for grief, takes his children, drags them into the eext room, and then embracing them he kneels down, and bursting into tears he calls to his aid the Queen of the Rosary, who spreads from Pompei the benefits of her mercy into the world. Then, as if penetrated with a supernatural ray of faith, he rises and makes this vow:

— *I apply to thee, Our Lady of Pompei: if thou givest me back my wife, I will offer thee all her jewels for thy Sanctuary.*

The dying woman became drowsy. Was it the sleep of death, or the sleep of calm, the

forerunner of the Lord's grace? Every one in anxiety was silent and expected in great trepidation.

At noon the sick woman awakes; she opens her eyes like one who recovers her senses, looks around her, and finds herself in the arms of her sister-in-law Rosina Narici, who had never quitted her. She soon inquires after her husband and children.

The pain in her shoulder disappeared as if by enchantment, as well as the thick exudation: the fever and asthma vanished: her strength and appetite soon reappeared: in short, not only she got well again, but she enjoyed better health than formerly.

The husband, family and children mindful and thankful, on 15th May of the same year 1882, came to Pompei to fulfil their vow at the feet of the Virgin, together with the lady healed. And kneeling down before the wonderful Image, they delivered into the hands of the author of this book the sum of five thousand six hundred francs, the proceeds of the sale of the jewels they had promised, with an intention of contributing to the building of the Altar of so merciful a Queen.

This miracle is certified by: — Cav. Carlo Narici — Carolina Capasino — Rosa Narici — Amalia Narici — Francesco Narici — Giovanni Narici — Francesca Narici — Alberto Pontillo — Sac. Luigi de Luca — Adele Scoppa

NARICI — ANTONIO SCOPPA — RAFFAELE SCOGNAMIGLIO — TERESA SEMMOLA SCOGNAMIGLIO — LUISA COMMENTALE SCOGNAMIGLIO - PROF. IGNAZIO COMMENTALE — FILOMENA MARCHESA SASSINORO SCOGNAMIGLIO — MARCHESE NICOLA MONTELLA-SASSINORO — MARIA MONTELLA — LETIZIA CAPASINO — *The treating physician* DOTTOR ALESSANDRO DE CUNZO *wrote a Certificate.*

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the tenth Saturday.

The good Thief crucified by thy side, O my Jesus, is the pledge of our misery and of thy mercy. This morning I will cry with him: *Lord, remember me when thou shalt come into thy kingdom.* What is thy kingdom, O unspotted Lamb, O Victim of love and propitiation in this pure and holy Host? Ah, I hear it from thy mouth: *My delight is to be with the children of men.* Our hearts are the thrones of thy love: and this my heart wishes to come to thee and be possessed by thee, O God of my heart, O my Saviour.

O Lord, remember thy thirst on the Cross; it was the thirst for souls, the thirst for my soul, that was present to thy mind in that moment, loaded with sins, as she is. Thou

saidst: *Sitio, I am thirsty.* Vouchsafe that I may have a thirst for thee, for thy love, for thy pains. This soul, burnt by the fire of guilty sensualness, is looking for a source of living waters that may refresh, quench, fortify and heal her; and this source is thy most pure Heart, that I now receive with thy Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity.

But poor and miserable as I am, I will not come alone, but accompanied by the sighs of the just souls of the Limbus who were expecting thy death, by the tears of the pious women who washed thy feet, by the love of Magdalen, who never departed from thy sepulchre; I will come with the ardor and purity of all Angels, of all Saints of Paradise, and of all the righteous on earth. I will present myself with the Heart full of love and sorrow of thy very Mother, whom Thou left in John as my Mother.

O Mary, O Mother, whom Jesus dying left me, fulfil from this moment thy motherly duties: present this wretched soul to thy Son, adorn her with thy love and sorrow, and tell him I love him and beg his pardon. And as a token of thy forgiveness, do Thou thyself give me thy Son.

Thou didst lay him in the grave with thy own hands, and now lay him down in

my breast, that wishes to be the grave, cell and house of love. It is cold, it is true, nay colder than the stone of his sepulchre; but thou wilt, O powerful Virgin, make it burn with the fire of charity. Make peace between me and thy Son, and unite us so closely with the bonds of love, that not even death may not be able to separate us. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Behold, O Everlasting Father, your Son, whom you condemned to death for me. I offer him to you with all his Wounds, with all his Blood already enclosed within my breast. Do not consider my unworthiness and misery, but favourably look down on this Son, who is my Brother, spouse, food, soul of my soul, my life, my treasure; and do not reject me from your presence. I thank you, Everlasting Father, for having delivered him up to be executed, and for having left him in this Sacrament for my sake: let

your very Son, his Heart now become my heart, his Soul become my soul, his Humanity become mine, and his Godhead, that is yours and that you communicate to me by grace, praise you and thank you for me. *What shall I render to my Lord for all he hath rendered unto me?* I will cry with Jesus: *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.* I make you a sacrifice of myself, of my freedom, of my will, of my life: *Consummatum est — it is consummated.* Remember that He himself said to us, that *you will not refuse your Holy Spirit to them that ask him.* Grant me, for the sake of this Son, who died on the Cross, and who now is living and truly in my soul, the spirit of love, mortification, sacrifice, abandonment to your will, faithfulness to follow his examples.

O my Jesus, Thou wishedst to achieve my redemption by suffering a spear to open thy side and show us thy Heart as a loving shelter for thy suffering souls. Here I will remain, in this wound of thy side, till the day when Thou wilt say to me, as to the good Thief: *Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.*

Thy pitiful Heart was touched by the words of forgiveness that the Thief begged of thee, and how can it be insensible to the

voices of pardon that this soul implores of thee at thy feet, being sorry for having offended thee?

Ah, two are the greatest works of love, *gift* and *pardon!* Gift is a token of the heart wishing to captivate others to himself by benefactions; and Thou didst so to me when Thou createdst me in thy likeness, when Thou submittedst the whole creation to me, when Thou tookest my flesh, and sacrificedest all for my needs, salvation and happiness, and when dying Thou left me the dearest thing, thy own Mother, wishing her to be my Mother. And this very morning Thou hast given me thy Godhead, thy Humanity plunged into a sea of pains, this thy bloodstained and pulled out hair, these livid and bruised cheeks, these swollen eyes full of tears, this mouth given to drink gall and vinegar, these feet, these hands perforated by nails; and now Thou givest me thy thoughts, thy wishes, thy love, thy life. And what else hast Thou, but Thou hast given me?

But *pardon* is greater than gifts It makes us forget the greatest injuries and offences, and sacrifice ourselves for the offender's good. And this greater work of love hast Thou done, O my God, by delivering up thy only begotten Son, to save sinners, that

are thy enemies. And this word of *pardon* is the first uttered by the dying Redeemer on Calvary. *Father*, said He, *forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

Yes, my God, *it is consummated: consummatum est:* the gift is complete, thy Heart is mine, Thou art all mine; and Thou wilt in this moment grant me forgiveness also. Yes, forgive me, adorn me with thy grace, and do not suffer me to be separated from thee by temptation or tribulation: let me die rather than forsake thee and damn myself, O my God, my spouse, my king, my deliverer, my only hope.

Receive my embraces, O Cross of my Jesus, and I wish I could accompany them with the fervor of all Saints and of the Blessed.

And Thou, my Jesus' open Thy Heart, wash with thy precious Blood all that can offend thy infinite purity, that nothing be henceforth in me to separate me from thee. O Heart burning with charity, let me burn with thy love; and I heartily consent to see myself unknown, forsaken, despised, rejected by all creatures, satisfied with possessing thee alone. Only discover to my soul the pains that thy adorable Heart suffered in His immense goodness. Let me burn with the same fire with which thy Heart burns,

and let this Blood now within me fall upon me, wash, enkindle and consume me, and transform me.

O Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. I am most afflicted with having offended thee. O bountiful Heart, my hope and my life, it Thou hast shed so much blood for me, if Thou hast left me thy own Mother, if Thou hast wished a spear to open thy breast to show me that loving heart open on the cross; how canst Thou refuse me now the forgiveness of my sins, the hatred of myself, the strength to overcome myself, and the grace of loving thee with final perseverance? I hope so, and so be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE ELEVENTH SATURDAY

The first Glorious Mystery – The Resurrection of Jesus.

(Matt., 28; Mark, 16; John, 20).

Meditation.

1. Consider, my soul, how Senator Nicodemus and the noble and rich Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Jewish Counsel, wrapped up Jesus in a clean linen cloth and laid him with spices in a new sepulchre that had been hewn out in a rock. They rolled a great stone to the door of the monument and went their way. But the Chief-priests and the Pharisees, remembering the prophecy of Jesus that He would rise again on the third day, obtained from Pilate that the sepulchre should be guarded by guards till that day: *they secured the sepulchre with guards, sealing up the stone.* Oh, how miserable our views are, O my God! Oh, human prudence, how weak thou art, against the Lord! Thou shalt result in thy confusion and in his glory. Jesus who died on Friday, 25th March, rises again on the third day by the power of his godhead. His most holy Soul, separated from his Body, continued to be united to his God-

head, and was still the Soul of a God. That sacred Body, although separated from the soul, continued to be united to his Godhead, was still the Body of a God, worthy, even the the state of death, of the adorations of men and Angels. The soul of Jesus went down to the Limbus of the Just: He went down there as their God and their deliverer.

Consider, my soul, how those holy Souls expected him since long, and sume of them, like Abel's, since the beginning of the world. Consider with what love and gratitude the Saints of the Old Testament, on seeing the Saviour, adored and thanked him. Thou must imitate them, by desiring to be admitted one day in Paradise through the merits of thy Redeemer.

The most sacred Body of Jesus rested in the sepulchre three days, because by his suffering and dying He had delivered from eternal death the men of all the three ages of the world, those who had piously lived under the law of nature, under the Law of Moses, and those who were to live in the Law of grace. At dawn on the third day, Jesus in an instant rises again from the dead, and comes out of the grave, as He had come out of Mary's unspotted womb, and as in a short time He would enter the dining-

room the doors being shut. As Almighty God, He did not vouchsafe to manifest the way of his resurrection, but He effected it in secret. As it belonged to a supernatural order, it was to be revealed to men by the Angels. *And behold there was a great earthquake. For an Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and coming, rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. And his countenance was as lightning, and his raiment as snow.* An Angel alone was sufficient to strike with terror all the soldiers, who were guarding the sepulchre, and to throw them on the ground as dead men, so that all of them (they were fifty) fled, and not even one of them came back.

Come, Priests, Scribes and Pharisees, see to what state those are reduced whom you have armed against a dead man, whom you called *a seducer*. Your example has been followed by our impious men, that think of calming the troubles of their conscience, by ranking Jesus among the illustrions men, as Numa, Moses and Mohammed. But which of your fabulous heroes could ever say whilst he was yet living: *After three days I will rise again?* These wonderful vords were reserved to the true Son of God: neither fable, nor wickedness, nor the devil, nor

men, however sublime and powerful they may be, could ever imagine such a thing! So the word of Isaias the prophet was accomplished: *And his sepulchre shall be glorious.* Nobody has touched your soldiers, nobody has told them anything; and behold how they are reduced, only for what they have seen! If they have not died, if God has permitted them to rise and flee, it is only on purpose that you may hear from themselves your defeat and shame, to be undeniable witnesses of his resurrection and power, in order that all men might understand that if they had seen him suffering scourges, thorns and death, it had been only because it was his own will. You are not worthy of hearing the Mystery of Resurrection from the witnesses chosen by God.

O true Son of God, what consolation this is for me and for us all that firmly believe in thee! Thy resurrection, O my glorious Saviour, filled thy very enemies with terror: as for me, it affords me only joy and great consolation, because thy resurrection assures me of my reconciliation with God, and therefore of my justification. Thine is the model of the resurrection of our souls to grace, and of the resurrection of our bodies on the Day of Judgment. And as Thou tookest a new

life in raising from the dead, so we also, resuscitating from sin to grace, live a new life. Help me, O Lord, to overcome the obstacles that still stand in my way, remove the enemies of my salvation, send me thy holy Angels, and rule Thou alone over all my actions till the moment when Thou wilt show thyself to me in the blessed eternity.

II. Consider, my soul, how sorry the convert Magdalen is to quit her beloved Master's sepulchre. On Friday evening she bathes that grave with her tears; and the rest of Saturday surprises her at the grave. On Saturday evening she goes to the sepulchre another time, and she quits it only to go to buy spices, and return there on Sunday morning. O noble example of a sincere conversion to God! O model of the human heart, frail in falling, but made strong in God's love! True charity does not extinguish itself at the beloved person's death, because *love is stronger than death.*

It is still night, and the full moon continues to diffuse a clear light on earth, when Magdalen wakes hes companions and solicits them to take the road with her. Magdalen gets the start of the day, because the hours are for her too slow in passing. Alas,

when I go to holy Communion, why have I not the same desires, the holy impatience and the devout care of Magdalen for the dead Body of Jesus? Ah, I am far from all this, because I have not her love! My soul, imitate her fervour by often visiting thy Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, especially on the eve of Communion: pour out thy tender feelings of love and thy ardent desires of receiving him, and by means of spiritual Communions inwardly embrace him as often as possible during the day, and by night when thy sleep is interrupted, and at break of day.

Mary Magdalen cometh early when it was yet dark unto the sepulchre: and she saw the stone taken away from on it. The first thing that makes impression on her is the great stone (which had been sealed by order of the Pontiffs) out of its place and rolled back. She advances, fixes her looks as far as the sepulchre, and sees that her divine Master's body is no longer there. What a stroke to her heart! Undoubtedly she thinks: someone has taken him away during the night; but where can I seek him? *She runs therefore, and comes to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and says to them: They have*

taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went out, and that other disciple, and they came to the sepulchre. And they both ran together; John, the virgin, *outran Peter, arrived first, but he went not in,* out of respect to the Chief of the Apostles. *Then cometh Simon Peter, following him, and went into the sepulchre, and saw the linen cloths lying. And the napkin that had been about his head* (the Holy Winding-sheet) *not lying with the linen cloths, but apart,* diligently *wrapped up in one place.... The Disciples therefore departed again to their home.*

Consider, my soul, the sorrow of Magdalen, when she did not find Jesus; and learn what must be the sorrow of a heart truly wishing to be converted to God. She does not quit that place, but stands *at the sepulchre outside, weeping. Now as she was weeping, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.* She is abandoned by everyone, nor has she anything left but her sorrow and tears. Oh, how many she shed! How many times she called her divine Master! How many times she repeated his adorable name! O broken heart, O sorrowful soul, why dost thou remain at such a melancholy place?

Why dost thou still look into the sepulchre, where thy Master is no longer? Ah! if we sought Jesus, like Magdalen; if, after losing his grace through sin, or the consolations of his love through our lukewarmness, we felt like Magdalen the greatness of our loss, if we persevered like her in seeking Jesus, and we called him with our cries and tears; we should, like her, find him again, with an abundant joy that would surpass all our hopes.

Yes, O my God, to-day I commemorate the day of thy glorious Resurrection, and this I wish to be the day of my perfect conversion to thee. Peter, John and Magdalen, viz the hearts most loving thee, and the pious women go to see thee in the sepulchre; and Thou wishest me to find thee again *by dying to myself, by burying my wicked passions, by practising mortification.* Grant me then the grace of *dying to myself*, in order to resuscitate with thee, and then lead a life like thine, viz a new, divine, immortal life: new by the change of my conduct, divine by the purity of my sentiments, immortal by the perseverance in good works. O my God, work this happy change in me. Make me pass from death to life, from darkness to light, from an imperfect life to a life perfect and worthy of thee.

III. Consider, my soul, that another quality of a heart converted to God is the indifference to all that is not Jesus'. *God alone, no one but God:* this is her motto, this her daily exercise, her aspiration, the principle of all her desires. No other affection, no other interest must occupy thy heart, and Jesus will soon come to establish his kingdom in it. Take Magdalen as a pattern.

And she saw two Angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one al the feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid. They said to her: Woman, why weepest thou? She answered them: Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. She is not tranquil, she does not take fright at the sudden apparition of two Angels, she is not dazzled by their beauty, nor puffed up with their speech. She sees, hears and answers them, but she speaks only to know where Jesus is, being ready to quit the Angels for a gardener, if the latter can give her some explanations. She tkinks that everyone knows the cause of her lears; she exchanges Jesus for the gardener; she offers herself to take herself his dead body, as if it were a flower. *Sir, if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.* How bold

true love is! Everything appears easy to him: if the most cruel torments are presented to him, he bears them with the same courage that so many millions of martyrs let us see. And what will she do on hearing her Master's voice, calling her by her name? She who had never departed from Jesus' Cross, nos could quit his sepulchre?

See, my soul, the sublime effects of a true conversion of the heart. The latter becomes then the Most Holy Trinity's throne, complaisance and delight, the object of divine favours, the admiration of the Angels and the joy of the Guardian Angel. See all this in Magdalen. Oh, how complaisantly this divine Saviour sees her sentiments, wishes, love, perseverance, and the ardour of her courage, that makes her ready to undertake any thing whatever! How much He rewards the love of the souls that are converted to him, by filling their hearts with the most pure and unspeakable joy! Magdalen shall be privileged above the very Apostles, because she shall see her Redeemer risen before them. *But Jesus having risen... appeared first to Mary Magdalen, out of whom he had cast seven devils* (Mark). She is called by her name. *Jesus said to her: Mary! She turning said to him: Master!...*

Two words were sufficient: but in these two words, how many wonders, how many graces, how many lights accompanied the former! how many transports of joy and love accompanied the latter! She receives directly from Jesus the honorable charge of announcing his Resurrection to the Apostles. *Mary, go to my brethren, and say to them: I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God.*

Ah! should Jesus see in me the generous dispositions of Magdalen, what would He do to me?... But alas, quite the reverse happens! In order to please the world and to satisfy my passions I undertake things beyond my power. Only for God's service and for acquiring my own perfection, I allege my powerlessness and weakness!

O Jesus, I acknowledge thee for my true Master, and do Thou vouchsafe to acknowledge me for thy disciple. Show thyself to my heart, and inflame it with thy divine love. What is that I hear from thy divine mouth, O my Lord? *Go to my brethren...* O Lord, Thou hadst said. Thou wuldst no longer call them thy servants, but thy *friends:* and now dost Thou call them *brethren?...* O my Saviour's ardent charity! He calls them *brethren* who a few days before had fled from

him for fear, leaving him to the will of his enemies! O my benefactor, dost Thou not complain of them, nor send them any reproach, but the affectionate title of *brethren?* Dost Thou name Peter particularly to reassure him of the pardon Thou hadst already granted him, and to honor him as the Chief of all? O Jesus' love, how great thou art towards the sons of men, always meek, always affectionate towards sinners! And who is the sinner so foolish and obdurate, as not to throw himself at the feet of the best Father, always gracious and tender hearted towards his wandering children?

Peter obtained at once the forgiveness of his fault, because he had sinned on Friday, and on Saturday next he ran to throw himself at the feet of the Most Holy Virgin, telling her with many tears: My Lady, forgive this unfaithful servant, who for human fear has denied his God, thy Son! And Mary comforted him and arsured him of her pardon; and he doubed no longer of having obtained it from Jesus also, because Jesus is never contrary to what his Mother wishes.

My sinful soul, if through thy numerous relapses thou hast not the courage to have recourse to Jesus, though He be meek and tender-hearted, have recourse to his Mother,

who is the source of divine mercy: go to her feet with trust, an She will obtain for thee from her Son the means of quitting sin, and the grace of a sincere conversion. Jesus Christ having taken from Mary's substance that most holy Humanity which He sacrificed for our Redemption, has delivered her all the treasures of the merits that He acquired in the course of his mortal career.

O Mary, thou wast the first to receive from Jesus the consolation of seeing him risen again, because, as his Most Holy Mother, thou hadst partaken more than any other of his Passion. Thou for the first sawest him in all the brightness of his glory, attended by the Angels and the Souls of the Saints taken out of the Limbus, as Thou wast the last to quit his Cross, when thou claspedst him dead and disfigured in thy arms. Thee He thanked for all Thou hadst suffered during thirty-three years: for the most hard incommodities at Bethlehem, the refusal o men, the abjection, the poverty, the flight into Egypt, and the bitter participation of all his pains, as the Redeemer of mankind. Make me a partaker of this thy spiritual joy, and accomplish the ardent wish of my heart: convert the whole of it to God, draw the whole of it to thee, and stamp upon

it thy sorrows and the Passion of thy Lord Crucified. So be it.

VIRTUE TO BE PRACTICED. — *The conversion of one's heart to God.*

PRACTICE.—*Examine your conscience and search what prevents you from making proficiency in the love of God, and in the full conversion of your heart to him; and endeavour to find a remedy by means of your Confessor's advice. Shake your lukewarmness; and begin from now a new life of fervour and charity. During this day, renew fifteen times your resolution to offend God no more, nor displease your Guardian Angel. Repeat these words: « Better to die than to offend thee, my Lord ».*

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, the Queen of the world, take possession of my heart.*

Example.

A signal conversion at Lecce.

The first day of the year 1890, when the Virgin of Pompei was to receive the greatest exaltation from the new Pontiff of the Rosary, the great Leo XIII, who rendered its worship *universal* in the world; in the kind and pions town of Lecce an event of mercy took place,

the tike of which is read in the first pages of Christian history.

In the large church of the Rosary at Lecce, in the presence of a crowd of ladies, lawyers, students and artists, that compose the people of that learned body of citizens, a Priest went to the Altar to say Mass. After thirty years of an ignoble divorce from his pure Spouse, the Church of Jesus Christ, with tears of repentance and a public confession of his faults, he offered God for the first time, after so long an interruption, the Victim of expiation and forgiveness.

The crowded people confused their tears with the tears of that repentant priest, who, like a new Saul, from a persecutor of Christ, had become, by a signal wonder of the pitiful Queen of Pompei, *a vessel of election.*

The name of that Priest, who attested to the world the Mother of God's power, invoked under the title of the *Rosary of Pompei*, was known because of his public disavowal and public confession. It was the *Rev. Don Pasquale Bortone.*

The extraordinary fact, that was published in « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** », is written neither by the author of this book, nor by any of the numerous witnesses who blessed God and our Virgin Mother on that memorable day; but it is written by the venerable Pastor of that Dioces, Monseigneur Salvatore Luigi Zola, Bishop of Lecce, who being tenderly affectionate

to our Queen of the Vesuvian Vale, esteemed himself happy to proclaim to the world a miracle granted by the Blessed Virgin to his beloved town, whereby a stray sheep returned to her flock.

To-day, by means of this wonderful and extraordinary fact, a hem of the hidden curtain covering the divine mystery that involves the Sanctuary of Pompei, is opened to men's minds. To-day God's designs on this new Ark of Salvation begin to show themselves to men of good will with a clear light that is almost no longer faith.

Why then has God shown such a particular love to *laymen* and *sinners* at Pompei?

To-day, my brethren, when you have read the new triumph of the Queen of Victories, you yourselves will answer: — That God choose *laymen* and *sinners* in his Pompei Temple in order to convert and save them by means of his Mother; and after them a long series of other sinners would be converted into faithful slaves to the Queen of Heaven, and into new heralds of her unheard of mercies.

Here then a hem of the mystery is removed: *The Pompei Temple, built by sinners, is appointed by God to the conversion of sinners.*

***

It was almost *thirty years* since Don Pasquale Bortone, a Priest of Lecce, attracted

by the newness of our times, and allured by youthful passions, wished to shake the Lord's sweet yoke. Forgetting the highest dignity to which God had raised him, not caring in the least for the indissoluble bonds that united him to Christ and his Church, wished miserably to apostatize.

Like a new prodigal son, he wanders up and down far from his fatherly house, always feeling a cruel remorse by day and night, when he remembered to have betrayed his God.

— *In vain* (said he in his public confession) *I tried to divert myself with pastimes and amusements; I in vain sought peace in every flattering and delightful thing that my new condition could offer me: remorse was always ready to tear my soul, and to take away sleep from my eyes.*

It is needless to say how, after a first fault, he fell from one abyss into another; so that Bortone, having broken his oaths to God in his Ordination, committed a great many errors.

One only thing he preserved of his youthful life: in such a wretched state *he did not forget Mary*. Let all those who read this report remark the Blessed Virgin's mercy!

— *I always prayed to Our Lady, although without confidence:* so he himself writes.

Oh Mary's goodness! Thou watchedst, O most pitiful Virgin, the salvation of this thy wandering son, only because *he prayed to thee, although without confidence.* Thou followedst him with a motherly solicitude greater than

that with which thy servant Monica followed her Augustin!

In 1888 Bortone returned to his native country, but in such bad health as sto excite compassion.

It appears from a written attestation of the doctor, which was published in the abovesaid Periodical, that the poor man, through dietetical errors, suffered *serious disturbances of the nervous system*, an incomplete *paralisis* of sense and motion in almost his whole person, so that his lower and upper joints were *always trembling*, and his strength considerably weakened. He felt no pain when pricked with a pin, nor when his legs were anyhow mortified.

His *intellect* was *deranged* too, for he thought everyone bore him malice, and he almost always distrusted all persons and things. He ate very little, and his digestive apparatus was disturbed. Without health, without God's grace, that gives patience and resignation to sick persons, Pasquale Bortone was driven to despair, and twice even attempted *to hill himself!*

Such was his condition, when the physician Doctor Luigi Sellitto of Lecce was sent for. Having visited him, he frankly declared that *there was no hope of his recovery.*

— *I cured him during almost four months with no advantage*, wrote the Physician in his attestation.

Nay, the paralysis extendig to his arms and hands, he was reduced to such a degree, as to

be unable to sign the *certificate of the pension* that he received every month; so that he was obliged to delegate his brother, Sig. Giuseppe Bortone, to sign instead of him and receive his pension, as appears from the Instrument of 23rd July 1889 drawn up by Enrico Rizzo, a Notary public at Lecce, which he neither could sign, having declared, as it is said in the Instrument, *to be unable to do it.*

By good fortune the unhappy priest had been lodged by the family of one of his nephews, Signor Nicola Bortone, a lawyer of Lecce. The latter, who joins a true piety to an apostolic zeal for the Sanctuary of Pompei and a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin invoked under this wonderful title, had since long applied to this Sanctuary, recommending himself to the prayers of the whole Confraternity and especially of the *Orphan girls of Our Lady of Pompei.*

The solemnity of the Rosary in 1889 arrived, and he prepared himself for it by the *Novena to the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei to obtain graces from her in the most hopeless circumstances.* And the more to move our pitiful Queen's heart, he united the prayers that were said at his house with those of the Orphan girls of this Sanctuary.

The effect of so much faith and of so many prayers was, that the Blessed Virgin never abandoned that soul, though perverted.

Pasquale Bortone, stung with remorse, tried sometimes to make his peace with God by

Sacramental Confession; but when he was ordered to make a public recantation to atone for his public scandals, he was tenaciously stubborn, and even got into a passion. He had become a member of Freemasonry.

Things continued so till about the end of November 1889.

It was the 29th of that month when all the faithful turn their affectionate thoughts to the Immaculate Virgin, beginning the Novena preparatory to her Feast of the eighth of December.

Advocate Bortone's family takes courage, and proposes to the sick priest to commence all together a Novena to the wonderful Virgin of Pompei, to see whether he could obtain at least an alleviation of his numerous pains, and regain at least the advantage of sleep.

Don Bortone consents; and he begins together with his neptews the *Novena to the Virgin of Pompei* according to the method of the little book used in this Sanctuary.

Three days have elapsed. It was the night of 1st December, when Don Bortone distinctly saw, during his sleep, the Blessed Virgin such as She is worshipped at Pompei, who tells him:

— *Confess thy sins and make thy peace with God; thou hast still time.*

He awakes with a certain emotion that makes him thoughtful for some time; but then he gives the vision no greater importance than a dream deserves; he does not speak about it, and sets no value on it.

O Mary's goodness! She resides in Pompei as a Queen of mercy, and she does not tire herself with sinners! The following night behold the Blessed Virgin again, who with more forcible words encourages him to make peace with God, and assures him that he *shall triumph*. The gracious Mother meant the triumph over his irresolution and fear of man, that prevented him from being converted to God and from making a public recantation. And as he seemed to be distrustful of forgiveness:

—*Make haste*, rejoins the Blessed Virgin, *send for the Confessor, confess, and thou shalt triumph. On the day of my feast thou shalt communicate.*

Don Bortone awakes, quite changed. And the Blessed Queen, who is accustomed to grant not only spiritual graces with generosity, but also corporeal benefactions, in order to recall lost souls to her Son's Heart, had restored him to salvation as well as to health.

Paralysis had suddenly disappeared from that extenuated and tired person.

That sick man, who had become so unbearable to himself, as to attempt to kill himself, has got well again and quits his bed!...

He longed to see the day. As soon as it got light, he sends for the Reverend Joseph Caprioli, the Parish-Priest of Santa Maria della Porta. With tears in his eyes, he relates what the Blessed Virgin has done for him, he asks for a sheet of paper; and that very Bortone

who, as appears from a notarial act, *was unable even to put his signature*, writes with a steady hand his recantation and sends it to this Bishop.

« *I undersigned Priest Pasquale Bortone, overcome by the grace of God, and through the patronage of the Blessed Virgin of Pompei, do hereby recant all that I may have said, or done against God, the Church and the duties of my state. I pray God and the Blessed Virgin always to help me, that by a good life I may atone for the scandal I have given, and die in the bosom of the Catholic Church* ».

« *Lecce, 3rd December 1889.*

Signed: PRIEST PASQUALE BORTONE ».

That night he slept peacefully. It was the first night, after thirty years of remorse, in which he tasted the sweetness of the rest of a conscience rehabilitated by divine grace. A few days afterwards he writes with his own hand a report of the wonderful grace the B. Virgin had granted him.

His conversion was complete; and he who formerly for fear of man not only did not wish to make a public recantation, but recommended to the Parish-Priest that, when he visited him, he might not let himself be seen by others on entering his house; as soon as his recantation was published, he bought several copies of the Leccese Periodical « *Vessillo della Verità* »,

in which it was inserted, to send them to those places, where he had laid a stumbling-block by living as a layman, when he was a Priest.

Having fulfilled all that the Church prescribes under these circumstances, Monseigneur Zola, Bishop of Lecce, could rehabilitate him to the office of priesthood. Before all he made him retire for some days to follow a course of spiritual exercises. Then he admitted him to celebrate the divine Sacrifice. For which was appointed a solemn day, the *first of January 1890.* The church chosen for the touching service was the large one of the *Most Holy Rosary* at Lecce.

The report of this quite new event, that was about to happen, attracted to that church a great multitude not only of artists and workmen, but of the aristocracy and students, as well as of the most notable persons of the Bar.

On that solemn day Priest Don Pasquale Bortone, having made peace with God and the Church, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, after an interruption of almost *thirty years.*

On the morning of Tuesday, the third of December, in the transport of the fervour of his recent conversion, he had said that, in order to atone for the stumbling-block he had laid, it was his intention to confess in the public square.

The prudent Bishop approved the disposition of that will, which the Almighty Hand had changed, but instead of the square he appointed the church.

The Reverend Bortone, the Sacred Mystery being over, wished to relate with his own mouth to the numerous auditory the wonders of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei, who had converted and healed him, and begged, everyone's pardon for the stumbling-block he had laid. All those who were present, were moved to tears: every one recognized in that man a wonder of Mary's Mercy.

They therefore left the temple praising and blessing the power of that Lady, who opened a new source of graces from her Throne at Pompei in behalf of sinners.

The converted priest retired from the world, and shut himself up in the Seminary of Lecce, where he is leading a truly penitent life to make amends for his faults.

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the eleventh Saturday.

O that I could have the love and fervour of thy Magdalen, O my Jesus, this morning! My soul, too, is sinful like hers. But who changed the public sinning woman into a noble example of love, constancy true conversion and hardest penance? Was it not Thou, everlasting sweetness and source of all love, Eternal Word made Man for the sake of men? How much must I then hope this morning, when I wish to receive thee only to be united with thee by undissolvable love? With Peter and John I also will run eager and thirsty to this ciborium. They did not find thee, who hadst abready risen again, but they found the Winding-sheet, on which thy face was stamped; but on this altar I shall find thee not in image, but in truth God and Man, in Soul, Body, Blood and Divinity. Thou appearedst to thy disciples several times after thy resurrection, in order to strengthen their faith: as for me, O my God, I need not thy apparition to believe thee the true God, risen again by thy own power and vanquisher of death and hell. It is sufficient for me to see the holy Host in the hands of

the Priest to believe thee really present, as Thou art glorious in Heaven, sitting at the right hand of thy divine Father.

Oh, if Thou showedst thyself to me this morning, as Thou showedst thyself to Magdalen and the pious women, and then to the disciples at Emmaus!.... And yet Thou dost still more; Thou promisest me to let me see thee with open face in Heaven. Oh, this is the place where I must desire to see thee! And shall I see thee, O Lord? Vouchsafe, O good Jesus, that while I am expecting that blessed day, I may believe, hope and live so as fully to correspond to such a sublime Faith and to such a magnificent Hope! O my God, let my heart seek thee alone, and let my soul wish for thee alone, till I arrive to see and possess thee in the magnificence of thy glory.

O Mary, true Mother of Jesus and my Mother, through thy lively faith with which thou expectedst thy Son's resurrection, reconcile me to Him, who is indignant at my sins, and convert my heart to Him. When He appeared to his disciples, He gave his peace to them: *Peace be to you;* and He showed them his Wounds. Ah! I entertain great hopes this morning that on receiving Him with his Wounds, Blood and Divinity I may feel that divine breath, that He breathed into his disci-

ples, and be filled with his love and thine; and may He give me not a soft and idle peace, but a warlike and active peace, that will procure me quiet and rest, even in the midst of my enemies' implacable war.

O Magdalen, O holy women, who went to embalm the most precious Body of Jesus, help me to offer this bountiful God the balm of my purest affections and of the contrition of my heart, according to the ardent wishes of his most loving Heart. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

O wonderful condescension of thy mercy, my good Jesus! Thou didst not suffer Magdalen to touch even thy feet; but Thou hast given me thy whole Self, and I embrace thee, *my Brother and my God.* Do Thou abide with all thy power and charity in my soul, embracing this heart of mine, that has so many times meanly betrayed and disavowed thee. And now that I have received thee

within my breast, I believe and acknowledge thee, though I do not see thee; I feel the strength of thy power, though I do not touch thee; I admire thy omnipotence, though I am blind, miserable and proud. But who can worthily understand the fire of thy love?

O Angels and Saints of Paradise, who always surround the throne of the Lamb, you yourselves do not succeed in investigating its depth and sweetneess!

O Magdalen, lend me thy love in this happy moment, when I press thy Lord and mine to my heart.

And Thou, my Jesus, make my beart hear the words of forgiveness Thou addressedst to her: *Sinful soul, thy sins are forgiven thee, because thou hast loved much.* And as Thou calledst her by her name, call, sweet Jesus, my soul by her name: repeat the sweet title of *Brother* Thou gavest to thy disciples. Eh! it is not only thy disciples who enjoy this eminent advantage; it is we also, whom Thou vouchsafest to call thy *Brethren.* Now who are we, O God of sovereign majesty, to deserve to be called brethren by thee? Who can hear this word, without kneeling at thy feet covered with confusion and burning with love? And who, after having heard it, can degenerate from

these feelings, and be led to offend thee again? But Thou, my Jesus, who art the source of charity, nay charity itself, a sacred ever-burning never-failing fire, inflame me too, like Magdalen, with thy holy love, and let this be stronger than death; that I may live, work, suffer and die for thee.

Alas! my heart is much harder than the Apostles in believing thy resurrection, whereas it is happier than the two disciples of Emmaus. With the latter Thou sat at table, took bread, brok it and gave it them; but at this divine table, where I have sat just now, I have received a very different bread from thee, O my God. I have received thyself in the sign of bread. Yet my darkness is grosser than that of their spirit. To-day I am possessed of thee not only by grace, but of thy whole Self in the Sacrament of thy Body; and why do I not feel myself moved, but because my eyes are obscured? And why are they so, but because my heart is hard? Soften then my heart, O divine Jesus, change it, convert it like thy Heart, and my spirit shall be enlightened: and if sometimes Thou deemest it advisable to hide thy face from me, do not at least deprive me of thy help. Cause me to understand, as Thou didst the two disciples, that

humiliations have been for thee the necessary way to glory.

O holy women, who saw this day Jesus risen again, and touched him, and pressed his feet, and adored him; O privileged Magdalen, O holy Disciples and Apostles; and you, my dear Father St. Joseph, and you holy Patriarchs and you Just of the old Testament, who rose again with Jesus, you Souls of our first Parents, whom the glorious Saviour rescued from the Limbus; do you all repeat round my soul the canticles of your admiration and gratitude, of your love and blessing towards this our mutual Deliverer.

O Mary, no longer the Mother of sorrow, because Thou triumphedst to-day with the triumph of thy Son; I entreat thee through his resurrection, make me rise again from the death of sin, that I may not lose my soul, which cost thee so much sorrow, and so much blood, to Jesus. O my Lady, I too am looking for the resurrection of the flesh; and the one of Jesus is the pattern of my resurrection that will be on the day of judgment. His body rose again with the gifts of glory and immortality. Will my body have such gifts also? Who knows on what side of thy Son I shall be, right or left? O my pitiful

Mother, Thou who art my hope, the reconciler of sinners to God, the anchor of salvation; obtain for me that the conversion of my heart to God may henceforth be sincere, edifying, steady: so that as a prize of this Communion I may rise again glorious on the day of judgment, to glorify in Heaven my Saviour, and thee, my Queen, my salvation, my refuge, my gracious Mother. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE TWELFTH SATURDAY

The second Glorious Mystery.
The Ascension of Jesus to Heaven.

(LUKE, 24; ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, 1).

Meditation.

I. Consider, my soul, how Jesus after his resurrection wished to remain glorious on earth during forty days, and show himself visible now and then to his Disciples, the more to strengthen their faith in his true and real resurrection. But He did not wish to be always manifest to them, in order to accustom them to believe him even without seeing him, as we believe him present everywhere as God, and as God and man in the Sacrament of the altar.

Jesus wished to stay glorious on earth during forty days, to compensate as it were the numerous tears and sighs of the Just during the forty centuries they had expected him.

The appointed time arrived at last: after having given all power to the Apostles for the administration of the Sacraments, and commanded them to teach all nations and

baptize them, He ordered them to meet together on mount Olivet.

Jesus commanded the Apostles that they should not depart from Jerusalem. And you, said he to them, stay in the city, till you be endawed with power from on high. And he led them out as far as Bethania (that is on mount Olivet). But they who were come together, asked him, saying: Lord, will thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? But he said to them: It is not for you to know the times, or moments, which the Father has put in his own power. But you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth.

Adore, my soul, thy Saviour, who is about to ascend into Heaven; rejoice at his glorious triumph and at the honors He is going to receive from his heavenly Father and from all the blessed Spirits. Ask him from this moment, and with ardour, for the spirit of faith. With this spirit go to Jerusalem: see how the Saviour leaves this so unthankful city, and makes his way to mount Olivet, accompanied by his divine Mother, the Apostles, his first disciples and many holy wo-



men, in number of more than five hundred. The Lord wished such a multitude of pre-elected witnesses to strengthen men's faith in his Ascension into Heaven, where He would be our Advocate with the Father, and our high-Priest having compassion on our infirmities, that He had experienced in the time of his mortal life. Join thyself to Mary, and beseeching her to make thee a partaker of her faith, follow her as far as the holy Mount.

Here listen with thorough respect and veneration to the last words of Jesus, by which He upbraids the Apostles for their little faith in his resurrection, in the promise of the Holy Ghost, and in his blessing. Look tenderly and respectfully at Jesus, who is abont to ascend into Heaven: his divine eyes, which had shed so many tears, and had been languishing and dying on the Cross, are now more sparkling than the sun. His venerable Head is no longer stained with blood, nor crowned with thorns, but on the contrary it is crowned with immortal glory. All the wounds that disfigured his body, now give him a divine brightness; and far from being a subject of shame and infamy, they increase the glory and splendour of his triumph. With Mary and the Apostles, infla-

med with a heavenly ardour, sustained by a vivifying hope, look at Jesus, that having made himself visible to all, commands them to stop midway on the mount, while He, going to its top and leaning his feet upon two stones, lifts up his hands and blesses them, and begins slowly to mount up in the air, his brightness increasing in proportion as He moves away. *And lifting up his hands, he blessed them.*

II. *And it came to pass, whilst he blessed them, he departed from them, and, while they looked on, he was carried up into heaven.* What a spectacle! what a wonder! The Disciples had never seen a more splendid thing. They had seen him before his death walking on the waters; He had been in the midst of them in the Caenaculum, the doors being shut. But here Jesus is with them; they speak to him: He speaks to them, and mounts up in the air. They look at him, but possess him no longer: a white cloud has surrounded him and taken him out of their sight. They are not unaware where He is going, because He has told it them so many times. He ascends into heaven whence He had descended; He returns to his Father who had sent him. He goes there where they

cannot go now, and where they shall go one day; He goes to occupy the place to which He is entitled, and prepare them the seats He has merited them, and prepared for us all also. He is going to sit at the right hand of his Father and rest in his bosom, till He may call us to the same abode to make us sit there and rest with him. Ah! why is not my dull heart moved by such a spectacle? O my cold heart open thyself to the most steadfast hope, wean thyself from earth for ever, and alvays fix thyself on Heaven.

The Angels, Archangels and all heavenly Powers go to meet their King. An innumerable crowd of illustrions slaves join with their divine Saviour. All the Just dead from the beginning of the world, and all those who have risen again with Jesus Christ, join together to accompany his glorious triumph. The flesh had been sent away from the garden of Eden, but in the person of the Word made flesh, it is restored to Heaven. *Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates: and the King of glory shall enter in.* Do not ask who He is: *He is the Lord strony and mighty in battle, He is the Lamb of God who was killed: He is the victorious Lion, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Lord of hosts, He*

is the King of glory. This is the title with which Jesus Christ goes to sit at the right hand of his Father, and makes all those sit there whom He has delivered; here He expects all those who will believe in him, and profit by his redemption. Oh, how many sat already there! And with what eyes they look at the earth, and all that forms the occupation of men!

Therefore, O my soul, always turn thy heart and mind to Heaven, as the end of thy mortal journey, as the place of thy rest.

Faith teaches thee by the Apostle, that *we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.* Raise therefore thyself by means of faith, considering that the earth is not thy fatherland; but as a citizen of Heaven and a pilgrim on earth, thou art here only momentarily, and always in expectation of thy return and passage there. Endeavour then, especially this day, to quicken thy faith in the Christian truths, destroying the false ideas of happiness thou hast formed in the fallacious goods of the earth and in the foolish and vain things of this world, which all come only from the illusion of our senses and the corruption of our heart.

Faith is the eye and reason of a Christian, it is the foundation of the whole edifice of

our eternal salvation; as the Apostle says, *it is the substance of things we hope for.* The prize promised to faith is Paradise. *He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned.* Through faith Jesus Christ lives and abides in us, and we in him; through it Jesus operates in us, and through it his Mysteries and Life are communicated to us.

III. My soul, if thou lookest at the promised reward, thou shalt consider every labour light, thou shalt suffer poverty and the privation of the comforts of life, thou shalt receive in peace injuries and wrongs, thou shalt close thy eyes to the false brightness of the world, that it may not dazzle thee; always remembering that all the worldly pomp and glory finishes with the dust of the grave, whether man wishes it or not. Our soul departed from our body shall carry with her only her works, to her glory, if good; to her confusion, if ill. In order not to lose the thought of eternity, Macarius, Anthony and Simeon the Stylite quitted the towns and peopled the deserts; Benedict, Bernard, Dominic and Francis shut themselves up in cloisters, and sanctified themselves as well as their neighbour!...

Consider now, my soul, what must be the affection of a soul touched with a strong desire of eternal life, who directs all her thoughts and actions to Jesus Christ, as the Apostles did.

And while they were beholding him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments. Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come when He shall judge the living and the dead, as you have seen him going up to heaven (that is, carried on a cloud).

The Apostles were at that moment immovable, insensible to all that happened on earth, incapable of the least distraction, inflamed by a heavenly ardour, sustained by a rejoicing hope, animated by a lively faith. Though they saw Jesus no longer, they did not cease looking up to heaven. Their mouths were silent, but their hearts expressed themselves by deep sighs and ardent sobs, for the loss they were about to make: those sighs were lifted up in proportion as their amiable Saviour was going far from them.

And having adored, they returned to Jerusalem with great joy..... from the mount that is called Olivet, which is nigh

Jerusalem, Within a sabbath-day's journey. Spiritual joy is then the fruit of obedience, that makes prayer follow action and action follow prayer. The Apostles obeyed the warning of the Angel.... Do thou obey thy superiors who are in the place of Angels with thee. Fulfil thy duties, that are God's will on thee; and do not fear leaving the holy Mount, viz contemplation, to return to town, viz to the ordinary occupations that God exacts from thee.

Remember, that thy Jesus entered Heaven from the top of the same mount Olivet, at the side of which He had begun his Passion. At the feet of this mount the divine Master was seen kneeling, agonizing, then caught, tied and led as a malefactor..... Therefore from humiliations and suffering that abase thee in the presence of men, thou shalt ascend to the mount of glory, that is Heaven.

O my Jesus, full of gratitude and love I congratulate thee on thy glory and triumph over thy enemies. But remember, my divine Saviour, that to redeem me Thou sheddest all thy adorable blood, and Thou ascendedst to Heaven to prepare me a place, as Thou thyself saidst. Make me worthy to occupy it one day: strengthen me by thy grace; that I may surely arrive at this heavenly and

wished for kingdom. Arm me with thy fortitude, that I may overcome all the enemies who will oppose themselves to my acquisition of the same.

O Mary, the Mother of beautiful Hope, by thy fine Love and by thy grace, make easy for me the way that is to lead me to Heaven. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *The desire of Heaven.*

REFLECTION.—*As the first Christians, show in all your actions the faith that animates you. « The just man liveth by faith: » and therefore do not attach your heart to vain words and appearance. Despise the theatres, balls and conversations of the world in the hope of everlasting joys and the company of Angels.*

In every disagreeable event say: All must pass; we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come. Repeat three times a day: « When, O Lord, shall I see thy beautiful countenance? ».

JACULATORY PRAYER.— *O Mary, the ladder of Paradise, draw me with thee to things of everlasting beauty.*

Example.

The Blessed Rose of the Virgin of Pompei and the Salesian nuns of Lugo.

His Grace Luigi Tesorieri, Bishop of Imola, sent to the Director of « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** » the following report written by Sister Maria Anna di Gesù Bambino, a Salesian nun in St. Joseph's Monastery at Lugo, who wonderfully recovered by the application of the ***blessed rose of the Virgin of Pompei.***

« Since the month of October 1885 my left arm was attacked with a disease that doctors did not delay to declare *a white tumour.*

The articulation of my elbow little by little enormously decreased, and hindered all motion. The heads of the bones forming this articulation were also enormously enlarged and aching, and that caused the complete immobility of my arm. Little by little it was perforated by several holes, which I omit to describe. It was a very sad case.

After several cures, the physicians, in February 1886, tried a very serious operation, that proved useless.

Then, seeing that the disease did not stop, and that on the contrary my health and strength were growing worse, they resolved as a last expedient the *amputation of my arm.*

My good Superior gave me this sad news, leaving me free to do as I liked.

I answered nothing, and asked for a delay, hoping that the prayers I meant to addres to the Blessed Virgin of Pompei would certainly cure me.

Many months elapsed, after which my Superior gave me an Image of the Virgin of Pompei, and exhorted me to apply to her by the daily recital of the *fifteen decades of the Rosary* and by the *Novena*.

It may be imagined with what fervour I accepted and fulfilled the suggestions of my good Superior; but I must acknowledge that at first I had no advantage, nay my swelling increased, and new holes were opened communicating with the carious articulation.

Such a fact having frightened and disheartened me, I one day wished to open my heart to my Superior. The latter at first was astonished, but then recovering courage, in her simple goodness:

— *Our Lady wishes to put our faith to the test,* said she to me: *Do not fear, pray, and have faith.*

These words gave me new confidence, and I resumed with a great fervour the uninterrupted Novena.

When this was over, one evening, as usual, I removed the bandage for the medication of my arm; and I perceived the swelling had diminished. At that sight I felt my heart expanding and my faith increasing in the Virgin of the Rosary. I took a *leaf of a blessed Rose,* just arrived from Valle di Pompei, and put it into

one of the holes, exclaiming with all the enthusiasm of my heart:

— *My Mother, thou alone must cure me!*

And without any other medication, I bound up my arm, and set it at rest.

Next evening I removed the bandage again, and what was my surprise, when I saw *the holes closed,* and the swelling disappeared?

I cannot express with words what I felt at that moment! Tears of joy and gratitude were falling from my eyes, and I was touched by so much condescension Our Lady had shown me.

However I did not wish to inform anyone of what had happened, in order to be surer of the wonderful recovery of my arm, and I said nothing during two days. But after two days, seeing that, the bandages being removed, every pain and swelling had disappeared, and the holes were closed, I could no longer be silent, and related what had happened to my Superior and Sisters.

They all were astonished at this wonder, and now join with me in thanking the Blessed Virgin for the particular grace She has granted me, and for which I shall always be mindful and thankful ».

Lugo, from St. Joseph's Monastery,
8th May 1888.

SISTER MARIA DI GESÙ BAMBINO
of the Visitation

LUIGI TESORIERI
Bishop of Imola

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the twelfth Saturday.

O Jesus, Thou ascendedst into Heaven to prepare us a place in thy glory; but thy Heart burning with love did not wish to leave us orphans on earth. Thou left us thy whole self in this Sacrament of love, that my soul, prostrated in the dust and in the abyss of her nothingness, reveres, adores and blesses as the memorial of the most loving father, of the sweetest brother, of the most tender spouse, the only memorial worthy of a God.

In this sacred ciborium I recognize the well of Sicar, whence fountains of water spring up into lifeeverlasting. Here Thou, tired with my iniquities, and yet patient and bountiful, Thou expectest my soul to restore her with thy unspotted Flesh and divine Blood, as Thou formerly expectedst the Samaritan woman to lead her to life everlasting.

Here at thy feet this my treacherous and perjured soul expects with the gift of thy love the forgiveness Thou grantedst to the adulteress. Here I will say with the Publican: *Forgive me, O Lord, for I am a sinner.*

Here I wish, like Magdalen, to wash thy feet with the tears of my contrition, that I may this morning hear within my heart the sweet words Thou addressedst to her: *Thy sins are forgiven, because thou hast loved much.*

But if I have not Magdalen's love, who can give it me but Thou, who art the everlasting, infinite, supreme Love? Draw me therefore to thee, O my God; do Thou thyself prepare me worthily to receive thee with the Holy Ghost.

And you, holy Patriarchs, who passed from the Limbus to Paradise; and you, holy Apostles and Disciples, witnesses of the Saviour's triumph; and you, Princes of the heavenly Sion, who attended my triumphing Jesus; lend me your gratitude, adorations, affections, blessings at this moment, when God through an excess of love unites himself to his creature to raise her from abjection and make her worthy of Paradise.

And Thou, Immaculate Virgin and my most loving Mother, who full of heavenly hope and immense love sawest thy Son ascend into Heaven, this morning, when I commemorate this sacred event, revive my faith, hope and charity; bless, accept my works, and obtain for me the final perseverance, that by this

Communion I may merit the eternal crown in Heaven, as I hope through thee. So be it.

(Here say the Prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the Petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

O my Jesus, beneficent Saviour and sweetest Spouse of this my soul, Thou art wholly mine! At these solemn moments when Thou infinite God, art one thing with the finite creature, in the presence of all heavenly spirits who adore thee with me, I give myself up to thy love, hoping Thou wilt give me what I want in order to love thee for ever. Ah! on going up to Heaven, Thou pointedst out to me the straight way to arrive there, Thou left me a sure ladder to ascend there, *Faith.*

I do not ask, like thy apostle Thomas, to be shown thy Wounds, no: thy words are sufficient to me: *Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed.* I will see nothing in this world, O my Jesus; I will live by Faith and Hope.

And now in the presence of Heaven and earth, of the Angels and devils, I confess

that Thou art true God and true Man, the Only-begotten Son of the divine Father, the second Person of the most holy Trinity, the Word of God made flesh in Mary's purest womb, of whom Thou art the only and true Son. I believe that for my sake Thou led during thirty-three years a life of toil, affliction and pain, and gavest at last all thy life and blood to save me; and through a still greater miracle Thou wishedst always to remain in the midst of the children of men in this Sacrament. I believe and confess that by thy own virtue Thou rose again from the dead on the third day; and now sittest at the right hand of the divine Father, opening the gates of Paradise to thy followers, to whom, as a prize of their Faith on earth, Thou appointest the glorious thrones taken away from Lucifer and his Angels.

O my God, I believe all that Thou hast revealed to my Mother, the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, and out of her there is no salvation. But I will say with thy Apostles: *O Lord, increase my faith.... I do believe, Lord; help my unbelief.* Yes, my Jesus, give me that lively Faith, acting by Charity, which may make me despise all worldly things; a constant, generous, heroic faith, like that of the Apostles and Martyrs; a Faith

that may be steadfast in the midst of the most dangerous temptations, without being corrupted, in the midst of adversities and persecutions, without being subdued; a strong and constant Faith, that may render me always ready to fight, to suffer, to lose my goods, to give my blood, if Thou requirest it, or at least that may dispose me to martyrdom.

And Thou, O Mary, *Faithful Virgin, who art blessed because Thou believedst,* mirror of lively faith, and model of every Christian, obtain for me from thy Son a lively faith acting by charity, so that, always thinking of next life, I may consider as a folly all earthly things, wean my heart from the deceitful sensual and worldly pleasures, and govern all my actions by the light of that faith, which, as the Apostle says, *is the foundation of things to be hoped,* viz of the eternal reward.

Holy Martyrs, who shed your blood for this Faith, come and support my poor, weak Faith, and obtain for me a vigorous and strong faith as you had from this Food of resurrection and life.

O my Saviour, on this day, when I commemorate thy glorious Ascension, look at me embracing thee, and kneeling at thy

feet to ask for thy holy blessing. Grant it me, O Lord, as Thou grantedst it to thy Disciples, and may it be the pledge of that eternal blessing Thou promisest us on the last day. O Jesus, when shall I go up with thee into Heaven? And when shall I be united to thee, to be no more separated from thee?

Cheer up, my soul, Heaven is thy term, and the time to possess it is not far off. How vile and despicable thou art, O earth, every time I contemplate Heaven! O Heaven, sweet object of my hope, possess my heart, absorb my thoughts, be the term of my sighs and the only object of my wishes. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE THIRTEENTH SATURDAY

The third Glorious Mystery.
The Descent of the Holy Ghost.

(LUKE, 24; ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, I).

Meditation.

I. It was already long since the Prophet had announced this great day, and more than eighteen centuries have elapsed after it. God's promises always have their performance, though this appears us far. So it is of our death, and of the decision of our eternal lot, and of the day of final judgment. These things appear to us far off; but they shall undoubtedly be performed.

Jesus before his Ascension had said to his Apostles: *John indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. And I send the promise of my Father upon you, but stay you in the city, till you be endued with power from on high. And when they were arrived* (in the city) *they went up into an upper room, where abode Peter and John, James and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, James of Alpheus*

and Simon Zelotes, and Jude the brother of James. All these were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus. And they were continually in the Temple praising and blessing God.

Penetrate, O my soul, into the Caenaculum: Mary Mother of Jesus is praying with the Apostles and Disciples, one hundred and fifty in number, and they confidently join in the prayers of this Blessed Virgin, to solicit the descent of the Holy Ghost. What must we hope in our petitions, when we wish to solicit such a powerful Advocate? *She is the Mother of Jesus;* this title alone is a pledge of her goodness and power.

Let us contemplate them all together, now prostrated to the ground with deep humility, now lifting up their hands and eyes to heaven, now ardently sighing to call the Holy Ghost; now at last in deep silence, while their spirits and hearts inwardly pray, and express themselves with as much greater strength, as their wishes and love form their whole language. What faith, what respect, what composure!

Here are the efficacious and necessary dispositions to receive the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost: the devotion to the Blessed

Virgin, his most beloved Spouse, and a fervid and constant prayer, especially in common, because it shows the union of faith and charity with the Catholic Church, in which all the faithful are members of one body, and the Sovereign Pontiff is its visible Chief.

O Mary, who wast always the Mistress of the Church, and full of all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, do Thou teach me to pray well: pray for me, and draw from the recesses of my heart the groans and sighs that may draw the Holy Ghost on myself. Inspire my soul with, and put on my lips the prayers most conformable to thy Heart, that they may be most agreeable to thee, and fully heard by this bountiful God.

And thou, Spirit of Goodness and Love, penetrate my heart also, and wound it with the dart of thy divine fire, that it never cease praying, according to the Saviour's advice, with a lively faith, exact attention, deep humility, unchangeable confidence, and above all with such a fervent love, that nothing may ever weaken it. Jesus made us this promise: *He who prays so, obtains what he asks for, he who seeks, finds, and to him that knocks it shall be opened.*

II. Consider, my soul, that as the Patriarchs

and Prophets contributed by their sighs to draw on earth the Divine Word, so the Holy Ghost must be asked and invoked by our desires. Let us therefore open to him not only our mouth, as the Royal Prophet, but our whole heart and soul, that we may say with this holy King: *I opened my mouth and expected in me the Spirit of God, because I wished to submit myself to his laws.*

But this bountiful God always gets the start of his creatures; therefore He says to his people by Jeremias the prophet: *I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee.* And Jesus said to his Apostles: *When I am lifted up on the Cross, I will draw all things to myself.* Repeat then often, my soul, with the Spouse of the Sacred Canticles: *Draw me, o Lord, after thee, we will run to the odour of thy ointments.*

Contemplate, my soul, what happened on the day of Pentecost. *They were all together in one place, and suddenly at the third hour of the morning* (about 9 o'clock) *there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house, where they were sitting.* Understand that, as the wind disperses the clouds, purifies the air and drives pernicious influences away from

it; so the Holy Ghost entering our soul purges first our mind from evil thoughts, our heart from earthly affections, dispels the darkness of our intellect, and makes our soul live quite divine a life. By his breath He first called mankind to life, and then the Church of God; and by it He will preserve it for ever against all the plots of its enemies. That breath drives away the deceits of the devil, the false maxims of the world, the allurements of the flesh, and recalls to the mind of the faithful the revealed truths, that they may live according to their faith.

— *And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and they sat upon every one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.* See those tongues of fire elevated, shining, parted, resting on each one of these Saints... Here are the expressions of divine goodness. This Spirit descends under the symbol of tongues. The pride of the children of men was the cause of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, that parted them from each other; the descent of the Holy Ghost brought to the Apostles the gift of tongues, by which the people of every nation were united in the unity of Faith and Baptism in the Catholic Church. The Holy Ghost is *a tongue of fire,* because He is a

lively source of charity. As fire is not idle, but purifies metals from the filthiness of earth, destroying their impurity; so the Holy Ghost is like a *burning fire*, purifying our souls from all defilements. It consumes every obstacle, as affections to decaying goods, fears of society, vanities and comforts of life; and then He raises to Heaven all the affections of our heart, and all the thoughts of our mind, and loosens our tongue to divine praise. He is a *luminous fire*, illuminating our spirit, and giving it a clear idea of the wickedness and heaviness of the faults committed, and of our unthankfulness towards God our benefactor. He is a *sweet fire*, insinuating itself into our heart, penetrating, warming and inflaming it. At last He is a *fire*, rising to Heaven with its flames, He is a *fire* of love: this is essential by his nature, because He proceeds from the Father and the Son by way of love; therefore He likes to communicate what He has, or what He is, and He infuses charity and zeal into our soul.

O the depth and greatness of the goodness of God! He propagates his truth, his Church, by means of twelve abject fishermen of Judea, whom the world considered as foolish and common people in comparison to the wisdom of the Greeks and Romans! Those rough,

ignorant and so timid men, who cowardly abandoned their Master at the time of his Passion, now lit with this divine fire communicated to them by the Holy Ghost, confess in all languages the glories of his name.

And they began to speak with different tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak. They preach in the midst of Jerusalem Jesus crucified and the Gospel to all the nations of earth. *Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven. And when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind, because every man heard them speak in his own tongue.* They announce to the world the greatness and wonders of Jesus of Nazareth, they fight like heroes; and pushed by an ardent zeal, they encounter torments, they expose themselves to death, and by undergoing it they triumph over all the wisdom and power of men, and cause even the tyrants to tremble.

And what of us?... Ah! we know well how to imitate the Apostles in their unfaithfulness, pusillanimity and flights, but we do not wish to imitate them in their composure and incessant prayers. Therefore, my soul, pray now fervently the Holy Ghost, that He may

descend on thee this day, and then you can ask him for the *spirit of fervour* and the *fruit of zeal.*

III. *Fervour,* say the holy Fathers, is a supernatural movement of the soul, that incessantly tends to unite herself to God by love, and does not suffer any obstacle that may render this union less perfect. It is a divine fire, a heavenly flame coming from the Holy Ghost, that produces *zeal,* viz makes the soul ready and courageous to undertake and fulfil every thing God commands her, notwithstanding all contrary difficulties. All that this soul thinks and wishes, all that she says and does, shows the ardour with which she is inflamed. By repeating acts of love her heart unites itself to God in such a way, that like the Apostle, she defies all creatures to separate her from it. *Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?* Not the sword, not hunger, not the tyramny of men or passions.

Always watchful over herself, she corrects in herself every worldly complacency: an indiscreet word is a silent reproach to her: she does not allow herself even a curious look at creatures, unless it is directed to the God she loves.

She moans with St. Paul to be still on earth; her exile is a burden to her: but her fervid desires incessantly raise her towards Heaven. Whether she walks, says St. Bernard, or is silent, whether she acts or rests, she never quits the loving presence of her Beloved. She would have every one burn with his love. But always bountiful, always merciful, she prays and suffers for others.

Ah! this spirit of holiness and purity will not sanctify us, unless we make as many sacrifices to it, as there are secret defilements and extraneous affections in our heart. This heart cannot remain empty: in proportion as it lays aside itself and its fellow creatures, God fills it with his spirit. But alas! I am so sensible to the least displeasing word, that I am disconcerted and disturbed; so pusillanimous that I dare not rebuke other people's blasphemies, or mockeries against God, the Virgin and the Pope.

O divine Spirit, enlighten my heart with thy irresistible love. But, alas! how many times was thy voice heard by my soul, without her listening to it! Ah, if I had been faithful to thee, how many vices I should have destroyed, how many virtues accumulated, and what rapid progress should I have made in the perfection of my state!

I should be quite full of thee, O my God; and on the contrary. I find myself so full of myself, and of all the things of this miserable world! I should be quite burning with thy divine love, while I am now so languid, that neither dare I say I love thee! Forgive, O divine Spirit, all my past unfaithfulness, that I bitterly weep for. Break my chains, draw me to thee, for I have resolved upon being henceforth faithful to thee. Bow the heavens and come down to my nothingness: let me so mean a creature posses thee. I will welcome thee with joy and faithfully keep thee. Heavenly fire, purify my heart.

O holy Apostles, pray for me, communicate me your ardour, your lively faith, your ardent zeal, make me a partaker of the gitts you received from this Sovereign Spirit of goodness and love, that I may like you firmly believe and strongly work for Jesus, and come with you to enjoy him in Heaven for ever. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Zeal.*

REFLECTION. — *Do to-day many acts of love to God. Do not be ashamed openly to show yourself a Catholic, and excite others to the love of God. Show yourself devout to*

Mary, by uncovering your head when the bell rings the Angelus. *Prevent as much as you can the blasphemies and offences that may be made to her.*

Mary likes much our removing young girls and orphans from eternal death. Remember that if you save a soul, you will have saved your own soul too.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, renew my heart and give it to God.*

Example.

At Civitavecchia. — The Image of the Virgin of Pompei.

Mrs. Christine Spaccari of Civitavecchia sent on 9th June 1888 to the Director of « Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei » the following report of a very particular grace obtained by her.

« I was travelling in a carriage with my daughter and another woman, when the horse suddenly began to run away. Seeing the danger, I took into my hands a little purse I had with me, in which I kept an *Image of the Virgin of Pompei*; and full of confidence I pressed it on my bosom, and recommended myself and the other two women to her protection.

The horse in its dishevelling race deviated from the right way, and began to go upon a hedge; but the brambles and thorns harshly stinging it compelled it to go back.

Meanwhile the carriage rushed down into a ravine, and was broken asunder: the forepart was dragged by the run-away horse; the carriage abchim it was upset upon us.

My daughter wept thinking I had died; but on the contrary, never quitting my Lady, I made a great effort, lifted up the wheel that pressed my bosom, and I stood up safe and sound. I also helped my daughter and the other woman to rise from the ground. They both were unuhrt!

Then evidently recognizing the powerful hand that had saved us from every danger, with tears of gratitude and emotion I told them:

Do you know who has saved us? — Our Lady of Pompei!

And saying so, I showed them the Image of Our dear Lady.

CHRISTINE SPACCARI ».

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the thirteenth Saturday.

O Mary, thou wast in the Caenaculum when the Holy Ghost descended there; and as the Apostles had the first place of authority, so thou hadst the first place of grace and holiness. Thou full of grace and of the Holy Ghost from the instant of thy conception, and overfull since the day when thou conceivedst the Word of God, the author of grace, with what fulness of gifts wast thou

enriched on the day of Pentecost? How much I congratulate thee! But thou art the treasurer and dispenser of all graces, nay thou art the *Mother of grace;* and thy Bernard leads me to thee saying: *If we wish for graces, let us ask them through Mary.* Thou art the most beloved Spouse of the Holy Ghost. And what cannot a faithful and unspotted spouse obtain from the heart of her tender and generous spouse? From thee then, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and my most tender Mother, I ask all the gifts and graces that I want. My soul is full of pride and presumption to be saved without merits; all full of vanity and worldly science. And art thou not the Mother of Holy Fear and of the Science of God?

My Mother, I disclose to thee my iniquities; I have not a true love for my neighbour, for the unhappy, for the poor, for my God! But thou art the Mother of pure love and of piety; and thou canst this morning by this Communion obtain it for me from thy Son Jesus and from thy heavenly Spouse. See how this soul, like a reed shaken by the wind, is always inconstant, always troubled by her passions, and she soon falls at every shock of her three enemies. But thou art the tower of David, upon which a thousand bucklers hang, and be whom thou defendest is saved:

obtain then for me the gift of *Fortitude*. My intelligence sullied by guilty passions, in the midst of a thousand dangers, in the stormy sea of this world, is always in need of a guide, of a supernatural light, of a faithful counsellor: and thou alone art the faithful friend of my soul, my counsellor, the *Star of the ocean:* please obtain for me from thy Spouse the gift of counsel, for thou art the Mother of *Good Counsel;* and the gift of understanding, thou who art *Mary,* viz the Mistress of the world, *illuminated and illuminator* of every intelligence. O Mary, be thou *Mary* to me. Have piety on me, who have so much aversion to follow virtue and penance, to fight vices and mortify myself; the least contradiction disturbs me; all that can afflict my body exceedingly saddens me. Allure me by the gift of Wisdom, and let my soul *taste how sweet the Lord is, how good the God of Israel is,* and how sweet is the mercy of my God, who gave me as a Mother his own Daughter, his own Mother, his most beloved Spouse.

And Thou, my Jesus, at this moment when Thou comest into me, shut thy eyes on my wickedness, and fix them only on the Heart of thy purest and holiest Mother, who being rich with the gifts and virtues of the Holy Ghost, formed thy worthy abode on earth,

and this day prays thee for me, and gives thee to me with her own hands.

And Thou, O Spirit of Charity and Love, break the chains of my sins, and come down into my soul to purify and inflame her. And as a preparation I offer thee all the prayers, wishes, sighs, affections that the Blessed Virgin and the Saints shut in the Caenaculum addressed to thee, together with the mortifications, tears and fervour of the greatest Saints that were and ever shall be in the world. Thou who favourably listenedst to the preparation of their hearts, vouchsafe now to listen to and hear that of my poor heart also.

Holy Apostles, lend me now your faith and ardent wish, that I may less unworthily receive my Jesus and yours into my soul. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

David, *has called on the deep*. The deep of infinity, omnipotence, majesty, has wouchsafed to descend into a deep of misery, abjection, degradation. Now the Spirit of the Lord is within me together with his Word! The God who created every thing and who has no limit, now wholly occupies me, and forms in my soul a small room never more to depart from her and take a particular care of her.

O Mary, strengthen me with thy prayers, supply with thy thanks, and lend me now the voice of thy canticle, for I can now exclaim with thee: « My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour ». Spouse of the Holy Ghost, rich with all gifts and graces, what grace can a very powerful spouse deny her faithful spouse?

I adore thee and love thee with all my heart, O divine Spirit, Almighty God, essential Love of the Father and of the Son. Come then, o God of goodness and mercy, to give by thy breath grace to my poor soul; come, and by thy sparkling tongues of fire teach me to speak the language of the Saints. Come, and enlighten me by thy unspeakable light, purify me by thy fire, light my heart and make it ardent with thy charity. O source

of living water, inundate and inebriate my thirsty and dry soul, Spirit of Truth, without thee I live in error; Spirit of Love, without thee I am as cold as ice; Spirit of Life, without thee I am dead. Sacred fire, peerless purity, consume by thy flames the least imperfections of my heart.

Give me, o God of goodness, the fruits of thy Spirit: give me *mildness*, that I take away my harshness; *benignity*, that I return good for evil; *patience*, that I acquire peace and perfection so dear to thee; *goodness*, that I be simple and beneficent to all; *modesty*, that I edify my fellow-creatures; *continence and chastity*, that I mortify my senses, rule over my passions and be pure in thy eyes. Ah! Thou alone canst give me this virtue, o Lord: therefore I will always repeat, like thy Catherine of Siena: *Create a clean heart in me, o God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels.* And I will continue with the penitent King. *Cast me not away from thy face; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.* And I will say with thy Virgin Cecily: *Make, o Lord, my heart and body unspotted, that I may not be confounded.* But above all give me charity

that may unite me to thee, to my neighbour, to Heaven, to the Angels, so that I may exclaim with Paul thy Apostle: *Who then shall separate me from the love of Christ?*

O happy Saul, who for Jesus' sake sufferedst the death of the sword; pierce this my cold heart with the sword of thy zeal, that I may undertake all to the glory of thy Saviour and mine.

O St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, who first deniedst thy Master at the voice of a faint-hearted servant-maid, and then, after receiving the Holy Ghost, becamest intrepid and hadst thyself crucified headlong; I am much weaker than thee, for I have betrayed Jesus innumerable times. Obtain for me from the divine Spirit, that I may be crucified in my heart with all its vices and concupiscences; that, as I resemble thee through my faults, I may like thee bitterly weep all the days of my life I have left.

And thou, so fond of Mary, fervent Bartholomew the Apostle, who for Jesus' sake wast skinned and then crucified; obtain for me from thy beloved Lady thy fervent love and zeal for the glory of Christ.

And thou, John the favourite disciple, who leanedst thy head on the divine heart of our amiable Redeemer, now I have pressed this

sacreed Heart to mine, obtain for me the flames of that lively charity and ardent zeal, with which tine was burning, so that thou camest out of the copper of boiling oil, unhurt because the fire of heavenly love, that burnt within thee, overcame the material fire that burnt thee outside.

And you, holy Apostles and holy Martyrs, who gave your life for Jesus; and holy maidens and young men, who in the prime of life, without wrath, without disdain, without revenge, but quietly and smilingly with undaunted courage defied hatchets, pyres, fire. beds and other instruments of torture; and particularly you, holy Virgins, who triumphed over the flesh struggling against you, I beseech you, obtain for me by your prayers your spirit of Faith, Zeal, Love, Purity and Fortitude, that I may triumph over the three concupiscences, and give eternal glory with you to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE FOURTEENTH SATURDAY

The fourth Glorious Mystery.
The Death and Assumption of Mary to Heaven.

Meditation.

I. Consider, my soul, that for Mary too the hour of her departure from this vale of darkness is arrived. At last, after so many sufferings, She also could repeat the words of her beloved Son: *All is consummated:* the prophecies, the establishment of the Church, the heroism of all virtues.

Since the Ascension of her divine Son She lived at Jerusalem till her 45th year with St. John the Evangelist, with whom then She retired to Ephesus to escape the persecution that was excited against the Church: but when it lessened a little, She returned to Jerusalem, where She remained till her death. Her life was here, as it was always and everywhere, a life of love of God, an uninterrupted prayer, or rother a continual ecstasy, and a perfect exercise of all virtues, especially of a very ardent charity towards her neighbour. She often visited the places sanctified by the Mysteries and presence of

her Divine Son, and She was the consolation, Mistress, Mother and defender of His new Church, because He had left her on earth for this purpose.

The moment came She had so long wished for when She was to be united again to the sovereign Good; and an Angel was sent to her from Heaven to warn her of her happy passage. With what joy did She receive the longed for news? What thanks did She return to the Sovereign Benefactor! Her soul rejoiced in the love and wish of her Lord, and she heartily offered herself happily to return to her principle. And thou, my soul, enchained by the miseries of this world, why dost thou not tend to the blessed abode? Why dost thou fear so much to quit this life? What does this world give thee? What charms thee in this vale of tears? Ah, pray Mary to obtain for thee the desire of everlasting treasures, and dispose thee by the ardour of her holy examples to thy death!

When John heard from the Blessed Virgin that She was about to depart from this life, we read that a great number of relations, Disciples and acquaintances met together on mount Sion, in the Caenaculum, where the Mother of God was, to contemplate her once more, express her their affections, hear her

last memorials, recommend them selves to her prayers, and assist at her blessed death. Nay by a disposition of divine providence, as Dionysius the Areopagite says, the holy Apostles too met there, who were at that time scattered in the world to preach the faith of Jesus Christ.

All wept for the loss of so good a Mother, of so powerful an Advocate and Mistress, as St. John Damascene says, and the Blessed Virgin consoled all most lovingly, and promised her help and intercession to all.

What a happy spectacle! My soul, what dost thou do? Unite thyself to those blessed assistants, approach that merciful Lady, expose her thy need, ask for her help; and through the merits of those holy Disciples request her to obtain for thee all the graces thou desirest. Have confidence, do not doubt, for the dear Mother hears thee.

But she recommends thee the love of thy neighbour, the salvation of souls, as much as thou canst, helping them by a good example, by suitable warnings, by patience, by charity, and by praying God for all the world. If thou pay this homage to Mary, be sure that She will be always favourable to thee.

O my sweet Mother, had I had the happiness to assist at thy holy death! Had I been

able to kiss thy sacred feet, and recommend myself to thy protection! But as I had not this luck to beseech thee when thou wast on earth; kneeling at the throne of thy Majesty I recommend myself to thee this day, when thou art glorious and immortal. If I could not be present at thy blessed death, vouchsafe, I request thee, to be present at my bitter death, and help me at that terrible hour, upon which my eternity depends, for the sake of this adored hour of thy passage and triumph.

II. Consider how, the hour of Mary's death being arrived, her Divine Son descended from Heaven, accompanied by innumerable legions of Seraphim, to receive in his arms the blessed spirit of his Most Holy Mother, and lead her glorified Soul into his kingdom. And to console her, think that He addressed her the words of the canticle: *Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come; winter is now past.* Abandon this vale of tears where thou hast suffered so much for my sake. The voice of the *turtle*, viz of thy languishing heart, *is heard in our kingdom.*

Mary rejoiced exceedingly at that amiable apparition, and her spirit exulted in Jesus

her divine Son. And having received Holy Communion from the hands of Jesus himself, as St. John Damascene says, she assumed the posture in which she wished to be buried, and said full of joy: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me another time according to thy word. Into thy hands, O my Son, I commend my spirit.* Receive with thee this soul, that Thou createdst in thy image and preservedst from sin.

See, my soul, how turning to those who were round her sorry and weeping and with lights in their hands, she gave them her dear motherly blessing. Then forming with all the immense holiness of her soul sublime acts of virtue and most fervent affections, by a most lively burst of love her blessed soul was separated from her unspotted body; and like a Dove of Paradise, released from snares, she fled away to rest in the blessed bosom of her Creator, accompanied by all Angels and Saints to the eternal kingdom of glory and peace. It was right that the *Mother of fine love* should die only with love. Oh, what a precious and holy death!

My soul, Mary is departing for Heaven; approach her feet, and ask for her blessing.

O my Mother, I congratulate thee on thy happiness, greatness, and glory. Thou deserv-

edst to be so highly loved and glorified by God, for thy only thought during thy life was to love and glorify God. But I will not quit this place, unless thou bless me. This is the last memorial of the Mother, who is going to leave her children orphans and disconsolate. Recommend me to Jesus Christ, and have mercy on my misery. One loving look, one bountiful recommendation, one word from thee, suffices to obtain for me every grace. Through the merits of thy blessed death, have pity on my mortal life; and at the hour of my death do not forget me, run to my help and assist me in my bitter agony.

My soul, if thou wilt at thy death experience Mary a mother of love, be in thy life a faithful daughter of Mary's love. And if thou wishest thy death to be accompanied by the assistance of Jesus, do not disunite thy conversation and heart from Jesus. Happy shall I be, if I love Jesus and Mary during my life! Blessed shall I be, if I die in the arms of Jesus and Mary!

I promise thee, O my God, to love only thee, to think of no one but thee. I recommend thee, O Mary, the terrible passage of my soul.

III. The report of Mary's death being spread, all the faithful, not only of Jerusalem, but of the neighbouring places also, ran to venerate her sacred body that smelled a heavenly odour, and many sick persons only by touching it recovered. The Apostles, after having bitterly wept on the virginly mortal remains, placed them on a cradle, and accompanied by the faithful with lighted torches, conveyed them to the Garden of Olive-trees, and with great devotion buried them in a marble sepulchre that had been prepared on purpose in a new temple. During three days very sweet songs of heavenly Spirits were heard round that tomb, where they had descended to guard and honor it. But on the third day, her blessed soul being by divine power united again to her sacred body, Mary gloriously rose again, and was by the Angels with great solemnity taken up into Heven in body and soul. It was not right that Her body should see corruption for She was unspotted in her whole life and in her very conception, She warreally the Virgin of Virgins, the Holiest of Saints, the true Mother of God.

Think, my soul, that Thomas the Apostle, who had not been present at the Virgin's death, having arrived and heard that her

sacred body had been buried since three days, was very sorry and asked for the consolation of seeing and venerating the sepulchre of his beloved Lady. They all went there; but what was their astonishment and sorrow, when, having opened the grave, they found Mary's body no longer, but only her virginly garment, all covered with very fresh roses?

But suddenly they were comforted by a sweet harmony resounding in the air with an angelical song that said: «Mary was taken up into heaven, to the joy of the Angels, who bless the Lord for having glorified their Queen. Be opened, eternal gates: the King of glory comes in and leads his Beloved, our Queen with him». And the others said: «Who is she who comes forth from mount Lebanon, leaning upon her beloved, like the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun? She is a pillar of smoke of aromatic pices, smelling with all virtues: She is a fair olivetree full of every grace and beauty».

Understand then, my soul, that the Blessed Virgin, because She was free from original sin as well as from any shadow of actual fault, never grew old, nor lost her beauty in the least; for the same reason She should not have died, because death was

given to man as a punishment for sin. But the Lord, partly because He wished to give the Just a pattern of the precious death prepared for them, and partly because He wished to make Mary like Jesus in every thing, would have her die, and then go up into Heaven, not by her own power, as Jesus did but by God's power.

The anticipated glorification of her body was the seal of the privileges of God's Mother, and of her Immaculate Conception. She had been conceived of Adam's blood, but through a very particular grace without a shadow of his sin, all pure, all fair and immaculate; She became a Mother, but remained a spotless Virgin, the only privilege not granted to any other creature. Il was right, therefore, to anticipate the resurrection of that immaculate body, the living temple of the Holy Ghost, with all the qualities of glorious bodies: agility, subtility, impassibility and immortality.

Light could not be separated from the Sun. Mary's soul was light, full of grace since the moment of her creation; and her immaculate body was a Sun, out of which the Holy Ghost had formed the humanity taken by the Word. The Church calls the Virgin *bright as the sun*, because She was privileged above all

creatures. And as the sun when setting leaves a great golden light in the air, so Mary on the setting of her mortal journey has left us the light of her examples in all the theological and cardinal virtues, and particularly in her four fold purity: 1st *Purity in her body*, by which She became the Mother of God; 2nd *Purity in her heart*, by which She was the delight of the Holy Ghost in all the purest affections and movements of her heart; 3rd *Purity in her faith*, that She preserved inviolate and lively in her God, and She was the Mistress of the Apostles, the consolation of new Christians, and the Seat of wisdom; 4th *Purity in her intention*, by which She directed all to God, and like a faithful handmaid received all from his hands: joys and sorrows, humiliations and triumphs; so that She is likened to the towering Cedar of Libanon and to the Cypress of mount Sion, that raises its trunk straight to heaven, and to the Palm domineering at Cades.

Purity does not concern only the body, that is called chastity, but it is the assemblage of all virtues, excluding any kind of vice: so that it belongs more to the soul, as the Psalmist says: *O Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest on thy holy hill? He that walketh without*

blemish, and worheth justice. Nay the blessing of God is promised to them who keep their conscience pure: *Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hands, and clean of heart, who hath not taken his soul in vain, nor sworn deceitfully to his neighbour. He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and mercy from God his Saviour.*

Then all the glory of Mary proceeds from her being Immaculate and since her first instant superior to the very Angels. And since that moment God looked at our time, when after nineteen centuries the dogma of her Immaculate Conception would have been defined. And the Virgin herself had this in view when She revealed to St. Dominic the Mystery of her Assumption in soul and body into heaven distinguished from that of her Crowning, while the Church during six centuries and a half celebrated the two Mysteries with one feast. Mary likes much that [illegible] consider how all the privileges of her [illegible] and death proceed from that first and [illegible]ular one of her Immaculate Conception. [illegible] holy and immaculate virginity of Mary, [illegible]ill exclaim with the Church, with what [illegible]raises I shall extol thee, I know not.

My most sweet Lady, thou hast already quitted this world, and arrived at thy throne, where thou sittest a Queen above all the choirs of Angels. I congratulate thee on this so high privilege of thy Assumption into heaven. But remember it was in behalf of sinners that thou wast exalted to such a dignity and glory: and therefore thou hast not lost the compassion towards us poor children of Adam, nay it has increased in thee. Therefore from the great throne where thou reignest, O Mary, turn on me also thy pitiful eyes, and have mercy on me. Look at me and help me. See in what storms and dangers I continually find myself, and shall find myself till the end of my life. Through the merits of thy blessed death obtain for me the love of perfection by the purity of faith, conscience, heart and intentions, that I may end my life in God's grace; and in the *day of the Lord* my body too may arise glorious, and so come to kiss thy feet in Heaven, and with the blessed Spirits praise thee and sing thy glories, as thou deservest. *So be it.*

PRACTICE. — *Purity.*

REFLECTION. — *The best way of glorifying Mary on earth is to imitate her virtues, especially the purity of conscience, viz avoid*

every offence to God. In order to acquire it, always fight against the most habitual venial sin, and make all efforts to avoid it.

Strive to overcome your passions and acquire perfection, thinking that you will gain the particular protection and the love of Mary. This is the way to avoid Purgatory and go straight to Heaven. Pray to her every day to obtain for you her fourfold Purity; viz the purity of body, of heart, of intention and of faith.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, Mother of divine love, make me die to the world and live only to thee.*

Example.

Malta. — The conversion of the Protestant Anna Charles by means of the Fifteen Saturdays to the Virgin of Pompei.

Anna Charles, a protestant, lived at Malta more than twenty years. She married a Music-Master, Giuseppe Misued, a Catholic, and had only one son.

The good Giuseppe and his sisters, who also were fervent Catholics, had made all their exertions to persuade Anna to abandon her sect and embrace the Catholic Religion; but she did not listen to them, nay she despised

their faith with the most execrable words, and particularly the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist.

Several learned Priests tried to convert her, especially the lamented Father Capuchin Alfonso Micalles, who did all in his power to convert her, but in vain.

In 1887 Anna fell dangerously ill. They hoped that the serious nature of her illness, and the affectionate and ready cares of those who surrounded her, and the incessant prayers that were addressed to God for her conversion, might induce her to change her opinion.

As she did not get better, the physicians ordered a very painful operation, viz the amputation of her left breast. And Anna underwent the terrible amputation at the Malta Central Hospital. She was at the point of death, but she persisted in her false religion: her obstination was diabolical.

Her wound being healed, she left the hospital, and in a state of convalescence she passed a few months at home, still obstinate in her false religion.

In August 1888 she fell ill again in consequence of her first disease that was corrupting her blood.

Then the family of Giuseppe requested Priest Andrea Debono, of Misida, very devout in the worship of the Virgin of Pompei, that he might please to visit the unhappy sick woman and speak to her about religion.

He went to her, and had several conversations on that subject; but from what the obstinate woman asserted, he clearly understood that her conversion was impossible. She showed an implacable hatred towards her husband and his family, towards the Maltese and their religion: particularly a despising hatred against the two Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. Nay her diabolical aversion reached such a degree, that as soon as they began to speak to her about religion, she at once out short every argument.

One day, addressing the Reverend Debono, who in a civil manner was exposing to her the spiritual calm and peace of those who die in the Catholic Church, she resolutely declared:

— *I will die a Protestant, assisted by a minister, and be buried in the protestant cemetery.*

This she ofthen repeated to her husband.

However the pious Priest did not give up all hope, trusting in the power of the Virgin of the Rosary honored in her favourite Sanctuary of Pompei; and therefore he recommended to his penitents to pray for that woman, to make *Novenas to Our Lady of Pompei* and apply many Communions for her.

One of Anna's sisters-in-law, Maria Misued, a woman of solid piety, requested the Reverend Debono to say a Mass in order to obtain the wished for conversion: and it was fixed

that the Mass should be said on the next Saturday, 15th September, during the ceremony of the *Fifteen Saturdays* that were practiced there.

The Mass was said, and in the sermon on the Mystery the Priest announced that the Sacrifice was applied *for the conversion of a person;* and he requested all to join their prayers and Communion with the intention of the officiating Priest, *in order that the Virgin of the Most Holy Rosary might obtain for her a true conversion.*

Meanwhile it was written to Lawyer Bartolo Longo, Valle di Pompei, that he would please to cause the *Orphan girls of the Rosary* in the Sanctuary of Pompei to pray for the so long desired conversion.

The days of the Novena made by the Orphan girls elapsed, and the 29th of September arrived, *the fourteenth of the Fifteen Saturdays,* commemorating the blessed death of the Virgin Mary, or rather her happy passage from this life to eternity. That was the day appointed by the merciful Queen of Pompei to save from Satan that soul, for whom so many devout persons were incessantly praying.

We cannot say what happened in the mind of the protestant woman. We only know that the ways of God to speak to the hearts of his creatures are innumerable, and the ways of the *Mother of sinners* to convert the erring and lead them again to her motherly heart

are mysterious, sweet and unspeakably beautiful.

And is this not Mary's mission? And which other is the mysterious design of Providence in exciting so wonderfully a monumental Temple at Pompei, but the conversion of souls to God by means of Mary?

The whole night of that Saturday Anna could not close her eyes. Mary's eye was watching on her, God's grace was acting on that unhappy heart. The dawn of Sunday, the Lord's day, appeared, and the protestant woman, at the point of death, was quite changed. Suddenly and to the amazement of every body she asked:

— *Where is that Priest? Make haste to send for him, for I will see him as soon as possible!*

Then as if enlightened by truth, with a serene countenance, expressing the solicitude of her mind, she cried:

— *I will be baptized, I will die a Catholic!*

At these unexpected words, all burst into tears of consolation, and could hardly believe what they saw with their own eyes.

Priest Debono was sent for at once; but he was going to ascend the pulpit at Misida. He answered he would go to her after the sermon.

But Anna, urged by the grace of God, did not wish to wait, and sent for him again.

Meanwhile the Right Reverend Provost of the Birchircara collegiate church was invited. He received with unspeakable emotion the

abjuration of the protestant woman, and immediately baptized her in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

— *So be it*, answered all the bystanders, with tears of tenderness and compunction.

At that moment the Reverend Debono entered the house. On his first seeing her, she appeared to him no longer a mortal creature, but an Angel. She welcomed him with great joy, begged his pardon for having been unable to wait for him. She confessed to him; she wished to receive holy Communion, but she could not swallow.

They prepared her to receive Confirmation without delay. And Bishop Fr. Antonio Maria Buhagiar, as a loving Father, went by night to the bedside of the dying woman, and as the Lord's anointed, he laid his hands on the newly baptized person: and he made the Sanctifier descend on that soul that the water of baptism had purified.

The last Sacrament, Extreme Unction, remained to render the soul of Anna Charles happy for ever; and this also was administered to her with the Holy Indulgences and blessings of the Catholic Religion.

After fifteen hours of the sweetest agony, perfectly resigned to the most holy will of God, with the chaplet in her hand, and embracing the Crucifix, Anna quietly gave up the ghost, purified by the water of baptism and the other holy Sacraments. Her death was precious, holy,

and a motive not of sadness and confusion, but of gaiety and joy.

When the next Saturday arrived, that was the last of the fifteen dedicated to the Rosary, and the eve of the great solemnity, the Rev. Debono preached the *immense goodness of the Queen of Pompei towards Anna Charles:* who having lived an obstinate protestant, had died in the bosom of the Catholic Church, in the arms of the Mother of sinners, who has placed the throne of her mercies in the Vale of Vesuvius.

No one could keep his tears back on hearing that; but those tears were not the language of sorrow, or compassion; but they were a mark of the indefinite tenderness and compunction that moves every heart in thinking that at our unlucky time, when the devil ruins so many souls, the Mother of sinners, from the land that formerly was of paganism and death, saves sinners from eternal death, and leads them to life everlasting.

The great Queen of Heaven and earth denies no grace, when She is honored with the efficacious practice of the *Fifteen Saturdays,* and is at the same time invoked under the title so agreeable to her motherly Heart, of *Queen of the Rosary of Valle di Pompei.*

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the fourteenth Saturday.

Who will give me the virginity of faith and heart, that Mary had, O my Jesus, by which She deserved to receive thee into her bosom and preserve thee enclosed in it during nine months, and at the end of her mortal pilgrimage She deserved that Thou thyself shouldst descend from Heaven to glorify her? O infinite Purity, the Church sings of thee, *that Thou didst not abhor* to abide in the bosom of the purest Virgin; and how shalt Thou be able to abide this morning in my bosom, in my heart, the centre of the most unbridled passions, the abode of the most reprovable vices, the seat formerly occupied by the devil on account of my repeated sins? Ah, lord, I will say with the Centurion, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter my bosom, but say only one word, and my soul will be purified. Ah! I wish I had here the bitter tears of penitent Saints to wash the sordidness that makes her ugly before thee. O holy Apostles, who wept on the departure of your amiable Mother, lend me now your tears, and weep with me

my estrangement from God and my unthankfulness towards this sovereign Benefactor.

O divine Love, is it possible for thee to have so much power on Mary as to free her soul from the chains of the body, and to have so little on me? O Mother of fair love, do not burn alone with this divine fire: vouchsafe that I may burn with it myself. I love thee, mi Jesus, and my warmest wish is to be consumed by thy love. Thou wishest and canst do it, Lord; do what Thou canst, and *give me what Thou wilt.*

O Mary, holy Mother of the Redeemer, who on the way of Heaven art the Gate and Ocean Star, help my soul fallen into sin. Thou who begottest thy holy Father, Virgin before and after the word of the Angel, have pity on my sinful soul. *Thou art all fair, and the original stain of sin is not on thee:* and therefore Thou reachedst on earth the highest perfection, so as to surpass the merits of all Angels and of the highest Seraphim. Lend me thy purity this morning, that with inviolate faith, spotless conscience, pure heart, and intention purified by thy love I may go to receive the Bread of Angels, that is the same Word of God who took the flesh of thy flesh and the blood of thy blood. Nay when the priest comes to administer me

the communion, allow me, my Mother, to receive thy Jesus from thy hands, in order to welcome him with as much purity and humility as possible.

And you, Angels and Saints of Heaven, inhabitants of the heavenly Sion, who joyfully went to meet the Queen of Paradise on the day of her glorious Assumption, all come to accompany my soul at this happy moment, when she goes to meet her Spouse, her divine Redeemer, her God. So be it.

(Here say the prayer to ask Jesus Christ for the grace you want; and the petition to the B. V. of Pompei. See page 171).

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

My soul prostrated in the dust adores thee, my Jesus, with all the adorations of the Angels and Saints of Heaven. *Thou alone art Holy, Thou alone art the Lord, Thou alone art Most High, O Jesus Christ.* She adores thy most holy soul with all her faculties hidden under the accidents of bread; oh! let thy presence sanctify my soul with all her powers. Intellect of Jesus, purify my intentions. Will of Jesus, purify my wishes. Me-

mory of Jesus, purify my memory from the filthy images and remembrances of sin. Most sacred body of Jesus, purify with thy unspotted flesh my flesh guilty of innumerable faults and impieties. Most pure senses of Jesus, purify my senses. Modest eyes of Jesus, purify my licentious eyes. Most pure tongue of Jesus, purify my tongue stained with vain and slanderous words. Ears of Jesus, purify my hearing always fond of worldly news. Hands of Jesus, give me your innocence. Most precious blood of Jesus, wash me from every stain of sin, inebriate my heart with joy, fill me with fervour by thy holy love. O most pure water of the side of Jesus, wash me. O most efficacious sweat of Jesus' face, heal me. O most sacred Passion of Jesus, comfort me. O burning Heart of Jesus, burn me with love, stamp upon my heart the obedience to thy will, the detestation of sins, the hatred of myself, the grace of being, till my death, agreeable to thee, my sovereign Good and centre of my rest.

O my Jesus, on this day when I commemorate the glorious Assumption of thy Mother into heaven, quicken my faith, that I may contemptibly look on all earthly things, and infuse me with the heavenly hope to see thee again one day in Paradise.

How deplorable my state and how pitiful my misery is! I discover thee, my heavenly physician, my wounds and infirmities. The law of sin lives in me and resists thy will. I believe by faith all that Thou teachest me, but then I yield to sensual wishes. I know that all is vanity, pride and deception in this world, and yet I follow it. Disorderly inclinations urge me, and I let them drag me on. Thy law commands me, and my vicious habits compel me; what Thou requirest of me, and what I have loved till now, tear my heart; and nevertheless I can neither quit myself, nor seek thee. O prince of peace, O divine Saviour, oh! appease this inward war, deliver me from this torment, *break this chain that I may offer thee a sacrifice of praise.*

O Mary, Thou now sittest in Heaven at the right hand of thy divine Son, and Thou wilt possess him for ever. At this moment do I also possess him for ever? Alas! Thou art the model of every virtue, and I am the sink of all vices. Thou observedst all the counsels that thy Son left us in his Gospel; and I observe none. *Blessed are the poor in spirit,* says He, *for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;* and I love the comforts and riches of earth so much! *Blessed are the meek, for*

they shall possess the land; and I am so harsh, so irascible, so proud, as to render myself odious even to men! *Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted;* and I look only for the joys and pleasures of this world! *Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.....* Ah, this is the reason why Thou sawest thy Son at thy death, and thy body was gloriously taken up into Heaven! Thou was all pure, all clean of heart, all immaculate. Will my body also gloriously rise again?....

Queen of Mercy, Thou art not only the Ocean Star and the great Mother of God and the Virgin of Virgins, but Thou art the *Gate of Heaven, the Advocate of sinners!* O Mary! O most prudent Virgin, powerful Lady, thy name is my salvation. If Thou wilt, Thou canst save me. *Show then that Thou art a Mother:* break these chains that keep me bound to sin; be a light to my blind soul, deliver me from all evils, grant me all good.

O the mildest of all Virgins, pray to thy divine Son that, after absolving me from my faults, He may make me mild and chaste. Make me lead a pure life, with always pure faith, with always upright intentions, with a spotless conscience with always a clean heart. Make for me the path of life of from the

snares of my enemies; that I may have the good fortune to see thy Jesus at the point of my death, and receive him from thy purest hands, as Thou receivedst him at thy last hour. So be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

THE FIFTEENTH SATURDAY

The fifth Glorious Mystery.
The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin and the glory of All Saints.

Meditation.

I. Neither a human nor an angelical tongue, says St. Epiphanius, can describe the honor and triumph with which Mary was received into Heaven on her glorious Assumption. This only can be said that there never was nor ever will be a greater one after the glory and triumph of her Son. No, there is no created mind, says St. Bernard, that can understand with how much glory the Blessed Virgin entered Heaven, with how much devotion She was revered by all the Choirs of Angels, with how much joy She was received and embraced by her divine Son.

Consider, my soul, how the Angels, after the accomplishment of Redemption, desired to have in Heaven in soul and body the God-Man and his Mother; and they expressed this desire with the words of David: *Arise, O Lord, and come into thy kingdom, thou and the ark which thou hast sancti-*

fled, that is Thou and thy Mother, who was the Ark which Thou sanctifiedst by abiding in her bosom. And the desire of the heavenly citizens is at last accomplished.

But if the Lord wished that the Ark of the Testament should be introduced with great pomp into the city of David, He ordered that with a nobler and more glorious pomp his Mother should enter triumphing into Heaven. He did not send a fiery chariot, as to Elias the Prophet, or a group of Angels that should lift her up from earth; but the very King of Heaven, says St. Bernardine, came to meet her with his whole heavenly Court. And thus He surpassed the glory of even his Ascension.

Consider how shining with joy and splendour He invited her saying: *Come, O my Elect; come, Thou shalt be crowned.* And Mary fairer than all creatures joined together arises from earth, crosses the spheres, and arrives at the throne of the Most Holy Trinity. The Angels, seeing her so fair and glorious, ask with the Spouse of the Canticles: — Who is this creature who comes from the desert of the earth, a place of thorns and brambles, so pure and virtuous, leaning on her beloved Lord? — Who is she? — The Angels who accompany her answer: —

She is the Mother of our King, she is our Queen, the Blessed among women, the Full of grace, the Holy of Holies, the Beloved of God, the Immaculate, the Dove, the fairest of all creatures. Hear then the canticle of all the blessed Spirits who praise her. *Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, Thou art the joy of Israel, Thou art the honour of our people.*

St. Bernard says, that as there was on earth no place and temple worthier of God, than Mary's chaste womb, so in Heaven there is no higher throne than the royal throne on which She was placed by her Son; for He placed her at his right hand, and above all the Choirs of the Angels, in the order of the hypostatical union, to make as it were a separate choir with his humanity, associating her to himself as a Mother, Spouse, Coadjutress, Queen of the universe.

O glorious and Blessed Virgin, I congratulate thee on the great glory Thou enjoyest in Heaven, sitting at the right hand of thy Son, and being established as Queen of Heaven and earth. Let all men, dear Virgin, believe in thy divine Son and his thrue Church, and recognize thee as their Mother and Queen, and rejoice to have in thee with God so loving a Mother, and so great, amiable and powerful a Queen.

II. Consider now, my soul, how the Most Holy Trinity crowns Mary with very precious crowns. The Eternal Father puts on her head the crown of Power, granting her, after Jesus Christ, the dominion over all the creatures of Heaven, earth and hell, so that the Spirits of darkness tremble at her name as before a formidable army. These words of the Psalmist can therefore be applied to her: *Thou hast crowned her, O Lord, with honour and glory; Thou hast set her over the works of thy hands.* The Son crowns her with a crown of Wisdom, as a Queen of Heaven, Angels and men, redeemed by his blood, the fruit of which He delivers into her hands: and as a Queen of Clemency, He gives her the keys of divine Mercy. The Holy Ghost adorns her with a crown of Charity, infusing her, as the Mother of fair Love, not only with the love of God, but also the warmest love of her fellow-creatures with the most ardent zeal for their good and salvation. She is therefore become the astonishment and admiration of the angelical hierarchy.

Besides the Blessed Virgin was crowned with the three crowns of accidental glory, with the aureoles of Virginity, Martyrdom and Doctorship, because She was the Virgin

of virgins, She was a Martyr in the Passion of her divine Son, and She was the Mistress of our religion, by teaching the mysteries of faith to the very masters of it.

Finally Our Lady was crowned with the crown of twelve stars, as it is said in the Apocalypse: *A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.* For, as the greatness and virtues of all the orders of Saints that are in Heaven were united in her, so She was crowned with all their prizes figured in twelve stars. She possessed in the highest degree the faith and hope of the Patriarchs, the light and contemplation of the Prophets, the charity and zeal of the Apostles, the fortitude and magnanimity of the Martyrs, the patience and penance of the Confessors, the wisdom and prudence of the Doctors, the holiness and purity of the Priests, the solitude and prayer of the Hermits, the poverty and obedience of the Monks, the charity and purity of the Virgins, the humility and patience of the Widows, with the fidelity and concord of the married Saints. She consequently received the prizes and crowns of them all, but in a much higher degree; and She was recognized by them as their Queen.

My soul, who can imagine the angelical concerts, the melodies and canticles of the blessed to the honor of God and of the Queen of mercy? The great Virgin sits at the right hand of her Son, and seems to tell all generations: The Lord has regarded the humility of his hand-maid, and has been pleased to fill me with glory and grace. Therefore come to me all of you, who are oppressed and afflicted in this vale of tears and sorrow, and I will release you, because God has made me the cause of your joy.

Yes, my adored Mother, I accept thy invitation: I am oppressed with the burden of my iniquities; I am fastened with the chain of sin. But how great is my hope in thee, O Queen, who hast to save me! My Mother taken up into Heaven, reigning in soul and body in the blessed glory, I believe thee as such, revere and adore thee. Be a Moon for me, O Mary; send thy light to enlighten the darkness of a bitter night. Be a Sun for me: let the warming rays of thy holy love kindle my cold heart with virtue, zeal and fervour. Do not permit, O divine Mother, my soul to die in darkness, as the light of thy grace is so great. I should deserve through my sins every misfortune and punishment: let thy goodness, interposing thy merits with Jesus, deliver me

from the scourges I deserve, and procure me the favours of which I am not worthy.

III. See, my soul, how all the Saints of Heaven go to salute her as their Queen, beginning from Adam and Eve and continuing to the Patriarchs: Noah, Abraham, Jacob, the Prophets and the holy Virgins. *The daughters of Sion saw her, and declared her most blessed, and the queens praised her.* Then followed the Martyrs and Confessors and her relations, Elizabeth and the Baptist, and her beloved parents, Joachim and Anne, and her purest Spouse Joseph. Who can explain the joy of all these, and their words of gladness and consolation? My soul. join thy voice with all the Saints of Paradise, and say with them: Hail, o Queen of Heaven. Hail, O Queen of Angels. Hail, sacred Root, hail, O Gate, whence light was born to the world. Rejoice, O glorious Virgin, the fairest of all, and pray thy Jesus for us.

Now if a human mind cannot comprehend the immense glory that God has prepared in Heaven for those who have loved him, who will ever be able to understand, remarks St. Bernard, what glory He prepared for his beloved Mother, who loved him on earth more than all men and Angels together?

In the last place, Mary wishes us to consider in this last Mystery, not only her glory, but also that of all Angels and Saints, as the glory of her vassals that results likewise to her honor, and the contemplation of which greatly animates us to do what the Saints did to acquire it. And the Virgin revealed to St. Dominic this Mystery to be meditated, as the Blessed Alano says; and therefore the Church assigns a particular feast on 1st November to honor the glory of *All Saints.*

Consider then, my soul, how Mary invites thee from Heaven to contemplate in this Mystery, together with her own, the glory of Saints, that glory which is prepared for thee also, that thou be encouraged to undertake and continue with perseverance the way of virtue; and thus the great Mother will always have thee with her in the blessed kingdom. Give then a glance to Paradise, and the sight of so many Saints, who were as weak as thou, who were tempted like thee, and by God's grace and Mary's intercession conquered with great courage every difficulty, and arrived at everlasting happiness, shall be an incitement and consolation to thee. Make up thy mind valiantly to fight against thy three enemies, to do all, to neglect nothing of what can lead thee to

the acquirement of that infinite good, to live and reign with Jesus and Mary for ever. And if virtues fail thee, ask Mary for them on this day of her glorious triumph: and particulary ask her for the *perseverance in her love*, that is the sure gage of predestination to glory.

Remember what St. Alphonsus says: he who perseveres in the devotion to Mary, especially in her Rosary, shall obtain final perseverance. Because, as St. Augustin says, final perseverance is not acquired by habit, but it is a gift infused as a prize to assiduon prayers. And what prayers are more efficacious than those which Mary addresses to her Son for us?

O great and most glorious Lady, my soul, prostrated at the foot of thy throne, adores thee from this vale of tears. Now Thou sittest a Queen of heaven and earth, oh! do not forget me thy poor servant. The near Thou art the source of graces, the more Thou canst furnish us with them. From Heaven Thou seest my miseries better, and so Thou must pity and help me. Let me be thy faithful servant on earth, that I may come to bless thee in Heaven. On this day when Thou art made a Queen of the world, I devote myself to thy service. In the midst of

so much joy console me too by accepting me as thy son. Thou art my Mother, and as such Thou hast to save me. On this last of the Saturdays dedicated to thee, give me thy love and the constant devotion to thy holy Rosary, and obtain for me final perseverance.

I likewise congratulate you, blessed Spirits and all Saints of Paradise, on the glory and unspeakable bliss you enjoy in God and with God. I too am destined to the same blessed glory, but I shall reach it only by means of your virtues. You then, Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Anacorets and all Saints, pray your Queen for me, that by her intercession She make me worthy of being admitted one day with you to contemplate my God and glorify and bless Him with her for ever. So be it.

PRACTICE. — *Perseverance in the devotion to Mary.*

REFLECTION. — *Prostrate yourself to day before an image of Our Lady, and promising that you will be her faithful servant during your whole life, offer her your thoughts, affections, works, your whole self; and promise never to neglect reciting every day at least five decades of her Rosary. And for a reward, beg of her, her*

love and the perseverance in her devotion till death. You blessed if you recite the 15 decades of her Rosary every day: to daily Rosary Mary promises final perseverance.

Invite every soul to Mary's devotion, and distribute chaplets, insinuating the exercise of the Fifteen Saturdays. And if you wish the Blessed Virgin to be your Mother and assist you at the hour of your death, take her Scapulary with which She adorned with her own hands the Third Dominican Order, and never distrust to obtain from her goodness all the graces you want.

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *O Mary, Queen of Angels and Saints, Thou art the Queen of my heart.*

Example.

At Macerata. — Mrs. Chiara Manganelli on the day of the Rosary of 1888.

In the magazine « **Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei** » number of August 1888, the devout were warned that, as a preparation to receive graces from the Virgin of Pompei on the day of her feast of the Rosary, it was well to have it preceded by *three Novenas*, according to the advice that She herself gave in her apparition of 1884 to Miss Agrelli of Naples.

Here is one of the numerous facts that strengthen that apparition, and affirm how much the Queen of Heaven likes to be invoked by her sons under the title of *Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*, and to be asked for graces by *three Novenas*.

Mrs. Chiara Manganelli of Macerata sent to the Director of the Periodical the following attestation:

«In August 1888 I was attacked by *small-pox* that in a few days reduced me to the point of death. I had become a trunk, having lost my hearing, sight and intelligence.

My mother and sister, very devout to the *Virgin of Pompei*, had begun for me a fervent *Novena* to this heavenly Queen.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of 14th August, when suddenly my intelligence was cleared up. I opened my eyes; but I saw nothing more: I lent my ears to hear the voice of my relations; but I heard nothing. I then understood all the gravity of my state, and addressed myself to the *Virgin of Pompei*, requesting her to dispose of me according to her will.

Meanwhile having sent for a priest, I received the holy Sacraments, and expected death with great resignation.

In fact this seemed to be near at hand, for my utmost loss of strength was followed by a cataleptic convulsion.

After four hours, when all mourned my loss,

I awoke as it were from sleep, and began to be better. I recovered my hearing: but alas! my eyes were still closed and veiled on account of pustules that were formed on the cornea, and I felt great pains.

However I did not lose courage, and after the first I recited a second and a third Novena *to the wonderful Queen of Pompei,* which finished on *Saturday* 6th October, the *eve of the great feast of the Rosary.*

I anxiously expected that lucky day to see Mary's wonders, and I was not disappointed.

On the feast of the Rosary, in the morning. I took into my hands a *small picture of Our Lady of Pompei,* and fixedly looked at it without feeling any pain.

I approached the window, and oh wonder! I saw the wished for light!....

I was confounded and at the same time overjoyed, and wished to try to read: I took the book of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, and could read a long prayer... I could scarcely believe what I saw.

Noon arrived, the hour that the children of the Virgin of Pompei scattered in the world expect with the anxiety of faith and love to bow unanimously and devoutly exalt and pray their sweet Mother, and feeling an unspeakable joy, I wished to read with my own eyes the *Petition to the powerful Queen of the Rosary of Pompei;* and I clearly read it.

I had recovered!

I at once began with all my family a *Novena of thanksgiving:* and request you, Director, to announce such a great wonder to the whole world ».

Macerata, 15th October 1888.

Signed: — CHIARA MANGANELLI
Witnesses: — AVV. GIULIO MANGANELLI
MATILDE MILIANI MANGANELLI
COSTANZA MANGANELLI.

Affections and Prayers

before the Communion of the fifteenth Saturday.

How unthankful I am, my Jesus! How many times have I abandoned thee? And though I abandon thee and flee from thee, Thou detainest me with the sweet chains of thy love, taking up my miseries and nourishing me with thy sacred flesh, to make me at last a partaker of thy own glory and of that of thy most holy Mother. Oh, infinite goodness! Thou forgivest my numberless sins, regardless of my ingratitude. I prostrate myself at thy feet with all those Saints who were sinners on earth as I am, and beg thy pardon. I will henceforward love thee, and change my life and bad morals.

O God, my God, for thee my soul thirsts.

« O how many ways my flesh thirsts for thee! In a desert land, and where there is no way, and no water, have I come before thee, for thy mercy is better than lives, and in thy name I will lift up my hands. And I will rejoice under the shade of thy wings: my soul has stuck close to thee ».

As a thirsty hart pants after a fountain of water, so my soul pants after thee, my God. Show thy power, O Lord, and come to save me. My heart is ready to receive thee, O my God: my heart is ready. Come then, and delay no longer.

We run after Thee to the odour of thy ointments, O Blessed among women, for through thee have we been made partakers of the fruit of life. I approach the altar, and Thou thyself shalt give me as food the Sacred Host of peace and charity, that most sacred Heart beating with infinite love for me.

Let all peoples, O Queen, give praise to thee. Let the nations be glad and rejoice, because Thou hast power over men and hell, and thy hands abundantly pour mercies on the miserable children of Eve. My soul fastened as a slave to thy throne, shall not rest, till she is full of thy love, and thy divine Son's. Give me now this love, that I may less unworthily receive thy Jesus.

And you, heavenly troops, who are blessed with the sight of so high a Lady, and you all orders of Angels, and particularly thou, Prince of Angels *and help of the people of God*, Michael; thou *strength of God*, Gabriel, and *remedy of God*, Raphael; *light of God*, Ariel, and you Angels of prayer, of *the prayse and confession of God*, of *the blessing of God*, you seven chosen Spirits, always watching and standing by the throne of God, who paid homage to Mary's triumph and crowning: be now present at the triumph of love, when Almighty God humbles himself so much as to unite himself to the most miserable creature. O my guardian Angel, St. Joseph, Saint of my name and my patron Saints, come to help me in this Communion that, on this last Saturday, is the seal to all the graces I expect from Jesus and Mary. Obtain for me that I may die on a Saturday, and that you all may help me in my last struggle with the devil, and then present me at the foot of your glorious Queen's throne, in order to prayse her with you for ever. So be it.

Affections and Prayers

after Communion.

Oh, how rich I am by possessing thee, O my God! O heavens! O earth! O all you creatures! O heavenly Jerusalem! adore your God with me, and wonder at this immense work of love, for the Infinite, Immense, Almighty is now enclosed within the filthy abode of my heart. I have not to envy your luck, for I have within myself what you have not; I have a God-Man, and you have only a God-Angel. Adore then for me Him, who is the friend, the companion of men, the remedy of their miseries, and who is also your delight, from whom alone what you have good proceeds.

O divine Love, possess me wholly, and do with me what thou will; plunge me into the sea of any pain whatever, and scourge me with all kinds of torments, because with thee and in thee I cannot perish. Hear my poor voice, O divine Love; and since thou wishest me to ask thee for what my soul desires, transform me into thee in such a manner, that I may know myself and find myself only in thee.

O divine Jerusalem, sing a new canticle

to Mary; all earth, sing to thy Lady. Sing to Mary, O heavens, and bless her name, that is glorious: announce every day the salvation that comes from her to mankind. Announce her glory among nations, and her wonders to all peoples, for glory and splendour are round her, holiness and magnificence on her throne. You all kindreds of the Gentiles, present yourselves to Mary, and offer her your hearts, your affections, your whole life. Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad, let the sea be moved and the fulness thereof: the fields shall be joyful and all the trees of the wood shall rejoice, because Mary the Virgin of Nazareth, the daughter of Adam, has been exalted above the Choirs of Angels to the heavenly kingdom, *taken up to the heavenly chamber, where the King of Kings sits on his starry throne.*

And you, Angels of the Lord, bless your Queen for me. And you Heavens, bless her who is your *Gate*. And you, Sun and Moon, and stars of heaven, bless her who is brighter than the sun, fairer than the moon, who is *the Ocean Star, the morning star*. Mountains and hills, bless your Lady *that was established in Sion and had her royal palace in Jerusalem; that was exalted like a cedar in Libanus and as a cypress*

on Mount Sion. O you rains and dews, fire and heat, ice and snow, light and darkness, seas and rivers, bless the Lady of the world, who extends the branches of her protection as a plane-tree by the water in the streets and extends the branches of her power like a palm-tree in Cades. And you, germs of earth, fruit-plants, and you all, cedars and flowers, bless the beauty and sweetness of your Queen, who is *the Mystical Rose of Jerico, the fair Olive-tree in the plains,* smelling as sweetly as an aromatic balm and the choicest myrrh. And you, Spirits and souls of the Just, Priests and kings of the earth, young men and maidens, bless the name of Mary, because it is powerful, and her glory fills Heaven and earth.

Rejoice, o Saints, in glory, and be joyful in your zeat. O Saints of God, vouchsafe to intercede for our salvation. Praise for me Mary upon the cymbals and harps of joyful harmony; and fasten my soul as a slave to her throne, that She may add to her glories this, of having snatched from the hands of Satan this soul worthy of hell.

O Mary, from this low vale, where my soul moans in exile, I lift up my eyes to thee who abidest in heaven. *Behold as the*

eyes of the handmaid are fixedly turned to the hands of her mistress; so my eyes are turned to thee, O Queen, O Lady, my Mother, until *thou have mercy on me.* Have pity on me who am exceedingly full of contempt, *made a reproach to the rich, and contempt to the proud.* Ah, most sweet, most amiable Mother, it is to-day the last of the Saturdays dedicated to honor the fifteen Mysteries of thy Rosary: how many persons kneeling at thy Altar beg graces of thee to-day! Some ask to recover from a disease, others to be helped in their needs, others to have a good crop, or to gain a lawsuit. I ask thee for graces more agreeable to thy Heart, in union with those devout persons. Oh! my most sweet Mother, obtain for me that I may be humble, detached from the world, resigned to divine will; obtain for me the true love of God, a good death and Paradise. O my Lady, change me from a sinner into a saint; work this miracle, that will be more honorable to thee than if Thou gavest sight to a thousand blind men and life to a thousand corpses. Thou art so powerful with God: it is sufficient to say Thou art his Mother, his dearest creature, full of his grace. What can He refuse thee? O fairest Queen, I do not pretend to

see thee on earth, but I wish to come and see thee in Heaven; and Thou hast to obtain this for me.

Prostrate before thee, I recognize thee as my Queen and Mother; and as such I consecrate to thee all the days I have left; my soul, body, affections, the beatings of my heart, the wishes, pains, griefs and afflictions I shall have. Do Thou triumph over my soul, consecrated to thee, and considering her as thy faithful handmaid, protect and defend her from the attacks of her enemies, cover her under thy mantle, make her death happy and her eternity blessed. So I hope, and so be it.

(Here say the prayers to obtain the grace you want, and the other Invocations and Prayers to gain the Indulgences, from page 174 to page 177).

FOR THE FEAST OF THE ROSARY

Mass with the Blessed Virgin
Thoughts and intentions.

The venerable Olier, persuaded that there is no action more glorious to God and more agreeable to Mary, than the holy Sacrifice of Mass, ofteen offered it to the Lord to the honor of this divine Mother.

He was accustomed to cause the Priests under his jurisdiction to celebrate three Masses; the first, to honor the Blessed Virgin as the Queen and joy of the Church triumphant; the second, to honor her as the Queen ad Advocate of the Church militant, the third to honor her as the Lady and Comfort of the Church suffering.

The venerable Cardinal of Berulle was all animated with these sentiments. He had the holy custom of saying a Mass, during the week, to the honor of the Immaculate Virgin, in order to furnish the most Holy Mother of God with very efficacious means of obtaining for us forgiveness and the graces we want.

St. Francis of Assisium, who ordered his children to say the Mass of the Immaculate every Saturday, felt certainly in his seraphical heart, as St. Bonaventure says, an unspeakable desire of pleasing Mary.

St. Dominic thanked God every day for having given us Mary as a mother, and honored her as his *dear Lady and Mother* by more than a hundred decades of Rosary a day. And all his children were in this his faithful followers. St. Vincent Ferrer, among others, celebrated Mass to the honor of Mary every day, and generally a high Mass, because he was the son of that Order that has Mary for their particular Mother.

But you, soul devout to the Rosary, viz in the Mysteries of the life of Jesus and Mary, hear Jesus who, wishing to form a soul like his Heart in the St. Margaret Mary, wished to shape her on the holy dispositions of the Blessed Virgin's Heart. Once He prescribed to her, for three different exercises, three holy dispositions imitated from the Blessed Virgin in the mysteries of her life. The first of these exercises was Holy Mass.

Jesus taught her to hear it with the dispositions of Mary, when She stood on Mount Calvary by his Cross, offering his Passion to

the Eternal Father, for the conversion of all obdurate and unfaithful hearts.

He taught her also to receive Holy Communion, offering him the inward dispositions of the Blessed Virgin, when He became incarnate in her womb. He prescribed to her to inspire herself as often as possible to the holy transports of joy, that his mother felt at that happy moment, and to ask for this grace by her intercession.

He finally taught her to say her prayers in imitation of those that the Heart of Mary said when a child, when She was presented in the Temple, to unite herself to her inward dispositions and beg to be a partaker of them.

Following these instructions, you will today her Mass with Mary, commemorating her triumphs, her mercies and the sacred Mysteries of her Rosary.

O devout soul, I leave you in Jesus with Mary and by Mary: only I request you to join with me to-day in often asking with the words of the Saints for the blessing of Jesus, Joseph and Mary, saying: *Nos cum Sponso et Prole pia, benedicat Virgo Maria.* (May the Blessed Virgin with her Spouse and her Son bless us).

PRAYERS

On going to Mass.

As soon as you are ready to go to church and hear Mass, say: — My soul, let us go to Mount Calvary. Let us go and join the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross. Let us implore for the dear souls departed, or about to depart, one of her tears, a drop of the Blood of her Son.

This preparation being made, do not be distracted by any thought; you must pass these moments of grace with the Blessed Virgin, St. John and St. Mary Magdalen.

Before Mass.

The holy Sacrifice of Mass being the unbloody renewal of that of the Cross, O most sweet Mary, I must, to hear it well, accompany thee and imitate your sentiments. Holy Virgin, do not scorn my company: infuse me compunction and compassion; place me with thee by the Cross; vouchsafe that the Blood of redemption may abundantly wash

my soul. Speak, my Lady, for my heart listens to thee.

At the beginning of the Mass.

Heart of Mary, venerable Sanctuary of God's love, delicious abode of the most holy Trinity, I enter thee, and take from thee the fire that must consume in my behalf the great Sacrifice now about to begin. And here on thee, altar of predilection, may this work of salvation be accomplished.

At the Confiteor.

I confess to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that I have sinned exceedingly in thoughts, words and deeds, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. But I beseech thee, Blessed Mary ever a Virgin, to obtain for me forgiveness and indulgence from the Lord my God.

At the Kyrie.

Mother of God and my Mother, receive, I beseech thee, the beatings, moans and sighs of my heart! Have pity, Lord! Have pity, Jesus! O Mary, with thy unstained hands

present my contrite and humbled heart to the God who has exalted thee so much.

At the Gloria.

Remember, holy Mary, the unspeakable joy that filled thy motherly heart at the angelical song of the *Glory;* and through the love with which thou kissedst the infant Jesus at his birth, obtain for us the grace that we may do all to the glory of God, and the grace of the peace that was promised to men of good will.

At the Collects.

Grant, O Lord, a perfect health of mind and body to us thy servants; and by the glorious intercession of Blessed Mary ever a Virgin to be delivered from present sadness, and to enjoy eternal gladness. So be it.

At the Epistle.

O Seat of heavenly wisdom, that the very Apostles interrogated, despising the wisdom of the world, which instead of approaching man to God, drags him to ruin; I long for that wisdom which is founded on the holy

fear of God, I long for Jesus thy divine Son, who came to us by thee, to teach us that we also must go to him by thee.

At the Gospel.

The Saints proclaimed thee, O Mary, the preacher of the Gospel to mankind, because the truths of the Gospel were more easily accepted by men, for they were accompanied by thy amiable presence, by thy motherly heart. The world prostrated itself before the Cross invited by thee: it wanted a Mother, and found her at the foot of the Cross.

At the Credo.

I believe in God, the Almighty Father, who chose thee, O Immaculate, as his heloved daughter. I believe in Jesus Christ only-begotten Son of God and thy Son, God as well as man, who died on the Cross, for us. believe in the Holy Ghost, by whose virtue Thou hast conceived, O Immaculate Spouse of the divine Spouse. I believe that Thou lovest me, and wishest me with thee in glory. I believe that my prayers are graciously heard by thee. I believe and will believe

till the end of my life, in the same manner as Thou, O shield of Faith, hast believed when mortal, and now seest immortal.

At the Offertory.

This Sacrifice, and all the Sacrifices that will be celebrated to-day in every part of the world, by means of the most sacred Heart of the Immaculate Virgin, I offer to the Eternal Father as a thanksgiving for the benefits that were granted to so high a creature. I offer them as a prayer that She may be more and more known and venerated. I offer them according to her intention, that She may distribute their merits among the living or the dead, as it pleases her, Immaculate Mother of the Unspotted Lamb, who is offered here for my salvation and sanctification.

At the Orate Fratres.

The Priest invites us to pray, because the solemn moment is approaching when Jesus Christ will descend on this Altar; but how imperfect our prayer is, dear Mother! In order to pray properly, I offer to the Eternal Father the ardent sighs that came out

of thy fair Heart at the moments preceding the Incarnation of the Word in thy womb!... *Pray, Brethren,* says the Priest; and Thou, wonderful Mary, when Thou vouchsafest to appear to thy devout, repeatest to them: *Children, pray!*

We shall pray, but together with thee.

At the Secreta.

The lips must be silent at this moment, and the heart alone must speak. The Son's Heart united to the Mother's Heart shall raise to God the most acceptable prayer. O Mother, do not forsake me at this moment, when thy Son, my God and judge, is going to descend before me. My numerous faults deserve the severest punishments; but on seeing me united to thee He will be appeased; He will show himself to me not a judge, but a father; not a God in punishing me, but a God in forgiving me.

At the Preface.

Sursum corda! Lift up your heart!... Our hearts are with the Heart of Mary; and do you know, Angels, where the Heart of Mary is? It is in the Heart of Jesus! Let us there-

fore plainly reply to the Priest, who tells us to lift up our hearts: Our hearts are with the Lord: *Habemus ad Dominum,* to thank and bless him, as it is right and salutary for us.

Yes, it is right and salutary, O Holy of Holies, that we should praise, bless and confess thee, commemorating the Blessed Mary ever a Virgin, who by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost conceived thy only-begotten Son; and the glory of her virginity remaining, shed forth upon the world the light eternal, Jesus Christ our Lord; through whom the Angels praise thy Majesty, the Dominations adore, the Powers do hold in awe. And we, with them and with the Virtues of heaven and with the Seraphim, in Mary joyfully sing to thee, as it is sung in Heaven: Holy! Holy! Holy! Thou the author of the immense holiness of the Immaculate! Thou He who will make us happy for ever in the abode of the Saints... Hosanna, blessing to him that comes to us by Mary in the name of the Lord! Hosanna!

At the Canon.

I beseech thee, my Lady, who art merciful and above all fond of sinners, to remember

that by thee the ruins of the Angels were restored, that by thee the gate of life was opened to the Saints. When Thou prayest for thy people, all the other Saints pray for thy sake to the eternal King, whom Thou hast nourished, and who is therefore united to thee with an unspeakable bond of love. I beseech thee that my poverty may be raised by thee, that all my sins may be forgiven, and that I may love Him whom Thou lovedst with all thy heart.

In the first place, O Eternal Father, I remind thee, says the priest, of the glorious ever Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. Before all, O Eternal Father, consider the intercession of her whom Thou hast loved so much, and then look upon the face of thy Christ, forgive and save us.

At the Elevation.

I adore thee in the consecrated Host, my divine Redeemer, as the Virgin Mother adored thee when at thy birth She had laid thee in the manger of the stable.

I adore thee in the consecrated Chalice, my divine Saviour, as the Virgin Mother adored thee expiring for our salvation on Mount Calvary, while She at the foot of thy

Cross mourning offered the Sacrifice of thy Blood to thy Father.

I adore thee, O Jesus God and Man, present in the Host and in the Chalice, as the Immaculate Conception adores and will adore thee for ever in the glory of Paradise.

After the Elevation.

Pitiful Mother, here is thy Son Jesus, my God! Oh, at this solemn moment of love, cover me with thy white mantle, and so covered show me to him and say to him: *This is my son...*

Hear, O loving Redeemer of men, the prayer of thy Mother and my Mother. On Mount Calvary Thou grantedst me the faculty of being a son to Mary, and charged Mary with being a Mother to me. Remember that hour, that place, that blood, those moanings, that love, and do not suffer the son of such a Mother to be lost...

I am the culprit, and Thou, divine Jesus, art the judge; but Mary is the mediatrix between us; Thou canst refuse nothing to her who is thy Mother, I can hope all from her who is also my most tender Mother. I live under her protection, and place all my relations living and dead under this protection.

At the Pater Noster.

Father!... United to Jesus and with the words of Jesus, united to Mary and with the heart of Mary, we can now raise ourselves to such greatness, as to invoke our Almighty Creator: *Father!* I will, O Father, sanctify thy name with Jesus and Mary; I will do thy will with Jesus and Mary; I only beseech thee to give me my daily bread that may join me more intimately to Jesus and Mary. In the name of Jesus and Mary I forgive my offenders; and in return, by the same most holy names, I beseech thee to forgive my trespasses. Hear, Eternal Father, hear Jesus sacrificed for me; hear Mary afflicted for me, deliver me from all evils, and grant me by her intercession the temporal and everlasting peace. I am the son of Mary, Mother of Jesus, therefore I call thee *Father!* I am the brother of Jesus, therefore I repeat: *Father, Fater!*

At the Agnus Dei.

Immaculate Mary, Thou broughtest us Jesus, and Jesus is peace: may then peace be in and among us.

Immaculate Mary, Thou broughtest us the Lamb of God, oh! pray that He take away our sins.

Immaculate Mary, Thou broughtest us our Redeemer, oh! vouchsafe that He have pity on us.

Before Communion.

Be sure, my soul, that the Blessed Virgin has a very clear knowledge of what happens here, especially of what concerns the Eucharist. Wherever her divine Son is, She contemplates him with her eye and heart: her looks preferably stop on the churches where the Body of Jesus is communicated to the faithful. If thou sawest with how much veneration, She adores the holy Host, thou wouldst cover thyself with confusion, remembering thy lack of reverence and distraction. Thou must learn from her to honor Jesus.

He is the light of thy life, but it is Mary who makes his splendid ray shine before thee. Jesus is the object of our love; but as our hearts are so cold and cannot love, let us pray our good Mother Mary to ask Jesus that He give us his love. The Lord of Angels will nourish us with angelical Bread;

but it is the Blessed Virgin who offers us this Bread composed of a very pure substance. Think with how much love She offers it to thee, and how much She wishes that it may be profitable to thy soul for eternity. Pray her that She may prepare thee for Communion, and may She herself give thee her Jesus, for every grace comes to us by Mary. Jesus belongs to her less than the treasures of omnipotence! Jesus is the treasure of Mary, ask her for it, and She will give it thee; then consider her Jesus as thy treasure. In short unite thyself to Jesus by Mary, and never separate these two most holy names on thy lips.

At the Communion.

Jesus, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter my heart; but look at Mary, and Thou will have pity on me.

Jesus, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter my heart; but Mary will lead me to thee.

Jesus, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter my heart; but Thou will come by Mary, and thy grace will remain in me.

After the Communion.

Behold, O Virgin, thy Son in me; oh! by thee may He be always with me, true Emmanuel, that is *God with us.*

Blessed is thy womb, O Immaculate, that bore the Son of the Eternal Father! Obtain for me that this Communion may cleanse me from sin.

Blessed art Thou, O Virgin Mother, that begot him who created thee! Obtain for us eternal glory.

O Lord, by the help we have drawn from this mystery to work our salvation, we beseech thee to make us worthy of being protected everywhere by the goodness of the Virgin, to whose honor, and in whose union we have offered thee this Sacrifice. So be it.

At the Blessing.

May the Virgin Mary, with her loving Child, bless us. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. So be it.

At the last Gospel and Thanksgiving.

O Lady my heavenly Mother, I join with St. John in contemplating the mystery of the Incarnation of the Word thy womb: and wishing to serve thee with the zeal, and love with the affection of this beloved Apostle, I beseech thee that the work of Incarnation may not be useless for me. Pray, pray for me, O Mother! I thank thee for having led me to Mount Calvary to assist at the Sacrifice that wrought my redemption: oh! let me always remember the Blood of Jesus shed for me, let me always remember that I am thy son, so that I may one day praise thee in heaven world without end. So be it [1].

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[1]) From the « FILOTEA MARIANA ».

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS

TO THE VIRGIN OF THE ROSARY OF POMPEI

ON HER FEAST

TO CLOSE THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS

AND TO OBTAIN THE GRACES WE WISH FOR

O Glorious Queen of heaven and earth, Virgin of the most holy Rosary, who hast vouchsafed to show thyself at our time *Mother of Mercy* on the heathenish land of Pompei; oh, how much I rejoice at the sublime throne that has fallen to thy share! Thou enlivenest heaven and earth by the sight, of Thee whom all revere and praise There is no place in heaven or on earth, where Thou dost not spread the light of thy power, the odour of thy mercy, the benefactions of thy clemency. It is not an army of Saints depending on thy orders, but millions of angelical Princes thy ministers and vassals, so that the Holy Ghost compares thee to a terrible *army set in array*. And to-day the most glorious title that can be given to thee, and the dearest to thy heart is that of *Lady of Victories, Queen of the Rosary of Pompei*, I rejoice at thy triumph, that is the triumph

of all mankind. And oh, how much my soul delights, thinking that so grand a Queen is my mother, the mother of sinners!

And in so sublime a condition, Thou hast not forgotten thy poor children, moaning in this land of exile. And how can a mother forget a son that cost her unspeakable pains? How many tears, how many troubles, how many fatigues hadst Thou to bear in this mortal life to fulfil the office of my Mother, O Mother of sinners?

Poor Mother! Panting on the mountains of Ebron Thou ran to bring salvation to the house of Zacharias.

When with child Thou sufferedst at Bethlehem refusals, repulses, humiliations, hardships. Thou brought forth, and no other company is granted to thy Onlybegotten Son than darkness, straw, animals and the cold of a winter night.

In other women the anxieties of lying-in are followed by the unspeakable joys of maternity: only for thee there is no joy. In the temple of the Lord Thou hearest the terrible prophecy of Simeon: in the calm of thy room Thou receivest the news of Herod's cruel design, the slaughter of infants, and the order of fleeing to Egypt. Thou sufferedst toils, passed rivers, crossed mountains,

clambered up cliffs and precipices, wen through deserts and forest, and the bread of exile, wet with the tears of suffering and the sweat of labour, awaited thee among the barbarians of Egypt. Thy hope of returning to thy fatherland was followed by the anxieties of the dangers of the roads, the ambushes of highwaymen and the ferocity of the brigands of Herod's son. So changing thy house and province, Thou sufferedst the derisions of thy fellow-citizens, the unthankfulness of the Nazarenes, the perfidy of the Jews, the mutability of the people, who betray and kill thy Jesus.

However Thou, always affectionate and bountiful Mother, didst not hate anybody; Thou didst not blaspheme when others blasphemed. And when the hour of the supreme sacrifice came, though thy eyes were petrified by sorrow, thy cheeks hollow and pale, and thy person invaded by the ice of death, nevertheless with singular motherly affection Thou courageously goest up to the top of Golgotha; and with thy face turned to the ungrateful town, and thy shoulders to the ascent of the hill, Thou openest thy grieved heart to receive the testament of thy dying Son, who gave us all to thee as thy children.

Here are then, O Mother, thy children. O Mary, this soul kneeling to thee calls thee her *Mother*. The testament of thy dying Son is fulfilled: I am thy son: an unthankful son, who has killed thy Son by my sins; but still I am thy son. And as such I beg thy pardon. Yes, have pity on me, O Mother of mercy, on this day of thy Rosary, that is a day of glory, peace and forgiveness.

I have accomplised these Fifteen Saturdays dedicated to honor to Thee and thy Jesus. I consecrate them all to Thee: the steps I have made during this time, the tears I have shed, the contradictions that have vexed me, the troubles that have oppressed me, and the temptations that have harassed me. Do thou bless them, O Mary, with the fullness of thy graces; and make them profitable to me in this life and in the next.

Perform now thy promises, O Mother: *show that Thou art a Mother*. I hope in thy merits and prayers to obtain the graces I have asked for and wish for so much *(here ask as many graces as you wish, because it is a day of graces)*. If Thou will, Thou canst, and Thou must, because Thou hast promised it to thy servant St. Dominic. On the day of her victories a queen of the earth grants bread to the poor, forgiveness to the culprits,

and denies graces to nobody. How many graces must I then hope for from thee powerful Queen of victories, on this memorable day of the greatest and most recent triumphs Thou hast won by thy Rosary at this idolatrous time on the land that belonged to idolatry and death?

I promise thee that I will never neglect, during the life I have left, to praise thee every day with thy sweet Chaplet, with that Rosary by which Thou spreadest so many wonders and graces to the world from thy dear Sanctuary of Pompei. Henceforth thy Rosary shall be to me a shield, a defense, a sign of victory. I have lived so many years a slave to the devil! Thy Rosary has delivered me to-day, and shall fasten me a slave to thy throne. Thy Rosary shall be the star, that, placed above this terrible sea, shall guide me to the port of eternity. If I am assailed by the storms of the world, if I strike against the rocks of tribulations, thy Rosary, O Mary, shall be my tower of strength. If I see myself plunged into the furious waves of temptations, if I begin to fall into the abyss of melancholy or despair, thy Rosary, O Mary, shall be the sure refuge of my wrecked soul.

Who will let me honor thee with all

the powers of my soul? May all my members be changed into tongues and fire, voices to glorify thee continually, O Holy Mother of God! Prostrate at thy presence, I offer thee the joy Thou felt when Gabriel the Archangel saluted thee. With warm affection I also *hail thee, full of grace, the Lord is with thee!* These words: *Hail, Mary,* I will repeat till the end of my life, when Thou thyself, accompanied by the holy Angels, as Thou hast promised to the devout of thy Rosary, shalt receive into thy hands this soul and present her to thy divine Son, to celebrate thy glories and his triumphs. So be it.

VIRTUE TO BE PRACTICED. — *The love of the Rosary.*

EXERCISE. — *Try to persuade your relations, friends and acquaintances to recite the Rosary, at least of five decades, with the meditation of the Mysteries. Distribute some chaplets to those who have not any, in order to invite them to recite it; and so you will obtain Mary's protection. If you cannot, give to-day alms to a poor man with the intention of glorifying the Blessed Virgin, and invite as many persons as you can to recite the Rosary together.*

During this day make 15 acts of love to

Mary, saying to her: O Queen of the Rosary of Pompei, give me thy love!

JACULATORY PRAYER. — *Most amiable Mother of Pompei, protect me, clasp me to thy Heart.*

A PREPARATION FOR CONFESSION

A prayer before the examination.

Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, do not reject from thy presence this miserable creature that comes to thee, and deeply adores thee. Do not reject her! She is rebellious, but she presents herself to thee to be reconciled with thee and become faithful to thee. I will wash my soul with the salutary waters of the Sacrament of penance. With all the expansion of my heart, I request and beseech thee so to help me by thy grace, that I may obtain by it all those precious effects for which Thou vouchsafedst to institute it.

Blessed Virgin, Mother and refuge of sinners; my Guardian Angel, my Patron Saints, I recommend this my petition to you.

Receive it, present it to the throne of the Lord, strengthen it by your intercession, obtain this mercy for me.

O Lord, I hope so, because I beg it of thee, God of infinite goodness; because I beg it through the merits of the Passion of thy Onlybegotten Jesus; because I beg it through the intercession of Mary, and of my Patron Saints.

(Say seven Gloria *to the Holy Ghost, and a* Salve Regina *to the Blessed Virgin Mother of sinners, and then let each examine himself on the following precepts).*

1st If he has neglected to make the necessary examination before confession. 2nd If he has confessed without sorrow and without good intentions. 3rd If he has not said his sins for fear or shame. 4th If he has not fulfilled the sacramental penance. 5th If he has not avoided the occasions of sinning. 6th If he has not fulfilled well the obligations of the different conditions of his life.

First Precept. — 1st If he has kept or read prohibited books. 2nd If he has been irreverent at church. 3rd If he has doubted the truths of the faith of Jesus Christ. 4th If, when others spoke of them, he has contradicted them or spoken of them with little respect. 5th If he has not known the necessary things

of our holy Religion. 6th If he has not made the acts of faith, hope, charity and sorrow, or has neglected them when he was obliged to make them. 7th If he has had recourse to the devil, or has been superstitious. 8th If he has with no devotion made use of the holy water, sacred things, prayers and words of the Holy Scriptures.

Second Precept. — 1st If he has named with little respect God, the Blessed Virgin, the most holy Names of Jesus and Mary, the Angels, the Saints and the sacred things. 2nd If he has blasphemed God, the Blessed Virgin, the Angels, the Souls in Purgatory, or the souls of creatures. 3rd If he has given the title of Saint to persons not recognized by the Church. 4th If he has sworn what he did not mean to do: if he has sworn false, or sworn to do bad things. 5th If he has not performed the vows, promises, or good oaths.

Third Precept. — 1st If he has not heard Holy Mass on the days of obligation, or he has heard it with little reverence, or thinking of other things. 2nd If he has spent feast days in gambling, amusements, etc. without sanctifying them by good works. 3rd If he has worked or caused others to work without necessity. 4th If he has let the year pass without receiving the sacrament at Easter. 5th If he has not observed, when he was obliged, the fasts of the Church. 6th If he has eaten forbidden food and at what time, or day.

7th If he has commited excesses in eating and drinking.

Fourth Precept. — 1st If he has hated his parents or other superiors. 2nd If he has wished them death or other evil. 3rd If he has addressed them injurious words. 4th If he has not obeyed them. 5th If he has murmured against them. 6th If he has not helped them in their wants, when he could. 7th If he has robbed them of money, or other things. 8th If he has neglected to make them receive the holy Sacraments. 9th If he has prevented them from making their last will. 10th If he has not executed what they wished to be executed. 11th If, being a superior, he has not fulfilled the duties of his condition, expecially towards his dependants.

Fifth Precept. — 1st If he has hated anyone wishing to hurt him, and how long. 2nd If he has beaten or wounded anyone, or advised or commanded other people to do so or he has been pleased with it. 3rd If, when requested, he has refused to make peace with his enemy. 4th If he has sown discord or hatred. 5th If he has envied other people's good. 6th If by words or deeds he has scandalized his neighbour or approved his vices.

Sixth and ninth Precept. — In these two precepts God forbids all that can offend holy purity; therefore each must examine himself: 1st If he has thought of things against modesty: if he has been pleased with them, or

has wished to do them. 2nd If he has looked at, said or heard immodest things. 3rd If he has read or kept illicit books or songs. 4th If on awaking he has been pleased with immodest dreams. 5th If he has availed himself of the occasions of being tempted, as balls, theatres, conversations, etc. 6th If he has dressed himself with immodesty. 7th If he has made use of his eyes or hands out of vanity or curiosity against modesty with himself, and much more with other persons. It is necessary to explain the diversity of person, and the place also.

Seventh and tenth Precept. — 1st If he has wished to injure his neighbour in his goods, fame, body or soul; if he has done so, how, where and to what persons. 2nd If he has murmuring, not prevented or approved murmuration. 3rd If, when he could, he has not prevented any damage to his neighbour, and much more if he was obliged to do it. 4th If he has not paid his debts, and given back goods and fame. 5th If he has not given alms according to his means and the wants of the poor.

Eighth Precept. — 1st If ho has borne, or induced others to bear rash witness, or false judgments on things, of the truth or falsity of which he was not sure. 2nd If he has told harmful lies. 3rd If he has tried, by fictions and simulations, to injure his neighbour in his soul or body.

After the examination.

Meditate a little on the great evil you have committed by sinning, on the great and incalculable damage you have caused to your soul, on the great injury you have done to God, who is the most perfect Being, father, friend, most tender spouse of your soul. After considering this, your heart will not delay to repent and you will be disposed to receive holy absolution.

An Act of Contrition.

How miserable I am! By these sins I have offended my God, my good father, my most faithful friend, my greatest and most disinterested benefactor, my sovereign Good, my principle and last end, the essential goodness, mercy, wisdom, justice, beauthy, the most perfect Being; and I have made use of his very benefits to offend him, to enjoy a pleasure that lasted only one instant. Look, my soul, at him whom thou hast offended *(giving a glance to the Crucifix, or thinking of Him)*: this God made man, who was crucified and died for thy sake. Thou hast by thy sins transpierced this Heart more

cruelly than the spear. O Heart of my Jesus, my Crucified Jesus, Thou hast at last overcome the hardness of my heart. I repent and surrender to thee, because I have offended Thee, my good God. I detest my sins, and would have died a thousand times rather than have offended Thee. Oh, if I were rather deprived of all goods and oppressed with all evils, rather than guilty of having offended Thee so much, whom I was to love so much!

I have made up my mind, O Lord, to offend thee no more... The last sin I durst commit shall be truly the last of my life. Since this moment I begin to love thee. Thou shalt be the God of my heart, the only object of all my affection. Strengthen, O Lord, my purposes by thy holy grace. I beg it of thee through the bowels of thy mercy, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of my Patron Saints. I hope so by the power of this Sacrament I am about to receive.

A prayer after Confession.

How good and merciful Thou wast, O my God, to this most miserable creature! Thou couldst punish with a thousand scourges and even with the torments of hell the numerous sins I have committed, yet, to forgive me,

Thou wast satisfied with my humiliation of confessing my faults. I thank thee with all my heart for thy great mercy, and promise thee to employ all the days of my life in corresponding to thee with the most sincere gratitude, with the most constant faithfulness. I again promise thee to offend thee no more, but to love thee, and I beseech thee to strengthen my intentions by thy holy blessing.

NOVENA

TO ST. DOMINIC THE PATRIARCH

(It begins on 26th July).

℣. *O God, come to my aid.*
℟. *O Lord, make haste to help me.*
Glory be to the Father, etc.

I. O glorious St. Dominic, since thy first years thou becamest the admiration of all the world by the constant practice of prayer, fasts, watchings and every kind of austerities, as well as by the strict custody of all thy senses and the most active charity towards thy neighbour, which led thee to deprive thyself of thy books to help the poor, and made thee desire to become a slave in order to restore prisoners to liberty. Oh! obtain for us the grace that we may always practice penance, piety, charity, that we may obtain the sanctification of our souls and the edification and health of all our brethren. *Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory.*

II. O glorious St. Dominic, that at the most unlucky times for the Church becamest its supporter by the new Order thou institutedst of the Dominican friars and of the Third Order of Penance, by which thou openedst the gates of Heaven to so may souls in the midst of the world; obtain for us, we beseech thee, the grace of always being zealous for the glory of our good Mother Mary, so that, considering her interests as our own, we may spare nothing to defend her, support her, and make her glorious in all the regions of the earth. *Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory.*

III. O glorious St. Dominic, who by means of patience, instruction and prayer fought always happily all the enemies of our faith, nay thou disarmedst and convertedst them by the sweetness of thy word and by the love of Mary; oh! obtain for us, we beseech thee, the grace that far from being seduced by the blasphemies of Heretics and the stumbling-blocks of sinners, we may by the sweetness of our words procure their conversion and salvation. *Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory.*

IV. O glorious St. Dominic, who receivedst

from the hands of the Blessed Virgin, and according to her order spreadest throughout the world the most efficacious devotion of the Rosary, that wrought since its appearance innumerable wonders; obtain for us that we may imitate thee in being always and till our death very devout to Mary, and particularly of her Rosary, that She herself called: *the most efficacious means to confound heresy, to strengthen faith, to remove stumbling-blocks, to promote virtue, to merit divine mercy, to support and defend the holy Church. Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory.*

V. O humble and glorious St. Dominic, thou never experienced the least sentiment of vanity, either for the progress of thy Order, or the continual victories thou gainedst over Heretics, or the most stupendous wonders God wrought by thy means or by means of the Rosary, now keeping the book of thy doctrine untouched in the midst of flames, now giving back calm to the sea, clearness to the sky, health to the sick, life to the dead; nay thou renouncedst the brightest dignities that were offered thee. Obtain for us, we beseech thee, the grace of faithfully following thy footsteps on the way of holiness,

that we may be partakers of the eternal prize thou hast obtained in the kingdom of glory. *Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory.*

Response

℣. O Spem miram, quam dedisti
Mortis hora te flentibus!
Dum post mortem promisisti
Te profuturum Fratribus.

℟. Imple, Pater, quod dixisti
Nos tuis iuvans precibus.

℣. Qui tot signis claruisti
In aegrorum corporibus:
Nobis opem ferens Christi
Aegris medere moribus.

℟. Imple, Pater, quod dixisti
Nos tuis iuvans precibus.

℣. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
℟. Imple, Pater, quod dixisti
Nos tuis iuvans precibus.

℣. Ora pro nobis, Beate Pater Dominice,
℟. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS

Concede, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut qui peccatorum nostrorum pondere premimur, Beati Dominici Confessoris tui, Patris nostri, patrocinio sublevemur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

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